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THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

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QUI CUPIT OPTATAM CURSU CONTINGERE METAM,
MULTA TULIT, FECITQUE, PUER ——— HOR.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

VOLUME VI.

LONDON:

Printed by H. Baldwin:

FOR T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. JOHNSON, C. DILLY, G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, W. OTRIDGE AND SON, J. NICHOLLS, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, F. AND C. RIVINGTON, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, T. PAYNE, J. WALKER, J. CLARKE AND SON, R. FAULDER, HOOKHAM AND CARPENTER, J. SCATCHERD, B. AND J. WHITE, J. EDWARDS, CADELL AND DAVIES, C. AND G. KEARSLEY, AND M. POTE.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

THE Trojans being ſafe within the walls, Hector only ſtays to oppoſe Achilles. Priam is ſtruck at his approach, and tries to perſuade his ſon to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her intreaties, but in vain. Hector conſults within himſelf what meaſures to take; but at the advance of Achilles, his reſolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles purſues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva deſcends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the ſhape of Deiphobus; he ſtands the combat and is ſlain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot in the ſight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears and deſpair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: ſhe mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead huſband. She ſwoons at the ſpectacle. Her exceſs of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

IT is impoſſible but the whole attention of the reader muſt be awakened in this book: the heroes of the two armies are now to encounter; all the foregoing battles have been but ſo many preludes and under-actions, in order to this great event, wherein the whole fate of Greece and Troy is to be decided by the ſword of Achilles and Hector.

This is the book, which of the whole Iliad appears to me the moſt charming. It aſſembles in it all that can be imagined of great and important on the one hand, and of tender and melancholy on the other: Terrour and Pity are here wrought up in perfection; and if the reader is not ſenſible of both in a high degree, either he is utterly void of all taſte, or the tranſlator of all ſkill, in poetry.

P.

THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THUS to their bulwarks, ſmit with panick fear,
The herded Ilians ruſh like driven deer;
There ſafe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Cloſe to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted ſhields,
March, bending on, the Greeks embody'd pow'rs,
Far-ſtretching in the ſhade of Trojan tow'rs.
Great Hector ſingly ſtaid; chain'd down by fate,
There fixt he ſtood before the Scæan gate;

Ver. 4.] A pictureſque circumſtance of his original is omitted:
Againſt the poliſh'd battlements reclin'd.

Ver. 5.] There are *four* elegant verſes, but ſpun from his author with unuſual amplification; of whom the following is a commenſurate reſemblance:

——————— but the Greeks
Came near the walls, their ſhoulders ſpread with ſhields.

Ver. 9.] Thus Ogilby:
But Hector, inſtigated by his *fate*,
Expecting ſtood, without the Scæan *gate*.

Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian ſtill of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns;
(The Pow'r confeſt in all his glory burns)
And what (he cries) has Peleus' ſon in view,
With mortal ſpeed a Godhead to purſue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is giv'n,
Unſkill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
What boots thee now, that Troy forſook the plain?
Vain thy paſt labour, and thy preſent vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops beſtow'd,
While here thy frantick rage attacks a God.
The chief incens'd—Too partial God of day!
To check my conqueſts in the middle way:
How few in Ilion elſe had refuge found?
What gaſping numbers now had bit the ground?

Ver. 11.] This whole couplet is a ſuperfluous addition of the tranſlator.

Ver. 14.] This verſe alſo is mere interpolation; for which Chapman might ſupply a hint:

——————— Achilles ſtill made way
At Phœbus; who, *his bright head turn'd*; and aſkt—.

Homer ſays merely,

But then Apollo Peleus' ſon beſpeaks.

Ver. 17.] This couplet entirely miſrepreſents his author, who may be thus ſimply ſtated:

——— ——— nor yet thou ſeem'ſt to know
My godhead; reſtleſs rage ſo drives thee on!

Ver. 22.] More accurately thus:

Whilſt aims thy *frenzy at* a *deathleſs* god.

Thou robb'ſt me of a glory juſtly mine,
Pow'rful of godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly ſtrain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain.
Then to the city terrible and ſtrong,
With high and haughty ſteps he tow'r'd along.
So the proud courſer, victor of the prize,
To the near gaol with double ardour flies.
Him, as he blazing ſhot acroſs the field,
The careful eyes of Priam firſt beheld.
Not half ſo dreadful riſes to the ſight
Thro' the thick gloom of ſome tempeſtuous night

Ver. 27.] This verſion is elegant and dextrous, but not ſtrictly faithful, nor with the force of his original; which the reader may wiſh to ſee in a literal tranſlation:

Thou of great fame haſt robb'd me, and ſav'd them
With eaſe, of future puniſhment ſecure:
Had I but power, my vengeance ſhouldſt thou feel.

Ver. 32.] Thus, agreeably to the original:

The haughty *chief, impetuous, ruſht* along.

Ver. 33.] The following verſion is exact:

Juſt as the ſteed, victorious, in the car
Stretches with eaſy fleetneſs o'er the plain;
So nimbly plies the prince his knees and feet.

Ver. 35.] This incomparable verſe muſt diſcharge it's obligation to Chapman:

——————— and *ſhot*, along the field his raies.

Ver 37. *Not half ſo dreadful riſes*, &c.] With how much dreadful pomp is Achilles here introduced! How noble, and in what bold colours hath he drawn the blazing of his arms, the rapidity of his advance, the terrour of his appearance, the deſolation round him; but above all, the certain death attending all his motions and his very looks; what a croud of terrible ideas in this one ſimile!

Orion's dog (the year when Autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler ſtars exerts his rays;
Terrifick glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the ſage;
He ſtrikes his rev'rend head now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obteſts the ſkies;
He calls his much-lov'd ſon with feeble cries;
The ſon, reſolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the ſad father on the rampart ſtands,
And thus abjures him with extended hands.

But immediately after this, follows the moving image of the two aged parents, trembling, weeping, and imploring their ſon: that is ſucceeded again by the dreadful gloomy picture of Hector, all on fire, obſtinately bent on death, and expecting Achilles; admirably painted in the ſimile of the ſnake rolled up in his den, and collecting his poiſons: and indeed, through the whole book, this wonderful contraſt, and oppoſition of the Moving and of the Terrible, is perpetually kept up, each heightening the other; I cannot find words to expreſs how ſo great beauties affect me. P.

Ver. 40.] Thus, more cloſely to his author:

And *dims* the *hoſt of* ſtars *with ſtreaming* rays.

Ver. 43.] He ſhould have written rather,

——————— then *groan'd*, (or *ſhriekt*,) the ſage;

as Chapman, by whom our poet has profited:

Out flew *his tender voice* in *ſhrieks*; and with raiſde hands he ſmit
His reverend head:

but our tranſlator might follow Ogilby, who is right and wrong at the ſame time:

——————— *aloud* old Priam *cryes*,
Beating his breaſt, *tears* trickling from his eyes:

and ſo Barbin the older French tranſlator: "Il appelloit ſon fils, "ayant *les larmes* aux yeux."

Ah ſtay not, ſtay not! guardleſs and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my deareſt braveſt ſon!
Methinks already I behold thee ſlain,
And ſtretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'ſt thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild ſhould ſcatter round the ſhore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant ſons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curſt arm deſtroy'd:

Ver. 51. *The ſpeech of Priam to Hector.*] The poet has entertained us all along with various ſcenes of ſlaughter and horrour: he now changes to the pathetick, and fills the mind of the reader with tender ſorrows. Euſtathius obſerves that Priam preludes to his words by actions expreſſive of miſery: the unhappy orator introduces his ſpeech to Hector with groans and tears, and rending his hoary hair. The father and the king plead with Hector to preſerve his life and his country. He repreſents his own age, and the loſs of many of his children, and adds, that if Hector falls, he ſhould then be inconſolable, and the empire of Troy at an end.

It is a piece of great judgment in Homer, to make the fall of Troy to depend upon the death of Hector: the poet does not openly tell us, that Troy was taken by the Greeks; but that the reader might not be unacquainted with what happened after the period of his poem, he gives us to underſtand in this ſpeech, that the city was taken, and that Priam, his wives, his ſons, and daughters, were either killed or made ſlaves. P.

Ver. 56.] The verſe appeared thus in the *firſt* edition:

To all th' *immortals hateful as* to me:

but there is much more bitterneſs and energy in the *negative* form of the wiſh.

Ver. 58.] He might have collected the remaining ſentiment of his author into a triplet:

Nor my breaſt feel this weight of ſorrows more.

Ver. 59.] The *two* verſes of his author our tranſlator would

Or, worſe than ſlaughter'd, ſold in diſtant iſles
To ſhameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I ſpeak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother ſprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hoſtile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treaſures would I give?
(Their grandſire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
Conſign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne)
But if (which heav'n forbid) already loſt,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coaſt;
What ſorrows then muſt their ſad mother know,
What anguiſh I? unutterable woe!
Yet leſs that anguiſh, leſs to her, to me,
Leſs to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet ſhun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And ſpare thyſelf, thy father, ſpare us all!

---

have found no difficulty in concentrating in a ſingle couplet, not to mention the defective rhymes in the latter of the preſent *two*. Thus?

Me of what ſons have reft thoſe murderous hands!
Or ſlain, or captive ſold in foreign lands.

Dr. Johnſon indeed calls the word *reft* obſolete; but fine havoc will be made with the copiouſneſs of a language, if true Engliſh expreſſions, in every view unexceptionable, and ſanctioned by our nobleſt and pureſt writers, are to be proſcribed by ſuch haſty and capricious ſentence. I ſhould much prefer the revival of ſterling phraſeology from our earlier writers to the *latiniſing* pedantry and pompous verboſity of ſome modern artiſts.

Ver. 70.] The rhymes may be thus amended;

But if, already loſt, *each hapleſs ghoſt*,
All pale! *be wandering* on the Stygian coaſt—.

Ver. 76. *Enter yet the wall*; *And ſpare*, &c.] The argument

Save thy dear life; or if a ſoul ſo brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory ſave.
Pity, while yet I live, theſe ſilver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curſt with ſenſe! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpleſs age)
Great Jove has plac'd, ſad ſpectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with ſcenes of death his cloſing eyes,
And number all his days by miſeries!
My heroes ſlain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters raviſh'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor;
Theſe I have yet to ſee, perhaps yet more!

---

that Priam uſes (ſays Euſtathius) to induce Hector to ſecure himſelf in Troy is remarkable: he draws it not from Hector's fears, nor does he tell him that he is to ſave his own life; but he inſiſts upon ſtronger motives: he tells him he may preſerve his fellow-citizens, his country, and his father; and farther perſuades him not to add glory to his mortal enemy by his fall. P.

Ver. 88.] Our tranſlator is not ſcrupulouſly attentive to his author, who may be thus exhibited with faithfulneſs and ſimplicity:

My ſons deſtroy'd, my daughters rudely torn,
Their bridal chambers ravag'd, and their babes,
In heat of carnage, on the pavement daſh'd,
And matrons dragg'd by the fell hands of Greeks.

Ver. 90. *My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor.*] Cruelties which the Barbarians uſually exerciſed in the ſacking of towns. Thus Iſaiah foretells to Babylon that her children ſhall be daſhed in pieces before her eyes by the Medes. *Infantes eorum allidentur in oculis eorum*, xii. 16. And David ſays to the ſame city, *Happy ſhall he be that taketh and daſheth thy little ones againſt the ſtones.*

Perhaps ev'n I, reſerv'd by angry Fate
The laſt ſad relick of my ruin'd ſtate,
(Dire pomp of ſov'reign wretchedneſs!) muſt fall,
And ſtain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famiſh'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled maſter's ſpatter'd gore.
Yet for my ſons I thank ye gods! 'twas well;
Well have they periſh'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth, and vigour, dies the beſt,
Struck thro' with wounds, all honeſt on the breaſt.
But when the Fates, in fulneſs of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unreſiſting age,

Pſal. cxxxvii, 9. And in the prophet Hoſea, xiii. 16. *Their infants ſhall be daſhed in pieces.* Dacier. P.

Ver. 96.] Or, more conformably to Homer's language,

Where *raving* dogs:

for Euſtathius on the paſſage mentions a conceit of the ancients, that houſehold dogs fell into madneſs from feeding on human fleſh.

Ver. 98.] This concluſion of the ſpeech is not executed with fidelity. Let the reader accept the following reſemblance of the original:

——— no youth it miſbecomes,
In battle ſlain and gor'd with pointed ſteel
To lie: all forms, each circumſtance of death
To him is comely: but, when dogs deform
The hoary head and hoary beard of age,
And riot on his carcaſe uncontroll'd—;
This beggars all the woes of woful man!

Ver. 102. *But when the Fates*, &c.] Nothing can be more moving than the image which Homer gives here, in comparing the different effects produced by the view of a young man, and that of an old one, both bleeding, and extended on the duſt. The old man,

In duſt the rev'rend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood ſcarcely warm;
This, this is miſery! the laſt, the worſt,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curſt!
He ſaid, and acting what no words could ſay,
Rent from his head the ſilver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their ſorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her boſom ſhe diſplay'd;
And thus, faſt-falling the ſalt tears, ſhe ſaid.
Have mercy on me, O my ſon! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!

---

it is certain, touches us moſt, and ſeveral reaſons may be given for it; the principal is, that the young man defended himſelf, and his death is glorious; whereas an old man has no defence but his weakneſs, prayers, and tears. They muſt be very inſenſible of what is dreadful, and have no taſte in poetry, who omit this paſſage in a tranſlation, and ſubſtitute things of a trivial and inſipid nature. Dacier. P.

Ver. 113.] This verſe, I think, does not equal the beauty of it's aſſociates, and might be improved in a variety of ways; for example:

And thus, *while ſtream'd her eyes with* tears, ſhe ſaid.

Ver. 114. *The ſpeech of Hecuba.*] The ſpeech of Hecuba opens with as much tenderneſs as that of Priam: the circumſtance in particular of her ſhewing that breaſt to her ſon which had ſuſtained his infancy, is highly moving: it is a ſilent kind of oratory, and prepares the heart to liſten, by prepoſſeſſing the eye in favour of the ſpeaker.

Euſtathius takes notice of the difference between the ſpeeches of Priam and Hecuba: Priam diſſuades him from the combat, by enumerating not only the loſs of his own family, but of his whole

If ever thee in theſe fond arms I preſt,
Or ſtill'd thy infant clamours at this breaſt;
Ah do not thus our helpleſs years forego,
But by our walls ſecur'd, repel the foe.
Againſt his rage if ſingly thou proceed,
Should'ſt thou (but heav'n avert it) ſhould'ſt thou bleed,
Nor muſt thy corpſe lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor ſpouſe, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, thoſe dear remains
Muſt feaſt the vultures on the naked plains.

country: Hecuba dwells entirely upon his ſingle death; this is a great beauty in the poet, to make Priam a father to his whole country; but to deſcribe the fondneſs of the mother as prevailing over all other conſiderations, and to mention that only which chiefly affects her.

This puts me in mind of a judicious ſtroke in Milton, with regard to the ſeveral characters of Adam and Eve. When the Angel is driving them both out of Paradiſe, Adam grieves that he muſt leave a place where he had converſed with God and his angels; but Eve laments that ſhe ſhall never more behold the flowers of Eden. Here Adam mourns like a man, and Eve like a woman. P.

More faithfully thus:

Hector, my ſon, *this awful ſight* revere!
With pity liſten to a mother's prayer:

the rhymes, however, are not unexceptionably correct.

Ver. 117.] Or, more conformably to the language of his author,

Or *lull'd to ſleep* thy *ſorrows* at this breaſt:

but our tranſlator might take his direction from Chapman:

——————if ever ſhe, had *quieted his exclaime*,
He would ceaſſe hers.

Ver. 125.] The word *plains* furniſht an eaſy rhyme, and thence

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul:
Reſolv'd he ſtands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So roll'd up in his den, the ſwelling ſnake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;

---

the *vultures* of the tranſlator for the *dogs* of Homer. Thus? more exactly:

In Græcian ſhips, thy funeral rites unpaid,
A helpleſs prey to dogs voracious, laid!

Dacier, according to her practice, includes both animals: "Et "tu ſerviras de pâture *aux chiens et aux oiſeaux* près des navires des "Grecs."

Ver. 130.] Thus, more cloſely:

So *rolls before* his den the ſwelling ſnake,
Soon as he ſees the ſwain approach the brake:

for the lingering enunciation of the word *traveller* in *three* ſyllables is void, I think, of ſuitable vivacity. But his predeceſſors might miſguide our poet; for thus Chapman:

Wraps all her caverne *in her folds:*

and thus Ogilby:

Coyl'd up before his manſion's narrow gates:

and, laſtly, Hobbes:

And as a ſnake *roll'd up* before his den.

And ſo, I ſee, Mr. Cowper; very erroneouſly, and in a ſtile but little ſuited to the reſtleſs impatience of this enraged and alarmed animal. I know not if Dacier ſaw the force and beauty of her author's expreſſion: "*Faiſant pluſieurs circles* de ſon énorme corps."

Ver. 131.] Thus Dryden, at the parallel paſſage of Virgil, Æn. ii. 641:

So ſhines, renew'd in youth, the creſted *ſnake*,
Who ſlept the winter in a thorny *brake*.

When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poiſons of the plains;
He burns, he ſtiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his ſhield reclin'd,
He ſtood, and queſtion'd thus his mighty mind.
Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and ſhame th' ungen'rous thought recall:

Ver. 138. *The ſoliloquy of Hector.*] There is much greatneſs in the ſentiments of this whole ſoliloquy. Hector prefers death to an ignominious life: he knows how to die with glory, but not how to live with diſhonour. The reproach of Polydamas affects him; the ſcandals of the meaneſt people have an influence on his thoughts.

It is remarkable that he does not ſay, he fears the inſults of the brave Trojans, but of the moſt worthleſs only. Men of merit are always the moſt candid; but others are ever for bringing all men to a level with themſelves. They cannot bear that any one ſhould be ſo bold as to excel, and are ready to pull him down to them, upon the leaſt miſcarriage. This ſentiment is perfectly fine, and agreeable to the way of thinking, natural to a great and ſenſible mind.

There is a very beautiful break in the middle of this ſpeech. Hector's mind fluctuates every way, he is calling a council in his own breaſt, and conſulting what method to purſue: he doubts if he ſhould not propoſe terms of peace to Achilles, and grants him very large conceſſions; but of a ſudden he checks himſelf, and leaves the ſentence unfiniſhed. The paragraph runs thus; "If, ſays "Hector, I ſhould offer him the largeſt conditions, give all that "Troy contains"—There he ſtops, and immediately ſubjoins, "But why do I delude myſelf, &c."

It is evident from this ſpeech that the power of making peace was in Hector's hands: for unleſs Priam had transferred it to him, he could not have made theſe propoſitions. So that it was Hector who broke the treaty in the third book (where the very ſame conditions were propoſed by Agamemnon.) It is Hector therefore

Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his counſels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been ſav'd by Hector's flight?
That wiſe advice rejected with diſdain,
I feel my folly in my people ſlain.
Methinks my ſuff'ring country's voice I hear,
But moſt, her worthleſs ſons inſult my ear,
On my raſh courage charge the chance of war,
And blame thoſe virtues which they cannot ſhare.
No——If I e'er return, return I muſt
Glorious, my country's terrour laid in duſt:

---

that is guilty, he is blameable in continuing the war, and involving the Greeks and Trojans in blood. This conduct in Homer was neceſſary: he obſerves a poetical juſtice, and ſhews that Hector is a criminal, before he brings him to death. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 140. *Shall proud Polydamas*, &c.] Hector alludes to the counſel given him by Polydamas in the eighteenth book, which he then neglected to follow; it was, to withdraw to the city, and fortify themſelves there, before Achilles returned to the battle. P.

Ver. 142.] In the next *twelve* lines our tranſlator gives a very indiſtinct and general reſemblance of his author; of which the reader may judge from the following cloſe verſion:

Who bade me lead the Trojans to the town,
That dreadful night, when fierce Achilles roſe:
But this far better counſel I diſdain'd.
The people thus my folly's victims made,
Our Trojans and their wives I dread to meet;
Leſt ſome, inferiour to myſelf, ſhould ſay,
"This headſtrong chief brought ruin on our men!"
Thus they, reproachful. Sure 'twere better far,
Or to return with ſlain Achilles' ſpoils,
Or in the face of Troy with glory fall.

Or if I periſh, let her ſee me fall
In field at leaſt, and fighting for her wall.
And yet ſuppoſe theſe meaſures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warriour-ſhield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to ſave the town:
The wife with-held, the treaſure ill-detain'd,
(Cauſe of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable juſtice to reſtore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining ſtore,
Which Troy ſhall, ſworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May ſhare our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I ſhould go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here, as man converſing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;

Ver. 158.] More properly,

The wife *with-holden, treaſures* ill-detain'd;

but ſtill the rhymes are inaccurate, and at ver. 160, none.

Ver. 167. *We greet not here, as man converſing man,*
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er the plain, &c.]

The words literally are theſe, "*There is no talking with Achilles,* ἀπὸ δρυὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης, *from an oak or from a rock,* [or about an oak or a rock] *as a young man and a maiden talk together.* It is thought an obſcure paſſage, though I confeſs I am either too fond of my own explication in the above cited verſes, or they make it a very

No ſeaſon now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk:
War is our buſineſs, but to whom is giv'n
To die, or triumph, that, determine Heav'n!

clear one. "There is no converſing with this implacable enemy in "the rage of battle; as when ſauntering people talk at leiſure to "one another on the road, or when young men and women meet in "a field." I think the expoſition of Euſtathius more far-fetched, though it be ingenious; and therefore I muſt do him the juſtice not to ſuppreſs it. It was a common practice, ſays he, with the heathens, to expoſe ſuch children as they either could not, or would not educate: the places where they depoſited them, were uſually in the cavities of *rocks*, or the hollow of *oaks*: theſe children being frequently found and preſerved by ſtrangers, were ſaid to be the offſpring of thoſe oaks or rocks where there were found. This gave occaſion to the poet to feign that men were born of *oaks*, and there was a famous fable too of Deucalion and Pyrrha's repairing mankind by caſting *ſtones* behind them: it grew at laſt into a proverb, to ſignify idle tales; ſo that in the preſent paſſage it imports, that Achilles *will not liſten to ſuch idle tales as may paſs with ſilly maids and fond lovers*. For fables and ſtories (and particularly ſuch ſtories as the preſervation, ſtrange fortune, and adventures of expoſed children) are the uſual converſation of young men and maidens. Euſtathius's explanation may be corroborated by a parallel place in the Odyſſey, where the poet ſays,

Οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἐσσι παλαιφάτου, οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης.

The meaning of which paſſage is plainly this, *Tell me of what race you are, for undoubtedly you had a father and mother; you are not, according to the old ſtory, deſcended from an* oak *or a* rock. Where the word παλαιφάτου ſhews that this was become an ancient proverb even in Homer's day. P.

Chapman is neat and conciſe; nor has he neglected the pleaſing repetition of his author:

To men of oke and rocke, no words; virgins and youths talk thus;
Virgins and youths, that love, and wooe; there's other warre with us.

Thus pond'ring like a god the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian jav'lin in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breaſt the beamy ſplendours ſhone
Like Jove's own light'ning, or the riſing ſun.
As Hector ſees, unuſual terrours riſe,
Struck by ſome god, he fears, recedes, and flies.

Ver. 173.] Thus, more accurately expreſſive of his author:

Thus *waits he* pondering, *whilſt* the Greek drew nigh;
Like *Mars*, his *creſt nods* dreadful from on high.

Ver. 176.] This is unauthoriſed by the original, and wants diverſity, by anticipating the ſubſequent image. Thus? more exactly:

Pois'd from the ſhoulder, as his ſteps advance,
More and more horrid, ſhakes the Pelian lance:
From his broad breaſt-plate vivid ſplendors blaze,
Like flaſhing fire, or Titan's riſing rays:

for the rhymes of the *ſecond* couplet are not ſufficiently preciſe, and were found in Ogilby:

——————— his arms *like lightning ſhone*,
Like blazing fire, or like the riſing ſun.

Ver. 179.] There is interpolation here, and ſimilar rhymes occur too ſoon. I can only give an accurate literal tranſlation:

Hector beholds, and trembles; nor dares ſtay:
The gates he leaves, and frighted flies: the foe
Springs after, truſting to his nimble feet.

Ver. 180. *Struck by ſome god, he fears, recedes, and flies.*] I doubt not moſt readers are ſhocked at the flight of Hector: it is indeed a high exaltation of Achilles (which was the poet's chief hero) that ſo brave a man as Hector durſt not ſtand him. While Achilles was at a diſtance he had fortified his heart with noble reſolutions, but at his approach they all vaniſh, and he flies. This (as

He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.

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exceptionable as ſome may think it) may yet be allowed to be a true portrait of human nature; for diſtance, as it leſſens all objects, ſo it does our fears; but where inevitable danger approaches, the ſtouteſt hearts will feel ſome apprehenſions at certain fate. It was the ſaying of one of the braveſt men in this age, to one who told him he feared nothing, *Shew me but a certain danger, and I ſhall be as much afraid as any of you.* I do not abſolutely pretend to juſtify this paſſage in every point, but only to have thus much granted me, that Hector was in this deſperate circumſtance.

Firſt. It will not be found in the whole Iliad, that Hector ever thought himſelf a match for Achilles. Homer (to keep this in our minds) had juſt now made Priam tell him, as a thing known (for certainly Priam would not inſult him at that time) that there was no compariſon between his own ſtrength, and that of his antagoniſt:

——— ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστιν.

Secondly, We may obſerve with Dacier, the degrees by which Homer prepares this incident. In the eighteenth book the mere ſight and voice of Achilles unarmed, has terrified and put the whole Trojan army into diſorder. In the nineteenth the very ſound of the celeſtial arms given him by Vulcan, has affrighted his own Myrmidons as they ſtand about him. In the twentieth, he has been upon the point of killing Æneas, and Hector himſelf was not ſaved from him but by Apollo's interpoſing. In that and the following book, he makes an incredible ſlaughter of all that oppoſe him, he overtakes moſt of thoſe that fly from him, and Priam himſelf opens the gates of Troy to receive the reſt.

Thirdly, Hector ſtays, not that he hopes to overcome Achilles, but becauſe ſhame and the dread of reproach forbid him to re-enter the city; a ſhame (ſays Euſtathius) which was a fault that betrayed him out of his life, and ruined his country. Nay, Homer adds further, that he only ſtaid by the immediate *will of heaven*, intoxicated and irreſiſtibly bound down by *fate*:

Ἕκτορα δ' αὐτῆ μεῖναι ὁλὴ μοῖρ' ἐπέδησεν.

Fourthly, He had juſt been reflecting on the injuſtice of the war he maintained; his ſpirits are depreſſed by heaven, he expects certain death, he perceives himſelf abandoned by the gods, (as he

Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,
(The ſwifteſt racer of the liquid ſkies) 184

directly ſays in ver. 300, &c. of the Greek, and 384 of the tranſlation) ſo that he might ſay to Achilles what Turnus does to Æneas,

" *Dii* me terrent, & Jupiter *hoſtis*."

This indeed is the ſtrongeſt reaſon that can be offered for the flight of Hector. He flies not from Achilles as a mortal hero, but from one whom he ſees clad in impenetrable armour, ſeconded by Minerva, and one who had put to flight the inferiour gods themſelves. This is not cowardice, according to the conſtant principles of Homer, who thought it no part of a hero's character to be impious, or to fancy himſelf independent on the Supreme Being.

Indeed it had been a grievous fault, had our author ſuffered the courage of Hector entirely to forſake him even in this extremity: a brave man's ſoul is ſtill capable of rouſing itſelf, and acting honourably in the laſt ſtruggles. Accordingly Hector, though delivered over to his deſtiny, abandoned by the Gods, and certain of death, yet ſtops and attacks Achilles; when he loſes his ſpear, he draws his ſword: it was impoſſible he ſhould conquer, it was only in his power to fall gloriouſly; this he did, and it was all that man could do.

If the reader, after all, cannot bring himſelf to like this paſſage, for his own particular; yet to induce him to ſuſpend his abſolute cenſure, he may conſider that Virgil had an uncommon eſteem for it, as he has teſtified in transferring it almoſt entirely to the death of Turnus; where there was no neceſſity of making uſe of the like incidents; but doubtleſs he was touched with this epiſode, as with one of thoſe which intereſt us moſt of the whole Iliad, by a ſpectacle at once ſo terrible, and ſo deplorable. I muſt alſo add the ſuffrage of Ariſtotle, who was ſo far from looking upon this paſſage as ridiculous or blameable, that he eſteemed it marvellous and admirable. " The *wonderful*, ſays he, ought to have place in tragedy, " but ſtill more in epick poetry, which proceeds in this point even " to the unreaſonable; for as in epick poems one ſees not " the perſons acting, ſo whatever paſſes the bounds of reaſon is " proper to produce the admirable and the marvellous. For " example, what Homer ſays of Hector purſued by Achilles, " would appear ridiculous on the ſtage; for the ſpectators could

Juſt when he holds or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aerial way;
With open beak and ſhrilling cries he ſprings,
And aims his claws, and ſhoots upon his wings:
No leſs fore-right the rapid chace they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their courſe maintain,
Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees ſpread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compaſs) ſmoke along the road.

" not forbear laughing to ſee on one ſide the Greeks ſtanding " without any motion, and on the other Achilles purſuing Hector, " and making ſigns to the troops not to dart at him. But all this " does not appear when we read the poem: for what is wonderful " is always agreeable, and as a proof of it, we find that they who " relate any thing, uſually add ſomething to the truth, that it may " the better pleaſe thoſe who hear it."

The ſame great critick vindicates this paſſage in the chapter following. " A poet, ſays he, is inexcuſable if he introduces ſuch " things as are impoſſible according to the rules of poetry: but " this ceaſes to be a fault, if by thoſe means he attains to the end " propoſed; for he has then brought about what he intended: for " example, if he renders by it any part of his poem more aſtoniſh- " ing or admirable. Such is the place of the Iliad; where Achilles " purſues Hector." Ariſt. Poet. chap. xxv, xxvi. P.

The perſon alluded to in the former part of our tranſlator's note, and whoſe reply is there quoted, is ſaid to have been the Earl of Peterborough, by writers of anecdotes.

Ver. 189.] The following couplet is accurately correſpondent to the original:

Thus he ſhot eager: trembling Hector flees
Beneath Troy wall, and plies his nimble knees.

Next by Scamander's double ſource they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burſt the parted ground;
This hot thro' ſcorching clefts is ſeen to riſe,
With exhalations ſteaming to the ſkies;
That the green banks in ſummer's heat o'erflows,
Like cryſtal clear, and cold as winter ſnows.

Ver. 196. *Where two fam'd fountains.*] Strabo blames Homer for ſaying that one of the ſources of Scamander was a warm fountain; whereas (ſays he) there is but one ſpring, and that cold; neither is this in the place where Homer fixes it, but in the mountain. It is obſerved by Euſtathius, that though this was not true in Strabo's time, yet it might in Homer's, greater changes having happened in leſs time than that which paſſed between thoſe two authors. Sandys, who was both a geographer and critick of great accuracy, as well as a traveller of great veracity, affirms as an eye-witneſs, that there are yet ſome hot water ſprings in that part of the country, oppoſite to Tenedos. I cannot but think that gentleman muſt have been particularly diligent and curious in his enquiries into the remains of a place ſo celebrated in poetry; as he was not only perhaps the moſt learned, but one of the beſt poets of his time; I am glad of this occaſion to do his memory ſo much juſtice as to ſay, the Engliſh verſification owes much of its improvement to his Tranſlations, and eſpecially that admirable one of Job. What chiefly pleaſes me in this place, is to ſee the exact Landſcape of old Troy, we have a clear idea of the town itſelf, and of the roads and country about it; the river, the fig-trees, and every part is ſet before our eyes. P.

Ver. 200.] His original preſcribes,

Cold, as *or hail, or ice, or* winter ſnows:

and ſo, I perceive, *Hobbes* renders very faithfully;

As cold as is the hail, or ice, or ſnow.

Our tranſlator ſeems to have followed Ogilby:

The other in the ſummer ſolſtice would
Be more than ſnow, than hail or *chryſtal* cold:

Each guſhing fount a marble ciſtern fills,
Whoſe poliſh'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (e'er yet alarm'd by Greece)
Waſh'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By theſe they paſt, one chaſing, one in flight,
(The mighty fled, purſu'd by ſtronger might)
Swift was the courſe; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim muſt reward the day,
(Such as in races crown the ſpeedy ſtrife)
The prize contended was great Hector's life.

As when ſome hero's fun'rals are decreed
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,
(Some golden tripod, or ſome lovely dame)
The panting courſers ſwiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd ſpectator's ſoul.

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who might be miſled by Chapman:

——— And when the ſunne, made ardent ſommer glow,
There waters *concrete criſtall* ſhin'd.

Ver. 209.] Theſe are the rhymes of Ogilby alſo:

For no mean prize they ſtrove or ſporting *ſtrife*,
A princes blood the palme, and Hector's *life*:

and in nearly the ſame words at the parallel paſſage of Virgil, Æn. xii. where Dryden's couplet is this, verſe 1109:

No trivial prize is play'd: for on the life
Or death of Turnus, now depends the ſtrife.

Ver. 211.] Theſe rhymes are by no means allowable: and the ſame may be ſaid of verſe 219.

Ver. 216.] This verſe is interpolated by the tranſlator.

Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky:
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals ſpoke.
Unworthy ſight! the man, belov'd of heav'n,
Behold, inglorious round yon' city driv'n!
My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain;
Hector, whoſe zeal whole hecatombs has ſlain,

Ver. 218. *The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky.*] We have here an inſtance of the great judgment of Homer. The death of Hector being the chief action of the poem; he aſſembles the Gods, and calls a Council in heaven concerning it: it is for the ſame reaſon that he repreſents Jupiter with the greateſt ſolemnity weighing in his ſcales the fates of the two heroes: I have before obſerved at large upon the laſt circumſtance in a preceding note, ſo that there is no occaſion to repeat it.

I wonder that none of the commentators have taken notice of this beauty; in my opinion it is a very neceſſary obſervation, and ſhews the art and judgment of the poet, that he has made the greateſt and finiſhing action of the poem of ſuch importance that it engages the Gods in debates. P.

Our poet has the ſame beautiful image in his St. Cecilia:

And angels *lean* from heaven to hear:

and ſo his maſter Dryden, as I find him quoted in Johnſon's Dictionary:

The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharp'ning their ſights, and *leaning* from their ſtars.

Ver. 219.] A very defective rhyme. Thus?

Then, as attentive ſat the heavenly quire,
Of mortals and immortals *ſpake* the ſire.

Whoſe grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's ſummits, and the tow'rs of Troy:
Now ſee him flying! to his fears reſign'd,
And Fate, and fierce Achilles, cloſe behind.
Conſult, ye Pow'rs! (tis worthy your debate)
Whether to ſnatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by ſtern Pelides ſlain,
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man?
Then Pallas thus: Shall he whoſe vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with ſtorms,

Ver. 225.] More poetically, perhaps, thus, and with leſs appearance of ſuperfluous ſentiment:

Whoſe *coſtly* fumes the gods *inhal'd* with joy.

Ver. 226. *From Ida's ſummits*—] It was the cuſtom of the Pagans to ſacrifice to the Gods upon the hills and mountains, in ſcripture language upon the *high places*, for they were perſuaded that the Gods in a particular manner inhabited ſuch eminences: wherefore God ordered his people to deſtroy all thoſe high places, which the nations had prophaned by their idolatry. *You ſhall utterly deſtroy all the places wherein the nations which you ſhall poſſeſs ſerved their Gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree.* Deut. xii. 2. It is for this reaſon that ſo many kings are reproached in ſcripture for not *taking away the high places*. Dacier. P.

Ver. 228.] The words *And Fate* are an animated and ſublime addition of the tranſlator.

Ver. 229.] I ſhould propoſe the reduction of theſe *four* verſes to *two*, not only becauſe the original may be well expreſſed in a leſs compaſs, but from the imperfection of the rhyme in the *ſecond* couplet; as follows:

Yield we the chief to death, ye Gods, declare,
Achilles' victim; or his virtues ſpare?

Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No Gods indignant blame their partial Jove?
Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way.
Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And ſtoops impetuous from the cleaving ſkies.
As thro' the foreſt, o'er the vale and lawn
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket ſhakes;

Ver. 242.] Conſiſtency and his author both ſuggeſted,
And *darts* impetuous —.

Ogilby is not amiſs, and is faithful to the language of his original:

She, prompt before, this ſaid, glides ſwiftly down
From tow'ry ſpires, which ſteep Olympus crown:

but Pope was more attentive, in this inſtance, to Chapman's verſion:

——————— Then *ſtoopt* ſhe *from the ſkie*,
To this great combat.

Ver. 243.] Thus, more accurately:

The well-breath'd beagle thus, o'er *hill* and lawn
Drives, *from her* covert *rous'd*, the flying fawn:
In vain *ſhe* tries the *ſhelter* of the brakes —.

Ver. 246.] Had our poet written,

Or, *ſquat* beneath the trembling thicket, ſhakes;

he would have exhibited the full force of the original term καταπήξας: ſee my note on the *Hercules furens* of Euripides, ver. 976, and 977: and the term in queſtion is dignified by the uſe of Milton, Dryden, and our author himſelf.

Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze purſues.
Thus ſtep by ſtep, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There ſwift Achilles compaſs'd round the field.
Oft' as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' aſſiſtance of his pitying friends,
(Whoſe ſhow'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppreſs the foe)
So oft' Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in ſlumbers ſeem with ſpeedy pace
One to purſue, and one to lead the chace,

Ver. 247. This verſe is interpolated by our tranſlator: and much in the ſame ſtrain Ogilby:

He hunts cloſe on the foot, ſenting the trace.

Ver. 249. *Thus ſtep by ſtep*, &c.] There is ſome difficulty in this paſſage, and it ſeems ſtrange that Achilles could not overtake Hector, whom he excelled ſo much in ſwiftneſs, eſpecially when the poet deſcribes him as running in a narrower circle than Hector. Euſtathius gives us many ſolutions from the ancients; Homer has already told us that they run for the life of Hector; and conſequently Hector would exert his utmoſt ſpeed, whereas Achilles might only endeavour to keep him from entering the city: beſides, Achilles could not directly purſue him, becauſe he frequently made efforts to ſhelter himſelf under the wall, and he being obliged to turn him from it, he might be forced to take more ſteps than Hector. But the poet, to take away all grounds of an objection, tells us afterwards, that Apollo gave him a ſupernatural ſwiftneſs. P.

Ver. 255.] Thus Ogilby:

Achilles *turns him to the* open *plain.*

Ver. 257. *As men in ſlumbers.*] This beautiful compariſon has been condemned by ſome of the ancients, even ſo far as to judge

Their ſinking limbs the fancy'd courſe forſake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No leſs the lab'ring heroes pant and ſtrain;
While that but flies, and this purſues, in vain.
What God, O Muſe! aſſiſted Hector's force,
With Fate itſelf ſo long to hold the courſe?

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it unworthy of having a place in the Iliad: they ſay the diction is mean, and the ſimilitude itſelf abſurd, becauſe it compares the ſwiftneſs of the heroes to men aſleep, who are in a ſtate of reſt and inactivity. But there cannot be a more groundleſs criticiſm: the poet is ſo far from drawing his compariſon from the repoſe of men aſleep, that he alludes only to their dreams: it is a race in fancy that he deſcribes; and ſurely the imagination is nimble enough to illuſtrate the greateſt degree of ſwiftneſs: beſides the verſes themſelves run with the utmoſt rapidity, and imitate the ſwiftneſs they deſcribe. Euſtathius.

What ſufficiently proves theſe verſes to be genuine, is, that Virgil has imitated them, Æn. xii:

"Ac veluti in ſomnis"—— P.

Ogilby aims well; and ſome correction would make his efforts cloſe and elegant. I ſhall quote him as he is:

As in his ſleep one dreams purſuit he makes,
Who flys not ſcapes, nor who purſues o'ertakes;
So nor could Hector from Achilles go,
Nor yet Achilles reach the flying foe.

But our poet would have written, I think, more properly, thus:

As men in ſlumbers ſeem with *ſtruggling* pace—.

And the rhymes are thoſe of Chapman juſt after:

So, nor Achilles chace could reach, the flight of Hector's *pace*;
Nor Hector's flight enlarge itſelfe, of ſwift Achilles *chace*.

Ver. 259.] Thus Dryden in the parallel paſſage of Virgil, Æn. xii. 1315:

Our *ſinking limbs forſake* us in *the courſe*.

Phœbus it was; who, in his lateſt hour,
Endu'd his knees with ſtrength, his nerves with pow'r:
And great Achilles, leſt ſome Greeks advance
Should ſnatch the glory from the lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that ſhow
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their deſtinies.

Ver. 269. *Sign'd to the troops*, &c.] The difference which Homer here makes between Hector and Achilles deſerves to be taken notice of; Hector is running away towards the walls, to the end that the Trojans who are upon them may overwhelm Achilles with their darts; and Achilles in turning Hector towards the plain, makes a ſign to his troops not to attack him. This ſhews the great courage of Achilles. Yet this action which appears ſo generous has been very much condemned by the ancients; Plutarch in the life of Pompey gives us to underſtand, that it was looked upon as the action of a fool too greedy of glory. Indeed this is not a ſingle combat of Achilles againſt Hector, (for in that caſe Achilles would have done very ill not to hinder his troops from aſſaulting him) this was a rencounter in a battle, and ſo Achilles might, and ought to take all advantage to rid himſelf, the readieſt and the ſureſt way, of an enemy whoſe death would procure an entire victory to his party. Wherefore does he leave this victory to chance? Why expoſe himſelf to the hazard of loſing it? Why does he prefer his private glory to the publick weal, and the ſafety of all the Greeks, which he puts to the venture by delaying to conquer, and endangering his own perſon? I grant it is a fault, but it muſt be owned to be the fault of a hero. Euſtathius Dacier. P.

Ver. 270.] After this verſe, our tranſlator ſlips by one of his author, which the reader ſhall have from Chapman:

But when they reacht, the fourth time, the two founts.

Low ſinks the ſcale ſurcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it ſinks, and hell receives the weight.
Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To ſtern Pelides, and triumphing, cries:
Oh lov'd of Jove! this day our labours ceaſe,
And conqueſt blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd ſo far,
Drunk with renown, inſatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of light.

Ver. 277. *Then Phœbus left him*—] This is a very beautiful and poetical manner of deſcribing a plain circumſtance: the hour of Hector's death was now come, and the poet expreſſes it by ſaying that Apollo, or Deſtiny, forſakes him: that is, the Fates no longer protect him. Euſtathius. P.

Verſe id. —— *Fierce Minerva flies To ſtern Pelides*, &c.] The poet may ſeem to diminiſh the glory of Achilles, by aſcribing the victory over Hector to the aſſiſtance of Pallas; whereas in truth he fell by the hand only of Achilles: but poetry loves to raiſe every thing into a wonder; it ſteps out of the common road of narration, and aims to ſurprize; and the poet would farther inſinuate that it is a greater glory to Achilles to be beloved by the Gods, than to be only excellent in valour: for many men have valour, but few the favour of heaven. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 279.] His original ſays literally,

Now we, I truſt, ſhall bear, chief lov'd by Jove!
Back to the ſhips great glory to our Greeks:

but Pope ſeems to have regulated the turn of his verſion by his predeceſſor Ogilby:

Now, now the Greeks great honour ſhall acquire,
And ſlaught'ring Hector by thy hand expire.

See, where in vain he ſupplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Reſt here: my ſelf will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot ſhun.
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and reſted, on his lance reclin'd.
While like Deïphobus the martial Dame
(Her face, her geſture, and her arms the ſame)

Ver. 285.] His author ſuggeſts the following alteration:

E'en though, a ſuppliant in the courts above—.

Ver. 287.] The rhymes are not allowable. Ogilby's couplet on this occaſion is altogether ſuperiour, in my opinion, both for elegance and fidelity:

But ſtay and breathe, 'till Hector I engage
To ſtand thy charge, and meet thy fatal rage.

Ver. 289.] The phraſe *joyful mind* has ſomething in it not ſufficiently poetical, and a glimpſe of a botching aſpect. Thus?

The chief *obeys* with *joy the* voice divine:
Prop'd on his lance, *his wearied limbs recline:*

for we cannot admit in the verſes of ſuch an artiſt as Pope,

That one for ſenſe, and one for rhyme,
Is quite ſufficient at one time.

Ver. 290. *Obey'd; and reſted.*] The whole paſſage where Pallas deceives Hector is evidently an allegory: Achilles perceiving that he cannot overtake Hector, pretends to be quite ſpent and wearied in the purſuit; the ſtratagem takes effect, and recalls his enemy: this the poet expreſſes by ſaying that Pallas, or Wiſdom, came to aſſiſt Achilles. Hector obſerving his enemy ſtay to reſt, concludes that he is quite fatigued, and immediately takes courage and advances upon him; he thinks he has him at an advantage, but at laſt finds himſelf deceived; thus making a wrong judgment, he is betrayed into his death; ſo that his own *falſe judgment* is the *treacherous* Pallas that deceives him. Euſtathius. P.

In ſhow an aid, by hapleſs Hector's ſide
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd.
Too long, O Hector! have I borne the fight
Of this diſtreſs, and ſorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble ſtand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
Then he. O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since you of all our num'rous race, alone
Defend my life, regardleſs of your own.
Again the Goddeſs. Much my father's pray'r,
And much my mother's, preſt me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my ſtay,
But ſtronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the ſteel ſparkle, and the javelin fly;

Ver. 301.] Thus Ogilby:

Deiphobus, ſaid he, I love thee *more*
Than all my brothers; us one mother *bore*.

Ver. 303.] Or, more cloſely to the words of his author:

Since you, of all, *the towers forſake*, alone
To ſhield my life—.

Ver. 308.] After this, there is an omiſſion of Homer's ſenſe to the following purport:

Stung by thy woes; whilſt all with terror quake.

Or let us ſtretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
Fraudful ſhe ſaid; then ſwiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero ſhuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The ſilence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he ſpoke.
Enough, O ſon of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purſu'd.
But now ſome God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.

Ver. 317. *The ſpeeches of Hector and of Achilles.*] There is an oppoſition between theſe ſpeeches excellently adapted to the characters of both the heroes. That of Hector is full of courage, but mixed with humanity; that of Achilles of reſentment and arrogance. We ſee the great Hector diſpoſing of his own remains; and that thirſt of glory which has made him live with honour, now bids him provide, as Euſtathius obſerves, that what once was Hector may not be diſhonoured. Thus we ſee a ſedate, calm courage, with a contempt of death, in the ſpeech of Hector: but in that of Achilles there is a *fierté*, and an inſolent air of ſuperiority. His magnanimity makes him ſcorn to ſteal a victory; he bids him prepare to defend himſelf with all his forces: and that valour and reſentment which made him deſirous that he might revenge himſelf upon Hector with his own hand, and forbade the Greeks to interpoſe, now directs him not to take any advantage over a brave enemy. I think both their characters are admirably ſuſtained, and though Achilles be drawn with a great violence of features, yet the picture is undoubtedly like him; and it had been the utmoſt abſurdity to have ſoftened one line upon this occaſion, when the ſoul of Achilles was all on fire to revenge the death of his friend Patroclus. I muſt deſire the reader to carry this obſervation in his memory, and particularly in that place, where Achilles ſays he could eat the very fleſh of Hector; though I have a little ſoftened it in the tranſlation, ver. 437. P.

Yet on the verge of battle let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day;
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate.
(Eternal witneſſes of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treaſur'd vow!)
To them I ſwear; if victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life,
No vile diſhonour ſhall thy corpſe purſue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due)
The reſt to Greece uninjur'd I'll reſtore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.
Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes)
Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,

Ver. 319.] The words of Homer preſcribe rather,

But now *my ſoul courageous* bids me try—.

Ver. 323.] By the following alteration of this verſe,

Yet *firſt call we the Gods* to arbitrate;

the preceding couplet is rendered wholly ſuperfluous.

Ver. 331.] I ſhould baniſh this colloquial and undignified contraction altogether, and write ſimply, in the *preſent* form for the *future*, as ſignificant of a firm and ſettled purpoſe,

The reſt to Greece uninjur'd *I* reſtore.

Ver. 337.] The rhymes are not correct. The following attempt is literally expreſſive of Homer's language:

To ſuch I call the Gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceaſing ſtrife,
'Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouſe then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther ſubterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghoſt by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

As men and lions in no leagues combine,
Nor wolves and ſheep to friendly thoughts incline;
But with fell rancour wars eternal rage:
So muſt our ſouls nor love nor oaths engage.
No room for kindneſs here! or thou ſhalt die,
Or I to Mars a bleeding victim lie:

of which attempt the concluding line is borrowed from Ogilby.

Ver. 345.] Thus Ogilby:

Muſter thy power:

for their original runs thus:

Shew all thy manhood: it becomes thee moſt
To be a warriour now, expert and bold.

Hobbes is deſtitute of elevation, but well exhibits the meaning of his author:

It now behoves you all your pow'r to ſhow,
And be an able man of war indeed.

Ver. 346.] Dryden's pathetic concluſion of the Æneis was probably preſent to our tranſlator's memory on this occaſion:

'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives the deadly blow.

Ver. 348.] This is very ſublime, and happily imagined. His original ſays only,

He ſpoke, and lanch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector ſhun'd the meditated blow:
He ſtoop'd, while o'er his head the flying ſpear
Sung innocent, and ſpent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,

——————— now the numerous ills thou ru'ſt
Of my aſſociates, ſlain by thy mad ſpear.

There is a very magnificent paſſage in Valerius Flaccus, iv. 258. ennobled by imagery, like this of our tranſlator, where the ghoſts of thoſe ſlain by Amycus requeſt of Pluto permiſſion to be ſpectators of the combat between that ſavage king and Pollux:

Et pater orantes cæſorum Tartarus umbras.
Nube cavâ tandem ad meritæ ſpectacula pugnæ
Emittit: ſummi nigreſcunt culmina mentis.

The ſlaughter'd ghoſts grim Pluto grants to view,
By their entreaties won, th' approaching fight,
Due to their proweſs, in a hollow cloud:
The mountain-tops grow black with ſudden gloom.

Statius has happily imitated this paſſage in his Thebaid, xi. 420. when he is preparing his reader for the ſingle combat between Eteoclus and Polynices:

Ipſe quoque Ogygios monſtra ad gentilia manes
Tartareus rector portâ jubet ire recluſâ:
Montibus inſidunt patriis, triſtique coronâ
Infecere diem.

Th' infernal monarch bids the Theban ghoſts
View the ſad ſpectacle of kindred guilt,
And opes his portals. On their native hills
The black aſſemblage ſit, and blot the day.

Ver. 350.] More accurately, thus:
But Hector, *watchful* ſhuns the *threaten'd blow.*

Ver. 352.] This *metaphor* is not from his author, but Chapman:
——————— This ſaid, he brandiſhed
His long lance; and away it *ſung.*

Unſeen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now ſhakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
The life you boaſted to that javelin giv'n,
Prince! you have miſt. My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee, preſumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what muſt prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boaſting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with falſe terrours ſink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no diſhoneſt wound ſhall Hector die;
I ſhall not fall a fugitive at leaſt,
My ſoul ſhall bravely iſſue from my breaſt.
But firſt, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!

Ver. 355.] So Chapman:

——— Athenia, drew it, and gave her friend,
Unſeene of Hector.

Ver. 357.] This tranſlation is beautiful: but there is more fidelity in the following cloſer adjuſtment of the paſſage:

The life you boaſted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miſt; *nor knew the will of heaven.*
An artful vaunter thou, with fears to blind,
And *damp the wonted vigour of my* mind.

Ver. 363.] This verſe appears to me miſerably proſaic. Thus?

But know, *by* Fate *whate'er the death decreed,*
By no *diſgraceful* wound ſhall Hector *bleed.*
If ſlain by thee, no fugitive at leaſt—.

Ver. 367.] Our poet curtails the ſenſe of his author in a paſſage

The weapon flew, its courſe unerring held;
Unerring, but the heav'nly ſhield repell'd
The mortal dart; reſulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it ſtruck the ground,
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a ſpear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortleſs he ſtands: then, with a ſigh,
'Tis ſo—Heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he ſecures lies guarded in the wall.

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too pathetic to endure abbreviation. The following attempt gives no unfaithful repreſentation of Homer's ſenſe:

Now of mine arm beware: but may this dart
Drink deep the vital current of thy heart!
Then Troy ſome reſpite from her ills may know;
Thy death will lighten half her load of woe.

Ver. 369.] This paſſage is not executed either with fidelity, or the cuſtomary ſkill of our tranſlator. In the next couplet "*reſulting* with a *bound*," and "*from off* the orb," are redundant and feeble phraſes. I feel preſumption enough to attempt a greater degree of accuracy in the ſubjoined effort:

The brandiſh'd ſpear it's courſe unerring held
To the ſhield's centre; but the ſhield repell'd.
Sent by his arm in vain wide flew the dart;
His fruſtrate effort ſadden'd Hector's heart.
All motionleſs, a ſpectacle of woe he ſtands;
No ſecond javelin arms his helpleſs hands.

Ver. 377.] More conformably to Homer's language, and in compliance alſo with the variations above ſuggeſted, I would write

Then *heav'd the conſcious chief a boding ſigh.*
'Tis ſo——.

A God deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black Fate approach! 'tis I muſt bleed.
No refuge now, no ſuccour from above,
Great Jove deſerts me, and the ſon of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!
'Tis true I periſh, yet I periſh great:
Yet in a mighty deed I ſhall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!
Fierce, at the word, his weighty ſword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truſs the quiv'ring hare.

Ver. 387.] Thus Ogilby:

Not coward-like, but ſo will I *expire*,
That my laſt act all ages ſhall *admire*.

I cannot think the concluſion of this ſpeech executed by any means in the beſt ſtile of our tranſlator.

Ver. 391. *So Jove's bold bird*, &c.] The poet takes up ſome time in deſcribing the two great heroes before they cloſe in fight: the verſes are pompous and magnificent, and he illuſtrates his deſcription with two beautiful ſimiles: he makes a double uſe of this conduct, which not only raiſes our imagination to attend to ſo momentous an action, but by lengthening his narration keeps the mind in a pleaſing ſuſpenſe, and divides it between hopes and fears for the fate of Hector or Achilles. P.

Ver. 391.] Thus Dryden, at the parallel paſſage of Virgil, Æn. ix. 761:

Thus on ſome ſilver ſwan, or timorous *hare*
Jove's bird comes ſouſing down from upper *air*.

Nor leſs Achilles his fierce ſoul prepares;
Before his breaſt the flaming ſhield he bears,
Refulgent orb! Above his fourfold cone
The gilded horſe-hair ſparkled in the ſun,
Nodding at ev'ry ſtep: (Vulcanian frame!)
And as he mov'd, his figure ſeem'd on flame.
As radiant Heſper ſhines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night,
When all the ſtarry train emblaze the ſphere:
So ſhone the point of great Achilles' ſpear.

The ſimile in Homer may be literally repreſented thus:

——————— thus an eagle, ſoaring high,
Darts to the plain through a black veil of clouds,
To ſeize, or tender lamb, or ſkulking hare.

Ogilby gives a much more faithful likeneſs of his author, though modern ears will not acquieſce in the *ſecond* rhymes:

This ſaid, his ſword he draws, and at him flyes:
As a ſwift eagle ſtooping cuts the ſkies,
To ſeize a tim'rous hare or tender lamb;
So Hector brandiſhing his falchion came.

Ver. 394.] Our tranſlator dwells too much throughout the paſſage upon one idea. I would inſert a different *epithet*, in correſpondence with his original into this verſe:

Before his breaſt *the high-wrought* ſhield he bears.

And yet the rhymes are not ſufficiently diverſified from thoſe of the preceding couplet, as the following couplet is vicious in this article, and may be adjuſted by this alteration of the *ſecond* verſe:

The hair of gold in wavy ſparkles ſhone.

Ver. 398.] This line is interpolated by the tranſlator.

Ver. 399.] Chapman gives the compariſon very briefly, but with the vivacity of genius:

——————— and when he raiſde his lance,
Up Heſperus roſe, 'mongſt th' evening ſtarres.

In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warriour's body o'er.
One place at length he ſpies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave ent'rance: thro' that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the pow'r
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warriour lies,
While thus triumphing, ſtern Achilles cries.
At laſt is Hector ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus ſlain:

Ver. 409. *Thro' that penetrable part Furious he drove,* &c.] It was neceſſary that the poet ſhould be very particular in this point, becauſe the arms that Hector wore, were the arms of Achilles, that were taken from Patroclus; and conſequently as they were the work of Vulcan, they would preſerve Hector from the poſſibility of a wound: the poet therefore to give an air of probability to his ſtory, tells us that they were Patroclus's arms, and as they were not made for Hector, they might not exactly fit his body: ſo that it is not improbable but there might be ſome place about the neck of Hector ſo open, as to admit the ſpear of Achilles. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 412.] This form of addreſs is the tranſlator's own, and proves his ſympathy with the cataſtrophe of the Trojan prince.

Ver. 415.] With an exception of ſome defect in one or two of the rhymes, this ſpeech is tranſlated in a ſtile of uncommon excellence, but with no ſuperſtitious obſervance of the original order of expreſſion, as the ſubjoined literal verſion may prove:

Then, prince! you ſhould have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles abſent, was Achilles ſtill.
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory laid.
Peaceful he ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While caſt to all the rage of hoſtile pow'r,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then Hector fainting at th' approach of death.
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!

Hector, you doubtleſs thought, Patroclus ſlain,
Regardleſs of me abſent, to be ſafe.
Fool! an avenger, diſtant but more brave,
Still in the fleet, e'en I, was left behind;
Who now thy powers relax. While dogs and fowls
Thee vilely tear, him will the Greeks entomb.

Ver. 422.] Thus Dryden, in his Abſolom and Achitophel:

His eldeſt hope, with every grace adorn'd,
By me, ſo heav'n will have it, *always mourn'd*,
And *always honour'd*.

A ſimilar contraſt may be ſeen at our poet's Eloiſa, verſe 9. and in my note there the paſſage of Virgil, which the lines of Dryden, quoted above, cloſely imitate. See alſo Odyſſey, x. 495. of this verſion.

Ver. 427.] This beautiful line is due to the tranſlator: at leaſt it was wrought from one word of his author, whoſe verſe runs thus:

Thee by thy life, thy parents' *knees*, I beg.

The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſoothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And Hector's aſhes in his country reſt.

No, wretch accurſt! relentleſs he replies,
(Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhou'd bid me ſpare,
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r.
Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And giving thouſands offer thouſands more;

Ver. 437. *Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!*] I have before hinted that there is ſomething very fierce and violent in this paſſage; but I fancy that what I there obſerved will juſtify Homer in his relation, though not Achilles in his ſavage ſentiments: yet the poet ſoftens the expreſſion by making Achilles only wiſh that his *heart would permit him* to devour him: this is much more tolerable than a paſſage in the Thebais of Statius, where Tydeus in the very pangs of death is repreſented as gnawing the head of his enemy. P.

The rhymes, as I have frequently obſerved in ſimilar circumſtances, and frequently avoided to obſerve from a conſideration of the reader's patience, are defective. The original may be accurately given thus:

Oh! that my raging ſoul myſelf impell'd
To gnaw thee now in ſlices, for thy deeds!
So far the reſcue of thy head from dogs.

Ver. 439. *Should Troy, to bribe me,* &c.] Such reſolutions as Achilles here makes, are very natural to men in anger; he tells Hector that no motives ſhall ever prevail with him to ſuffer his body to be ranſomed; yet when time had cooled his heat, and he had ſomewhat ſatisfied his revenge by inſulting his remains, he reſtores them to Priam. This perfectly agrees with his conduct

Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame:
Their Hector on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentleſs breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curſt thee with a heart that cannot yield.

---

in the ninth book, where at firſt he gives a rough denial, and afterwards ſoftens into an eaſier temper. And this is very agreeable to the nature of Achilles; his anger abates very ſlowly; it is ſtubborn, yet ſtill it remits: had the poet drawn him never to be pacified, he had outraged nature, and not repreſented his hero as a man, but as a monſter. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 441.] His author dictates, as might have been learned from Hobbes and Dacier, the following amendment:

Should Priam *offer*, and the weeping dame,
Thy weight in gold to buy one funeral flame.

I will venture on a verſification of the paſſage, which will be found exact to the original:

Would Dardan Priam bring thy weight in gold;
Nor then thy wailing mother ſhould enfold
Thy lifeleſs limbs, nor funeral couch ſhould bear;
But dogs and vultures every morſel tear.

Ver. 447.] See the note on book ix. verſe 749. Thus our great dramatic genius in Richard ii. v. 2:

That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, *ſteel'd*
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.

Homer ſays only, for the materials of this couplet,

——— for ſure thy mind is ſteel within.

Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry Gods, ſhall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris ſhall avenge my fate,
And ſtretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.
He ceas'd. The Fates ſuppreſt his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes ſtiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the ſpirit wings its way,
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coaſt,
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghoſt!
Achilles, muſing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies.

Ver. 449. *A day will come.*] Hector *propheſies* at his death that Achilles ſhall fall by the hand of Paris. This confirms an obſervation made in a former note, that the words of dying men were looked upon as prophecies; but whether ſuch conjectures are true or falſe, it appears from hence, that ſuch opinions have prevailed in the world above three thouſand years. P.

Ver. 454.] This image is from Chapman:

——— Thus, *Deaths hand* cloſde *his eyes:*

the original is,

Him, as he ſpoke, o'erveil'd the cloſe of death.

Ver. 455.] This paſſage has occurred before, book xvi. verſe 1032.

Ver. 459.] There is much addition here from the fancy of our tranſlator. Thus his author:

Divine Achilles him, though dead, addreſt:
Die thou; I then my death will greet, whene'er
Jove ſhall appoint it, and the reſt of heaven.

Die thou the firſt! When Jove and heav'n ordain,
I follow thee—He ſaid, and ſtripp'd the ſlain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, caſt it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes
His manly beauty, and ſuperiour ſize:
While wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts diſgrace.
With ſome ignobler, the great dead deface
"How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of late,
"Sent light'ning on our fleets, and ſcatter'd fate?"

Ver. 467. *The great dead deface With wounds*, &c.] Euſtathius tells us that Homer introduces the ſoldiers wounding the dead body of Hector, in order to mitigate the cruelties which Achilles exerciſes upon it. For if every common ſoldier takes a pride in giving him a wound, what inſults may we not expect from the inexorable, inflamed Achilles? But I muſt confeſs myſelf unable to vindicate the poet in giving us ſuch an idea of his countrymen. I think the former courage of their enemy ſhould have been ſo far from moving them to revenge, that it ſhould have recommended him to their eſteem: what Achilles afterwards acts is ſuitable to his character, and conſequently the poet is juſtified; but ſurely all the Greeks are not of his temper? Patroclus was not ſo dear to them all, as he was to Achilles. It is true, the poet repreſents Achilles (as Euſtathius obſerves) enumerating the many ills they had ſuffered from Hector; and ſeems to endeavour to infect the whole army with his reſentment. Had Hector been living, they had been acted by a generous indignation againſt him: but theſe men ſeem as if they only dared approach him dead; in ſhort, what they ſay over his body is a mean inſult, and the ſtabs they give it are cowardly and barbarous. P.

Ver. 469.] Ogilby corrected gives a good reſemblance of the turn and language of his author:

Strange! or we Hector now more *gentle meet*,
Than when with hoſtile flames he fir'd our fleet.

High o'er the ſlain the great Achilles ſtands,
Begirt with heroes, and ſurrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the hoſt attends.
Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n
The dire deſtroyer to our arm has giv'n,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haſte ye pow'rs!
See, if already their deſerted tow'rs
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The ſouls of heroes, their great Hector ſlain?

Ver. 472.] *Surrounding* is a feeble and redundant word.

Ver. 474. *The ſpeech of Achilles.*] We have a very fine obſervation of Euſtathius on this place, that the judgment and addreſs of Homer here is extremely worthy of remark: he knew, and had often ſaid, that the gods and fate had not granted Achilles the glory of taking Troy: there was then no reaſon to make him march againſt the town after the death of Hector, ſince all his efforts muſt have been ineffectual. What has the poet done in this conjuncture? It was but reaſonable that the firſt thought of Achilles ſhould be to march directly to Troy, and to profit himſelf of the general conſternation into which the death of Hector had thrown the Trojans. We here ſee he knows the duty, and does not want the ability, of a great General; but after this on a ſudden he changes his deſign, and derives a plauſible pretence from the impatience he has to pay the laſt devoirs to his friend. The manners of *Achilles*, and what he has already done for Patroclus, make this very natural. At the ſame time, this turning off to the tender and pathetick has a fine effect; the reader in the very fury of the hero's vengeance, perceives, that Achilles is ſtill a man, and capable of ſofter paſſions. P.

Ver. 477.] The paſſage ſeems to hobble. I know not, that I can ſuggeſt a real improvement, but propoſe the following alterations:

Haſte, *and aſſault the city:* ſee, ye powers!
If Troy, *deſpairing*, *her* deſerted towers

But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on ought but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has ſeal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!
Can his dear image from my ſoul depart,
Long as the vital ſpirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy ſhades below,
The flames of friends and lovers ceaſe to glow,
Yet mine ſhall ſacred laſt; mine undecay'd,
Burn on thro' death, and animate my ſhade.
Meanwhile, ye ſons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpſe of Hector, and your Pæans ſing.
Be this the ſong, ſlow-moving tow'rd the ſhore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Have left unmann'd; or, if *ſhe* yet retain
The ſouls of heroes, *her* great Hector ſlain.

Ver. 481.] This couplet correſponds to a ſingle line of Homer, whoſe purport may be properly repreſented thus:

But why delay, fond ſoul! debating thus?

ſo that our tranſlator evidently profited from Chapman's verſion:

——————— But why uſe I a word
Of any act, but what concernes my friend?

Ver. 486.] More exactly to the language of his author, thus:

While nerves my limbs, or blood ſhall move my heart.

Ver. 487.] Theſe *four* verſes are a beautiful amplification upon the following *diſtich* of his original:

E'en in the grave, where black Oblivion broods,
Shall dear Patroclus in my memory live.

Ver. 494. "*Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.*"] I have followed the opinion of Euſtathius, who thought that what Achilles

Then his fell ſoul a thought of vengeance bred,
(Unworthy of himſelf, and of the dead) 496

ſays here was the *chorus* or burthen of a *ſong* of triumph, in which his troops bear a part with him, as he returns from this glorious combat. Dacier obſerves that this is very correſpondent to the manners of thoſe times; and inſtances in that paſſage of the book of Kings, when David returned from the conqueſt of Goliah: the women there go out to meet him from all the cities of Iſrael, and ſing a triumphal ſong, the *chorus* whereof is, Saul *has killed his thouſands, and David his ten thouſands.* P.

Accurately thus:

Our's is the praiſe: great Hector we have ſlain;
To whom Troy paid, as to a God, her vows.

Ver. 496. *Unworthy of himſelf, and of the dead.*] This inhumanity of Achilles in dragging the dead body of Hector, has been ſeverely (and I think indeed not without ſome juſtice) cenſured by ſeveral, both ancients and moderns. Plato in his third book de Republica, ſpeaks of it with deteſtation: but methinks it is a great injuſtice to Homer, to reflect upon the morals of the author himſelf, for things which he only paints as the manners of a vicious hero.

It may juſtly be obſerved in general of all Plato's objections againſt Homer, that they are ſtill in a view to morality, conſtantly blaming him for repreſenting ill and immoral things as the opinions or actions of his perſons. To every one of theſe, one general anſwer will ſerve, which is, that Homer as often deſcribes ill things, in order to make us avoid them, as good, to induce us to follow them, (which is the caſe with all writers whatever.) But what is extremely remarkable, and evidently ſhews the injuſtice of Plato's cenſure is, that many of thoſe very actions for which he blames him are expreſly characteriſed and marked by Homer himſelf as evil and deteſtable, by previous expreſſions or cautions. Thus in the preſent place, before he deſcribes this barbarity of Achilles, he tells us it was a moſt unworthy action:

——— καὶ Ἕκτορα δῖον ἀεικέα μηδέϊ ἔργα.

When Achilles ſacrifices the twelve young Trojans in lib. xxiii. he

The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inſerted thro' the double wound;
Theſe fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car the inſulting victor ſtood,
And bore aloft his arms, diſtilling blood.
He ſmites the ſteeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The ſudden clouds of circling duſt ariſe.
Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-deſcending hair,
Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land!

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repeats the ſame words. When Pandarus broke the truce in lib. iv. he told us it was a mad, unjuſt deed;

——— τῷ δὲ φρένας ἄφρονι πείθεν.

And ſo of the reſt. P.

Ver. 502.] The latter clauſe is added by the tranſlator, as commodious for a rhyme.

Ver. 506. *The face divine, and long-deſcending hair.*] It is impoſſible to read the actions of great men without having our curioſity raiſed to know the leaſt circumſtance that relates to them. Homer, to ſatisfy it, has taken care in the proceſs of his poem to give us the ſhape of his heroes, and the very colour of their hair; thus he has told us that Achilles's locks were yellow, and here the epithet Κυάνεαι ſhews us that thoſe of Hector were of a darker colour: as to his perſon, he told us a little above, that it was ſo handſome, that all the Greeks were ſurpriſed to ſee it. Plutarch recites a remarkable ſtory of the beauty of Hector: it was reported in Lacedæmon, that a handſome youth who very much reſembled Hector was arrived there; immediately the whole city run in ſuch numbers to behold him, that he was trampled to death by the croud. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 507.] The former circumſtance repreſents no expreſſion

Giv'n to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And, in his parent's ſight, now dragg'd along!
The mother firſt beheld with ſad ſurvey;
She rent her treſſes venerably grey,
And caſt, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing ſhrieks his bitter fate ſhe moans,
While the ſad father anſwers groans with groans,
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No leſs, than if the rage of hoſtile fires,
From her foundations curling to her ſpires,

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of his author, but ſeems derived from Dacier: "Et ſa tête, "emportée par la rapidité du char, *enſanglante le ſable.*"

Ver. 510.] This line is interpolated by our countryman, and ſeems amplified from Chapman:

——— in his owne land, *and by his parents ſeene.*

Ver. 516.] Homer makes no mention of the *tears* of Priam; and I have noted more than once this unſeaſonable and inaccurate verſion of the Greek word ὠμωξε: ſo unfit on occaſions too big with calamity for *tears* in the leading ſufferers. Yet thus Mr. Cowper, whoſe accuracy in general is exemplary:

———His father wept aloud:

and the former French tranſlator: "L' infortuné Priam eſtoit *baigné* "*des larmes.*" The other tranſlators are unexceptionable in this particular, more by accident, perhaps, than deſign. I would propoſe this alteration in the paſſage before us:

Tears o'er *the* cheeks *of each ſpectator* flow.

See, however, verſe 550, below, where the Greek word is κλαιων, *weeping:* ſo that, unleſs it be reaſonable to ſuppoſe the agony of ſorrow to have relieved itſelf by this termination, part of my remark will be invalidated.

O'er the proud citadel at length ſhould riſe,
And the laſt blaze ſend Ilion to the ſkies.
The wretched monarch of the falling ſtate,
Diſtracted, preſſes to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people ſtop his deſp'rate courſe,
While ſtrong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in duſt, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one.
Ah! let me, let me go where ſorrow calls;
I, only I, will iſſue from your walls,
(Guide or companion, friends! I aſk ye none)
And bow before the murd'rer of my ſon.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at leaſt he may reſpect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me,
One, not exempt from age and miſery,
(Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this peſt of me, and all my race.)

Ver. 525.] This verſe is from the tranſlator.

Ver. 529.] The rhyme is intolerable, and recurs too ſoon. Thus Ogilby:

Kneeling in duſt, requeſting *one by one.*

Ver. 532.] Somewhat better, perhaps, thus, as more exactly:

Myſelf will ſupplicate, my-ſelf alone,
This ruthleſs, furious murderer of my ſon.

How many valiant ſons in early bloom,
Has that curſt hand ſent headlong to the tomb?
Thee, Hector! laſt: thy loſs (divinely brave)
Sinks my ſad ſoul with ſorrow to the grave.
Oh had thy gentle ſpirit paſt in peace,
The ſon expiring in the fire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender ſhow'r!
Some comfort that had been, ſome ſad relief,
To melt in full ſatiety of grief!
Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream'd around.
Amidſt her matrons Hecuba appears,
(A mourning princeſs, and a train in tears)

Ver. 543. *Sinks my ſad ſoul with ſorrow to the grave.*] It is in the Greek,

Οὔ μ' ἄχος ὀξὺ καλύσεται ἄϊδος εἴσω.

It is needleſs to obſerve to the reader with what a beautiful pathos the wretched father laments his ſon Hector: it is impoſſible not to join with Priam in his ſorrows. But what I would chiefly point out to my reader, is the beauty of this line, which is particularly tender, and almoſt word for word the ſame with that of the Patriarch Jacob; who upon a like occaſion breaks out in the ſame complaint, and tells his children, that if they deprive him of his ſon Benjamin, they will *bring down his grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave.* P.

Ver. 545.] The rhyme is not correct: and, in general, our tranſlator, in my judgement, has not riſen to the fullneſs of his proper excellence in his exhibition of this tender paſſage.

Ver. 548.] So in his Eloiſa, verſe 49:

Then ſhare thy pain; allow that *ſad relief.*

Ah why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrours, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents pride and joy,
The boaſt of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her ſafety and her fame ſhe ow'd;
Her chief, her hero, and almoſt her God!
O fatal change! become in one ſad day
A ſenſeleſs corſe! inanimated clay!
But not as yet the fatal news had ſpread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no meſſenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his ſtay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the cloſe receſſes of the dome,
Penſive ſhe ply'd the melancholy loom;

Ver. 556.] Or thus? more accurately:

My Hector! *night and day* thy *mother's* joy;
The pride *and bulwark* of *thy native* Troy.

And theſe rhymes are employed alſo by Ogilby:

——————Thou fountain of all *joy*,
And honour both to me and thoſe in *Troy!*

Ver. 563, &c.] The grief of Andromache, which is painted in the following part, is far beyond all the praiſes that can be given it; but I muſt take notice of one particular which ſhews the great art of the poet. In order to make the wife of Hector appear yet more afflicted than his parents, he has taken care to encreaſe her affliction by *ſurpriſe*: it is finely prepared by the circumſtances of her being retired to her inmoſt apartment, of her employment in weaving a robe for her huſband (as may be conjectured from what ſhe ſays afterwards, ver. 657.) and of her maids preparing the bath for his return: all which (as the criticks have obſerved) augment the ſurpriſe, and render this reverſe of fortune much more dreadful and afflicting. P.

A growing work employ'd her ſecret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the ſhore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members ſhake with ſudden fear;
Forth from her iv'ry hand the ſhuttle falls,
As thus, aſtoniſh'd, to her maids ſhe calls.
Ah follow me! (ſhe cry'd) what plaintive noiſe
Invades my ear? 'Tis ſure my mother's voice.

Ver. 568.] Thus Ogilby:

In private ſhe beguil'd the tedious *hours*,
Working a curious web with *gaudy flow'rs*.

Ver. 572.] A very elegant couplet, but not equal to his original in ſimplicity; which may be thus exhibited:

Ah! much deceiv'd! far, from the bath he lay,
Through Pallas ſlaughter'd by Achilles' hand:

Some of theſe pathetic apoſtrophes Milton had in memory at that exquiſite paſſage of Paradiſe Loſt, ix. 404:

O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapleſs Eve,
Of thy preſum'd return! event perverſe!
Thou never from that hour in Paradiſe
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe.

Ver. 577.] An old word, which wants revival, would be more forcible, I think, on this occaſion:

As thus, *aſtounded*, to her maids ſhe calls.

Ver. 578.] Vicious rhymes! not worſe, perhaps, thus:

Ah! follow me! What *plaints* invade mine ear?
(She cry'd) 'Tis ſure my mother's voice *I hear*:

except the too quick recurrence of theſe ſounds.

My falt'ring knees their trembling frame deſert,
A pulſe unuſual flutters at my heart;
Some ſtrange diſaſter, ſome reverſe of fate
(Ye Gods avert it) threats the Trojan ſtate.
Far be the omen which my thoughts ſuggeſt!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntleſs breaſt
Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him ſlain!
Safe in the croud he ever ſcorn'd to wait,
And ſought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has coſt his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
She ſpoke; and furious, with diſtracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguiſh in her face;
Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her ſteps purſue)
And mounts the walls, and ſends around her view.

Ver. 580.] Nor are theſe rhymes to be endured. The ſubſequent ſubſtitution is correctly repreſentative of Homer's language:

With palpitations wild my boſom heaves;
My knees ſtiff horrour of their ſtrength bereaves.

Ver. 586.] Thus Ogilby:

And *chas'd* from Troy about the ſpacious *plain*
Where he (too daring) may, woe's me! be *ſlain*.

Ver. 590.] In the ſame language Chapman:

——— and now the curious *heate*
Of his ſtill deſperate ſpirit is *cool'd:*

and Addiſon in the *Campaign:*

O fatal love of fame! O *glorious heat!*

Ver. 592.] Thus Ogilby:

This ſaid, like one *diſtracted*, out ſhe *flew*.

Too ſoon her eyes the killing object found,
The god-like Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A ſudden darkneſs ſhades her ſwimming eyes:
She faints, ſhe falls; her breath, her colour flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away;
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day.)

Ver. 596.] Better, perhaps, with a repetition of the words:

Her view too ſoon the killing object found:

on account of the return of *eyes* in the next couplet.

Ver. 600. *Her hair's fair ornaments.*] Euſtathius remarks, that in ſpeaking of Andromache and Hecuba, Homer expatiates upon the ornaments of dreſs in Andromache, becauſe ſhe was a beautiful young princeſs; but is very conciſe about that of Hecuba, becauſe ſhe was old, and wore a dreſs rather ſuitable to her age and gravity, than to her ſtate, birth, and condition. I cannot paſs over a matter of ſuch importance as a Lady's dreſs, without endeavouring to explain what ſort of heads were worn above three thouſand years ago.

It is difficult to deſcribe particularly every ornament mentioned by the poet, but I ſhall lay before my female readers the Biſhop's explanation. The Ἄμπυξ was uſed, τὸ τὰς ἐμπροσθίας τρίχας ἀναδεῖν, that is, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the fore-part of the head: Κεκρύφαλος was a veil of net-work that covered the hair when it was ſo tied: Ἀναδέσμη was an ornament uſed κύκλῳ περὶ τὰς κροτάφους ἀναδεῖν, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the temples; and the Κρήδεμνον was a fillet, perhaps embroidered with gold, (from the expreſſion of χρυσῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ) that bound the whole, and compleated the dreſs.

The Ladies cannot but be pleaſed to ſee ſo much learning and Greek upon this important ſubject.

Around a train of weeping ſiſters ſtands,
To raiſe her ſinking with aſſiſtant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.
O wretched huſband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For ſure one ſtar its baneful beam diſplay'd
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's ſhade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the ſame!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care beſtow'd?

Homer is in nothing more excellent than in that diſtinction of characters which he maintains through his whole poem: what Andromache here ſays, cannot be ſpoken properly by any but Andromache: there is nothing general in his ſorrows, nothing that can be transferred to another character: the mother laments the ſon, and the wife weeps over the huſband. P.

Ver. 604.] Here ſome circumſtances are paſſed over by our tranſlator, which appear thus in Ogilby:

When Hector in renowned Etion's houſe
Her with an ample dowry did eſpouſe:

and may be exhibited with more poliſh in the following dreſs:

When from Eetion's hall in that bleſs'd hour
The chief convey'd her with an ample dower.

Ver. 610.] This notion of the *ſtar* is from the tranſlator only, in imitation of Ogilby:

Us two, ah! Hector, one diſaſtrous *ſtar*,
Mark'd at our birth like miſeries to ſhare:

or Dacier: "Helas ſous quel *aſtre* ſommes-nous nés tous deux?

Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghoſt
Of my dead huſband! miſerably loſt!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love, remains!
No more to ſmile upon his ſire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For ſhould he 'ſcape the ſword, the common doom!
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come?
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some ſtranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the ſhades the father ſends,
Robs the ſad orphan of his father's friends:

Ver. 618.] Thus Ogilby:

Since thou to Pluto's ſhady court art *gone*,
Thy wife a woful widow left *alone*.

And I muſt obſerve, that our poet's verſion does not appear excellent in this place: and, in general, he keeps pace with his author more in the majeſty of deſcription and ſublimity of ſentiment, where magnificence of diction is required; than in the ſimplicity of pathos. Indeed, what is more difficult than an unaffected repreſentation of natural paſſion; which admits no tumid exaggerations, and but few embelliſhments of poetical phraſeology?

Ver. 622.] Ogilby, corrected, is not amiſs, bur plain and faithful:

Thy child, an orphan! Thou *no more ſhalt* be
A help to him, nor he *a help* to thee!

Hobbes has a good and pathetic line in this place; ſee ver. 629.

A child that is an orphan has no friend.

Ver. 628. *The day, that to the ſhades*, &c.] The following verſes, which ſo finely deſcribe the condition of an orphan,

He, wretched outcaſt of mankind! appears
For ever ſad, for ever bath'd in tears;
Amongſt the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While thoſe his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:

---

have been rejected by ſome ancient criticks: it is a proof there were always criticks of no manner of taſte; it being impoſſible any where to meet with a more exquiſite paſſage. I will venture to ſay, there are not in all Homer any lines more worthy of him: the beauty of this tender and compaſſionate image is ſuch, that it even makes amends for the many cruel ones, with which the Iliad is too much ſtained. Theſe cenſurers imagined this deſcription to be of too abject and mean a nature for one of the quality of Aſtyanax: but had they conſidered (ſays Euſtathius) that theſe are the words of a fond mother, who feared every thing for her ſon; that women are by nature timorous, and think all misfortunes will happen, becauſe there is a poſſibility that they may; that Andromache is in the very height of her ſorrows, in the inſtant ſhe is ſpeaking; I fancy they would have altered their opinions.

It is undoubtedly an aggravation to our misfortunes when they ſink us in a moment from the higheſt flow of proſperity to the loweſt adverſity: the poet judiciouſly makes uſe of this circumſtance, the more to excite our pity, and introduces the mother with the utmoſt tenderneſs, lamenting this reverſe of fortune in her ſon; changed all at once into a ſlave, a beggar, an orphan! Have we not examples in our own times of unhappy Princes, whoſe condition renders this of Aſtyanax but too probable? P.

Ver. 634.] His author ſays only "his father's aſſociates:" but our poet might be thinking of the maſter performance of his preceptor, the Feaſt of Alexander:

Deſerted in his utmoſt need
By *thoſe his former bounty fed.*

The kindeſt but his preſent wants allay,
To leave him wretched the ſucceeding day.
Frugal compaſſion! Heedleſs they who boaſt
Both parents ſtill, nor feel what he has loſt,
Shall cry, "Be gone! thy father feaſts not here:"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my ſad ſoul Aſtyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated inſults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who with tender delicacy bred,
With princes ſported, and on dainties fed,

Ver. 636.] Chapman is more literal:

——————————Of all his favourers
If one the cup gives, tis not long; the wine he finds in it,
Scarce moiſts his palate.

But, whoever wiſhes to form any notion of the moſt exquiſite ſimplicity of Homer through this ſpeech, he muſt by all means have recourſe to Mr. Cowper's verſion. Ogilby gives no contemptible view of the thought before us:

Some one will from his goblet let him ſip
No more, perhaps, than wets his parched lip.

Ver. 647. *On dainties fed.*] It is in the Greek, "Who upon "his father's knees, uſed to eat marrow and the fat of ſheep." This would ſeem groſs if it were literally tranſlated, but it is a figurative expreſſion; in the ſtile of the Orientals, marrow and fatneſs are taken for whatever is beſt, tendereſt, and moſt delicious. Thus in Job xxi. 24. *Viſcera ejus plena ſunt adipe, & medullis oſſa ejus irrigantur.* And xxxvi. 16. *Requies autem menſæ tuæ erit plena pinguedine.* In Jer. xxxi. 14. God ſays, that he will ſatiate the ſoul of the prieſt with fatneſs. *Inebriabo animam ſacerdotum pinguedine.* Dacier. P.

And when ſtill ev'ning gave him up to reſt,
Sunk ſoft in down upon the nurſe's breaſt,
Muſt—ah what muſt he not? Whom Ilion calls
Aſtyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, ly'ſt expos'd in air,
Far from thy parent's and thy conſort's care,

The former clauſe is an interpolation from the tranſlator. I would ſupplant it by the ſentiment of his author, thus:

From his fond father's knee on dainties fed.

The diſcarded thought might have been ſuggeſted by Chapman:

——— He that late fed on his father's knee,
To whom all knees bow'd:

who is full of theſe conceited and punning *antitheſes*.

With reſpect to Dacier's remark, quoted by our poet, we may obſerve from the following ſpecimen, that Hobbes was not troubled by the ſenſations of a delicate tranſlator:

That uſed was by his father to be fed
With *mutton fat* and marrow on his knee.

Ver. 648.] An agreeable image of his original ſhould have been preſerved here, which I cannot exhibit with adequate felicity:

And, when *with playful humours tir'd* to reſt—:

or thus:

And, when *the froward wanton ſank* to reſt,
Repos'd in down—.

Ver. 655.] So Chapman, who is very exact to his author:

———yet at fleete, thy naked corſe muſt fill
Vile wormes, when dogs are ſatiate: *farre from thy parents care.*

Whoſe hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be theſe a prey,
Uſeleſs to thee, from this accurſed day!
Yet let the ſacrifice at leaſt be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead!
So ſpake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her ſigh, and anſwer tear with tear.

Ver. 656.] Our tranſlator indulges his fancy. Ogilby, with correction, becomes accurate, and not contemptible:

But thoſe *rich veſtments, by our* damſels made
For thee, and choicely in our wardrobes laid—.

Ver. 657. *The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.*] This idea very naturally offers itſelf to a woman, who repreſents to herſelf the body of her huſband daſhed to pieces, and all his limbs dragged upon the ground uncovered; and nothing is more proper to excite pity. It is well known, that it was anciently the cuſtom among princeſſes and great ladies to have large quantities of ſtuffs and moveables. This proviſion was the more neceſſary in thoſe times than now, becauſe of the great conſumption made of them on thoſe occaſions of mourning. Dacier.

I am of opinion that Homer had a farther view in expatiating thus largely on the death of Hector. Every word that Hecuba, Priam, and Andromache ſpeak, ſhews us the importance of Hector: every word adds a weight to the concluding action of the poem, and at the ſame time repreſents the ſad effects of the anger of Achilles, which is the ſubject of it. P.

Ver. 660.] This is Chapman's language:

Thy *ſacrifice* they ſhall be made:

to which nothing in Homer exactly correſponds.

Ver. 663.] Homer ſays,

She wept; her women anſwered her with groans:

But Chapman thus:

Thus ſpake ſhee weeping; all the dames endeavouring to cheare,
Her deſert ſtate; (fearing their owne) wept with her *teare for teare.*

THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feaſt he retires to the ſea-ſhore, where falling aſleep, the ghoſt of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the ſoldiers are ſent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral proceſſion, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles ſacrifices ſeveral animals, and laſtly twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then ſets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the inſtance of Iris) riſe, and raiſe the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raiſe the tomb. Achilles inſtitutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the Cæſtus, the wreſtling, the foot-race, the ſingle combat, the Diſcus, the ſhooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various deſcriptions of which, and the various ſucceſs of the ſeveral antagoniſts, make the greateſt part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghoſt of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The ſcene is generally on the ſea-ſhore. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS, and the following book, which contain the deſcription of the funeral of Patroclus, and other matters relating to Hector, are undoubtedly ſuperadded to the grand cataſtrophe of the poem; for the ſtory is compleatly finiſhed with the death of that hero in the twenty-ſecond book. Many judicious criticks have been of opinion, that Homer is blameable for protracting it. Virgil cloſes the whole ſcene of action with the death of Turnus, and leaves the reſt to be imagined by the mind of the reader; he does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it ſo far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. There is however one thing to be ſaid in favour of Homer, which may perhaps juſtify him in his method, that what he undertook to paint was the *anger of Achilles:* and as that anger does not die with Hector, but perſecutes his very remains, ſo the poet ſtill keeps up to his ſubject; nay, it ſeems to require that he ſhould carry down the relation of that reſentment, which is the foundation of his poem, till it is fully ſatisfied: and as this ſurvives Hector, and gives the poet an opportunity of ſtill ſhewing many ſad effects of Achilles's anger, the two following books may be thought not to be excreſcences, but eſſential to the poem.

Virgil had been inexcuſeable had he trod in Homer's footſteps; for it is evident that the fall of Turnus, by giving Æneas a full power over Italy, anſwers the whole deſign and intention of the poem; had he gone farther, he had overſhot his mark: and though Homer proceeds after Hector's death, yet the ſubject is ſtill the *anger of Achilles.*

We are now paſt the war and violence of the Ilias, the ſcenes of blood are cloſed during the reſt of the poem; we may look back with a pleaſing kind of horrour upon the anger of Achilles, and ſee what dire effects it has wrought in the compaſs of nineteen days: Troy and Greece are both in mourning for it, heaven and earth, gods and men, have ſuffered in the conflict. The reader ſeems landed upon the ſhore after a violent ſtorm; and has leiſure to ſurvey the conſequences of the tempeſt, and the wreck occaſioned by the former commotions, Troy weeping for Hector, and Greece for Patroclus. Our paſſions have been in an agitation ſince the opening of the poem; wherefore the poet, like ſome great maſter in muſick, ſoftens his notes, and melts his readers into tenderneſs and pity. P.

THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THUS humbled in the duſt, the penſive train
Thro' the ſad city mourn'd her hero ſlain.
The body ſoil'd with duſt, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Hellespont's reſounding ſhore:
The Grecians ſeek their ſhips, and clear the ſtrand,
All but the martial Myrmidonian band:
Theſe yet aſſembled great Achilles holds,
And the ſtern purpoſe of his mind unfolds.
Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
Releaſe your ſmoking courſers from the car;

Ver. 1.] There is uncommon amplification here. The *three firſt* verſes of his author run thus:

Thus they in Troy lamented: but the Greeks,
When to their fleet and Helleſpont they came,
Each to his ſhip, diſperſing, bent his way:

which correſpond to the *five* introductory lines of the tranſlation.

But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
E'er yet from reſt or food we ſeek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles firſt) their courſers round the dead;
And thrice their ſorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew.

Ver. 12.] Or, more accurately:

His only ſolace! wail Patroclus dead,

Thus Chapman:

——————and mourne about the corſe:
'Tis proper honour to the dead.

Ver. 15.] Dryden, at the parallel paſſage of the Æneid, xi. 290:

Thrice horſe and foot about the fires are *led*,
And thrice with loud *laments* they hail the *dead*.

Ver. 18. *Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew,*
—————— *Thetis aids their woe.*]

It is not eaſy to give a reaſon why Thetis ſhould be ſaid to excite the grief of the Myrmidons and of Achilles; it had ſeemed more natural for the mother to have compoſed the ſorrows of the ſon, and reſtored his troubled mind to tranquillity.

But ſuch a procedure would have outraged the character of Achilles, who is all along deſcribed to be of ſuch a violence of temper, that he is not eaſy to be pacified at any time, much leſs upon ſo great an incident as the death of his friend Patroclus. Perhaps the poet made uſe of this fiction in honour of Achilles; he makes every paſſion of his hero conſiderable, his ſorrow as well as anger is important, and he cannot grieve but a Goddeſs attends him and a whole army weeps.

Some commentators fancy that Homer animates the very ſands of the ſeas, and the arms of the Myrmidons, and makes them ſenſible of the loſs of Patroclus; the preceding words ſeem to ſtrengthen that opinion, becauſe the poet introduces a Goddeſs to raiſe the

For ſuch a warriour Thetis aids their woe,
Melts their ſtrong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.
But chief, Pelides: thick-ſucceeding ſighs
Burſt from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His ſlaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breaſt, and thus he ſaid.

ſorrow of the army. But Euſtathius ſeems not to give into this conjecture, and I think very judiciouſly; for what relation is there between the ſands of the ſhores, and the arms of the Myrmidons? It would have been more poetical to have ſaid, the ſands and the rocks, than the ſands and the arms; but it is very natural to ſay, that the ſoldiers wept ſo bitterly, that their armour and the very ſands were wet with their tears. I believe this remark will appear very juſt by reading the verſe, with a comma after τεύχεα, thus:

Δεύοντο ψάμαθοι, δεύοντο δὲ τεύχεα, φωτῶν
Δάκρυσι.

Then the conſtruction will be natural and eaſy, period will anſwer period in the Greek, and the ſenſe in Engliſh will be, the ſands were wet, and the arms were wet, with the tears of the mourners.

But however this be, there is a very remarkable beauty in the run of theſe verſes in Homer, every word has a melancholy cadence, and the poet has not only made the ſands and the arms, but even his very verſe, to lament with Achilles. P.

This verſe in the *firſt* edition ſtood thus:

Tears *drop* the ſands, and tears their arms bedew.

And the verbal criticiſm of our tranſlator, where-ever he found it, is trivial and unneceſſary. Τευχεα φωτων of Homer is the *arma virûm* of the Roman: and a reader of the leaſt attention or ſkill will naturally connect the *ſubſtantive* δακρυσι with the verb in both clauſes.

Ver. 23. *His ſlaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid*
On his dead friend's cold breaſt——]

I could not paſs by this paſſage without obſerving to my reader the great beauty of this epithet, ἀνδροφόνος. An ordinary poet would

All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghoſt
Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coaſt;
Behold! Achilles' promiſe is compleat;
The bloody Hector ſtretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcaſe I reſign;
And twelve ſad victims, of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, inſtant, ſhall expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.
Gloomy he ſaid, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,

---

have contented himſelf with ſaying, he laid his hand upon the breaſt of Patroclus; but Homer knows how to raiſe the moſt trivial circumſtance, and by adding this one word, he laid his *deadly* hands, or his *murderous* hands, he fills our minds with great ideas, and by a ſingle epithet recalls to our thoughts all the noble atchievements of Achilles through the Iliad. P.

Our tranſlator has indeed given, in my opinion, a very happy and proper turn to the χειρας ανδροφονους of his author in this place; the beauty of which I had long ago myſelf remarked. Compare verſe 51. The older French tranſlator Barbin is the only one beſides himſelf, who has attended to this propriety. "Enſuite mettant ſes deux *mains enſanglantées* ſur ſon amy—.

Ver. 25. *All hail, Patroclus,* &c.] There is in this apoſtrophe of Achilles to the ghoſt of Patroclus, a ſort of ſavageneſs, and a mixture of ſoftneſs and atrocity, which are highly conformable to his character. Dacier. P.

Ver. 31.] He has taken theſe improper rhymes from Ogilby, as on a former occaſion:

——————————and at thy *pyre*
Twelve Trojans to thy manes ſhall *expire.*

Doubtleſs, *fire* would be well ſubſtituted here for *pyre.*

Ver. 34.] Thus Ogilby:

This ſaid, before the herſe he Hector threw.

Prone on the duſt. The Myrmidons around
Unbrac'd their armour, and the ſteeds unbound.
All to Achilles' ſable ſhip repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feaſt to ſhare.
Now from the well-fed ſwine black ſmokes aſpire,
The briſtly victims hiſſing o'er the fire:
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries
Expires the goat; the ſheep in ſilence dies.
Around the hero's proſtrate body flow'd
In one promiſcuous ſtream, the reeking blood.

Ver. 38.] Thus Milton, Par. Loſt, i. 797:

In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſat
A thouſand demigods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full.

Ver. 39.] Theſe variations from his author betray more ingenuity, perhaps, than ſtrict correſpondence to truth and nature. The Engliſh reader will wiſh to ſee a plain tranſlation of the paſſage:

Many white oxen, ſtruggling round the ſteel,
Were ſlaughter'd: many ſheep and bleating goats;
And many white-tooth'd ſwine were ſtretch'd to roaſt,
With fat luxuriant, round Vulcanian fire.

Chapman's verſion might ſet him forwards:

Oxen in heapes lay *bellowing*, preparing food for men
Bleating of ſheepe, and goates, fild aire:

or Dacier: "Tout retentit du *mugiſſement* des taureaux, et des *cris* "des brebis."

Ver. 40.] Much in the ſame ſtile Chapman:

——————numbers of white-tooth'd ſwine,
(Swimming in fat) lay *ſindging* there.

Ver. 43.] The rhyme is not admiſſible. The true power of the original expreſſion the learned reader will allow to be preſerved in the following couplet:

No drop ſhall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The firſt and greateſt of the Gods above!
'Till on the pyre I place thee; 'till I rear
The graſſy mound, and clip thy ſacred hair.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the King of kings.
From his dead friend the penſive warriour went,
With ſteps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod-vaſe ſurround;
To cleanſe his conqu'ring hands from hoſtile gore,
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and ſwore.

On all ſides round the proſtrate *carcaſe ſtood*
In frequent pools the reeking *victims'* blood.

Ver. 51. *To cleanſe his conqu'ring hands——*
——The chief refus'd——]

This is conformable to the cuſtom of the Orientals: Achilles will not be induced to waſh, and afterwards retires to the ſea-ſhore, and ſleeps on the ground. It is juſt thus that David mourns in the Scriptures; he refuſes to waſh, or to take any repaſt, but retires from company, and lies upon the earth. P.

This is from Chapman:

——to cleanſe the blood ſok't in
About *his conquering hands.*

Ver. 56.] Achilles intended to clip his *own hair*, as an oblation, not that of Patroclus; agreeably to many other paſſages in theſe poems, and other ancient authors. What could lead our poet into this error, when ſo many of his predeceſſors are right, I know not, except the ambiguity of the Latin interpretation, *totonderoque comam*, and of Chapman's verſion:

——not a drop ſhall touch me till I put

Some eaſe at leaſt thoſe pious rites may give,
And ſoothe my ſorrows, while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I ſtay,
And ſhare your feaſt; but, with the dawn of day,
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warriour's funeral pile prepare,
And bid the foreſts fall: (ſuch rites are paid
To heroes ſlumb'ring in eternal ſhade)
Then, when his earthly part ſhall mount in fire,
Let the leagu'd ſquadrons to their poſts retire.
He ſpoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirſt allay,
Then eaſe in ſleep the labours of the day.

Patroclus in the funerall pile; before *theſe curles* be cut;
His tombe erected.

And the vicious rhymes are from Ogilby:

Till I my friend lay on pyre, then *rear*
His obeliſk, preſenting him my *hair*.

Perhaps, the following change would mend the couplet;

'Till on the pyre I place thee; 'till I rear
The mound, and clip *my locks to grace thy bier:*

or thus:

'Till the fire ſeize thee; 'till the mound I rear,
And from my head it's curling honours ſheer.

Ver. 57.] There is no reſemblance to Homer here: nor can I think what could occaſion ſuch deviation in this inſtance. His author runs thus:

————————whilſt with the living I converſe,
No ſecond woe like this will reach my heart:

or, in rhyme:

No ſorrow, whilſt I traverſe life's dull round,
Will on my heart inflict ſo deep a wound.

But great Pelides, ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
Where daſh'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly ſtand.
Along the graſs his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chaſe around the Trojan wall;
Huſh'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he ſinks in the ſoft arms of ſleep.

Ver. 71.] This repreſentation of the paſſage is very improper, and inconſiſtent with his original; and all the other tranſlators had a wrong or inadequate conception of their author's intention in this deſcription, except Chapman only, whoſe verſion is this:

——————————— the friend, the ſhores maritimall
Sought for his bed, and found a place, faire, and upon which plaide
The murmuring billows.

Homer's language is moſt obviouſly intended to deſcribe a ſhore of gentle declivity, free from inequalities and unbroken by rocks, gently waſhen by the ſea. The following tranſlation appears to me perfectly deſcriptive of the original, in poetical expreſſion:

In a ſmooth place, where lav'd an eaſy ſhore
The kiſſing billows.

A verſe in the fine *epithalamium* of Thetis and Peleus, by Catullus, will illuſtrate that before us:

Omnia quæ toto delapſa è corpore paſſim
Ipſius ante pedes *fluctus ſalis alludebant*.

Our poet's verſion, therefore, might be thus accommodated to the intention of his maſter:

On the ſmooth ſtrand the great Pelides *laid*,
Where the *tir'd* billows *gently murmuring play'd*.

Ver. 74.] Rather in ſome ſuch tenour as the following:

At their full length his languid members fall.

Ver. 76.] I would propoſe, as below, with a view to fidelity:

When lo! the ſhade, before his cloſing eyes,
Of ſad Patroclus roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;
In the ſame robe he living wore, he came,
In ſtature, voice, and pleaſing look, the ſame.
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
And ſleeps Achilles, (thus the phantom ſaid)
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I ſeem'd his deareſt, tend'reſt care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air.
Let my pale corſe the rites of burial know,
And give me ent'rance in the realms below:

There the *ſoft* murmurs of the *daſhing* deep
Soon lull'd his ſorrows in the arms of ſleep.

Ver. 78. *The ghoſt of Patroclus.*] Homer has introduced into the former parts of the poem the perſonages of gods and goddeſſes from heaven, and of furies from hell: he has embelliſhed it with ornaments from earth, ſea, and air; and he here opens a new ſcene, and brings to the view a ghoſt, the ſhade of the departed friend. By theſe methods he diverſifies his poem with new and ſurpriſing circumſtance, and awakens the attention of the reader; at the ſame he very poetically adapts his language to the circumſtances of this imaginary Patroclus, and teaches us the opinions that prevailed in his time, concerning the ſtate of ſeparate ſouls. P.

Ver. 79.] This heſitating exception is very ſeaſonable and beautiful in his Eloiſa, under a ſyſtem of *religion*, which admitted ſuch a doubt:

"Come, ſiſter! come:" it ſaid, *or ſeem'd to ſay*:

but is improper on this occaſion, and unauthoriſed by his author. We may thus correct the paſſage:

When lo! before *the warriour's* cloſing eyes
The ſhade of ſad Patroclus ſeem'd to riſe.

'Till then, the ſpirit finds no reſting place,
But here and there th'unbody'd ſpectres chaſe
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.

Ver. 91.] The rhymes are not unexceptionable. The following ſubſtitution is no leſs expreſſive of his original:

Round *Pluto's ſpacious dome* my vagrant *ghoſt;*
Nor muſt th'irremeable flood *be croſs'd.*

Ver. 92. *Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.*] It was the common opinion of the ancients, that the ſouls of the departed were not admitted into the number of the happy till their bodies had received the funeral rites; they ſuppoſed thoſe that wanted them wandered an hundred years before they were wafted over the infernal river; Virgil perhaps had this paſſage of Homer in his view in the ſixth Æneis, at leaſt he coincides with his ſentiments concerning the ſtate of the departed ſouls:

" Hæc omnis, quam cernis inops inhumataque turba eſt:
" Nec ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluenta
" Tranſportare priùs, quam ſedibus oſſa quierunt;
" Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circum;
" Tum demum admiſſi ſtagna exoptata reviſunt."

It was during this interval between death and the rites of funeral, that they ſuppoſed the only time allowed for ſeparate ſpirits to appear to men; therefore Patroclus here tells his friend,

——————— To the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more.

For the fuller underſtanding of Homer, it is neceſſary to be acquainted with his notion of the ſtate of the ſoul after death: he followed the philoſophy of the Ægyptians, who ſuppoſed man to be compounded of three parts, an intelligent mind, a vehicle for that mind, and a body; the mind they call φρην, or ψυχη, the vehicle εἴδωλον, *image or ſoul,* and the groſs body σῶμα. The ſoul, in which the mind was lodged, was ſuppoſed exactly to reſemble the body in ſhape, magnitude, and features; for this being in the body, as the ſtatue in its mold, ſo ſoon as it goes forth is properly the image of that body in which it was encloſed: this it was that appeared to Achilles, with the full reſemblance of his friend Patroclus. Vid. Dacier's Life of Pythagoras, p. 71. P.

Now give thy hand; for to the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more:
When once the laſt funereal flames aſcend,
No more ſhall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to thoſe we lov'd make known,
Or quit the deareſt, to converſe alone.
Me fate has ſever'd from the ſons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and god-like thou art doom'd to fall,
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!

Ver. 98.] The ſentiment in the former part of this verſe is chargeable, I think, with affectation and obſcurity, and receives no countenance from his author. I would preſume on this correction, which is conformable to the ſpirit of Homer's language:

Nor in ſweet converſe *counſel take* alone.

Ver. 103.] Our poet here much abbreviates his author, whoſe detail I ſhall give, for the ſake of variety, from Chapman: and the quotation, which follows, is that part of the original repreſented in Pope's tranſlation by the remainder of the ſpeech, except the concluding couplet:

——————— O then, I charge thee now take care
That our bones part not: but as life, combinde in equall fare,
Our loving beings; ſo let death. When from Opunta's towres,
My father brought me, to your roofes, (ſince 'gainſt my will, my powres
Incenſt, and indiſcreet, at dice, ſlue faire Amphidamas)
Then Peleus entertained me well; then in thy charge I was
By his injunction, and thy love: and therein, let me ſtill
Receive protection.

Ver. 104. *Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine.*] There

Together have we liv'd, together bred,
One houſe receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy goddeſs-mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave.
And is it thou? (he anſwers) to my ſight
Once more return'ſt thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can reſt a diſcontented ſhade:
But grant one laſt embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at leaſt that melancholy joy.

---

is ſomething very pathetical in this whole ſpeech of Patroclus; he begins it with kind reproaches, and blames Achilles with a friendly tenderneſs; he recounts to him the inſeparable affection that had been between them in their lives, and makes it his laſt requeſt, that they may not be parted even in death, but that their bones may reſt in the ſame urn. The ſpeech itſelf is of a due length; it ought not to be very ſhort, becauſe this apparition is an incident entirely different from any other in the whole poem, and conſequently the reader would not have been ſatisfied with a curſory mention of it; neither ought it to be long, becauſe this would have been contrary to the nature of ſuch apparitions, whoſe ſtay upon earth has ever been deſcribed as very ſhort, and conſequently they cannot be ſuppoſed to uſe many words.

The circumſtance of being buried in the ſame urn, is entirely conformable to the eaſtern cuſtom: there are innumerable inſtances in the ſcriptures of great perſonages being buried with their fathers: ſo Joſeph would not ſuffer his bones to reſt in Ægypt, but commands his brethren to carry them into Canaan, to the burying-place of his father Jacob. P.

Ver. 107.] Thus Ogilby:

Ah! in that golden urn our reliques ſave,
Which thee thy goddeſs mother Thetis gave.

Ver. 113.] If we conſider, that Patroclus was older than Achilles, we ſhall deem, perhaps, the phraſe *unhappy boy* as more

He ſaid, and with his longing arms eſſay'd
In vain to graſp the viſionary ſhade;
Like a thin ſmoke he ſees the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden ſleep, and ſtarting from the ſands,
Penſive he muſes with uplifted hands.
'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, tho' dead, retains
Part of himſelf; th' immortal mind remains:
The form ſubſiſts, without the body's aid,
Aërial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!

ſubſervient to the convenience of rhyme, than the purport of his author. The ſubſequent attempt is faithful to the original beyond the preſent couplet:

But in one laſt embrace, a ſad relief!
Oh! let us ſate awhile our rage of grief.

Ogilby is not contemptible:

All ſhall be done: but ſtay a little ſpace
To make grief pleaſant by our ſweet embrace.

Ver. 119.] Thus Chapman a little above:

——————— *Sleepe* caſt his ſodaine *bond*
Over his ſenſe, and loſde his care.

Ver. 121.] This tranſlation exhibits much too ſedate a picture for the occaſion; neither agreeable to Nature nor her ſcribe, his original. The verſe may be thus accommodated to Homer's language:

In wild ſurprize, he claſps his eager hands.

And the following note is chiefly taken from Dacier.

Ver. 124. *The form ſubſiſts without the body's aid,*
Aërial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade.]

This night my friend, ſo late in battle loſt,
Stood at my ſide, a penſive, plaintive ghoſt;

The words of Homer are,

Ἀτὰρ φρένες ἔκ ἔνι πάμπαν.

In which there ſeems to be a great difficulty; it being not eaſy to explain how Achilles can ſay that the Ghoſt of his friend had no underſtanding, when it had but juſt made ſuch a rational and moving ſpeech; eſpecially when the poet introduces the apparition with the very ſhape, air, and voice of Patroclus.

But this paſſage will be clearly underſtood, by explaining the notion which the ancients entertained of the ſouls of the departed, according to the fore-cited triple diviſion of *mind*, *image*, and *body*. They imagined that the ſoul was not only ſeparated from the body at the hour of the death, but that there was a farther ſeparation of the φρὴν, or underſtanding, from its εἴδωλον, or vehicle; ſo that while the εἴδωλον, or image of the body, was in hell, the φρὴν, or underſtanding might be in heaven: and that this is a true explication, is evident from a paſſage in the Odyſſey, book xi. verſe 600:

Τὼν δὲ μετ', εἰσενόησα βίην Ἡρακληείην,
Εἴδωλον· αὐτὸς δὲ μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι
Τέρπεται ἐν θαλίης, καὶ ἔχει καλλίσφυρον Ἥβην.

Now I the ſtrength of *Hercules behold*,
A tow'ring ſpectre of gigantick mold;
A ſhadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes
Himſelf reſides, a God among the Gods:
There in the bright aſſemblies of the ſkies
He Nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.

By this it appears that Homer was of opinion that Hercules was in heaven, while his εἴδωλον, or image was in hell: ſo that when this ſecond ſeparation is made, the image or vehicle becomes a mere thoughtleſs form.

We have this whole doctrine very diſtinctly delivered by Plutarch in theſe words: "Man is a compound ſubject; but not of two "parts, as is commonly believed, becauſe the *underſtanding* is "generally accounted a part of the *ſoul*; whereas indeed it as far "exceeds the ſoul, as the ſoul is diviner than the body. Now the "ſoul, when compounded with the underſtanding, makes reaſon;

Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how diff'rent! yet how like the ſame!
Thus while he ſpoke, each eye grew big with tears:
And now the roſy-finger'd Morn appears,
Shews ev'ry mournful face with tears o'erſpread,
And glares on the pale viſage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons ſends a choſen band
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge conſign'd to Merion's faithful care.

" and when compounded with the body, paſſion: whereof the one " is the ſource or principle of pleaſure or pain, the other of vice or " virtue. Man therefore properly dies two deaths; the firſt makes " him two of three, and the ſecond makes him one of two." Plutarch, *of the face in the moon.* P.

Ver. 128.] So Dunciad, iii. 41.

Bland and *familiar, as in life,* begun
Thus the great father to the greater ſon.

Ver. 129.] Homer ſays merely,

——————— reſemblance great he bore:

ſo that our tranſlator ſeems to have had in mind a celebrated paſſage of Ovid, metam. ii. 13:

——————— facies non omnibus una,
Nec diverſa tamèn, qualem decet eſſe ſororum:

thus imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of the Brothers:

The days of life are ſiſters; all alike,
None juſt the ſame.

Ver. 130.] The greater part of theſe *four* verſes are interpolated, or but unfaithful to their original. The following couplet more fully expreſſes the ſenſe of Homer:

Then round the dead they wail; 'till on their woes
The roſy-finger'd Morn at length aroſe.

With proper inſtruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to ſling the load.
Firſt march the heavy mules, ſecurely ſlow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:

Ver. 141. *O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go—*
On all ſides round the Foreſt hurls her oaks Headlong—]

The numbers in the original of this whole paſſage are admirably adapted to the images the verſes convey to us. Every ear muſt have felt the propriety of ſound in this Line,

Πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα, κάταντα, πάραντά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.

The other in its kind is no leſs exact,

Τάμνον ἐπειγόμενοι, ταὶ δὲ μεγάλα χλυπέεσσαι.
Πίπτον ———

Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has collected many inſtances of theſe ſorts of beauties in Homer. This deſcription of felling the foreſts, ſo excellent as it is, is comprehended in a few lines, which has left room for a larger and more particular one in Statius, one of the beſt (I think) in that author:

" ——— Cadit ardua fagus,
" Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæſa cupreſſus;
" Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta ſupremis,
" Ornique, iliceæque trabes, metuandaque ſulco
" Taxus, & infandos belli potura cruores
" Fraxinus, atque ſitu non expugnabile robur:
" Hinc audax abies, & odoro vulnere pinus
" Scinditur, acclinant intonſa cacumina terræ
" Alnus amica fretis, nec inhoſpita vitibus ulmus, &c."

I the rather cite this fine paſſage, becauſe I find it copied by two of the greateſt poets of our own nation, Chaucer and Spenſer. The firſt in the Aſſembly of Fowls, the ſecond in his Fairy Queen, lib. i:

The ſailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, ſole king of foreſts all,
The aſpin good for ſtaves, the cypreſs funeral,

Jumping, high o'er the ſhrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the ſhockt axles bound.
But when arriv'd at Ida's ſpreading woods,
(Fair Ida, water'd with deſcending floods)
Loud ſounds the ax, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the Foreſt hurls her oaks

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And poets ſage: the fir that weepeth ſtill,
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for ſhafts, the ſallow for the mill,
The myrrh, ſweet-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the aſh for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
The carver holme, the maple ſeldom inward ſound. P.

Ver. 142.] My deciſion is but of ſmall importance, but I cannot let this paſſage go by, without expreſſing my diſapprobation of imitative verſe carried to this exceſs, whether in Homer or in Pope. The preceding verſe, as leſs extravagant, and happily enough deſcriptive of length and labour, may be approved; and reſembles a paſſage in Milton, which might preſent itſelf to the tranſlator's memory: Par. loſt. ii. 620:

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and ſhades of death.

Ver. 143.] It ſeems unneceſſary to inform us that *jumping* axles *bound* and *clattering* cars *rattle*. I would ſubſtitute as follows:

Rattle th' *unbalanc'd* cars, and the ſhock'd axles *ſound*.

Ver. 145.] Better, perhaps,

Fair Ida, *parent of* deſcending floods.

Ver. 146.] As the tenour of the original demands no ſuch ſtudied mimickry of the circumſtances in the ſounds and cadence of

Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then ruſtling, crackling, craſhing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the ſlow mules the ſame rough road return.
The ſturdy woodman equal burdens bore
(Such charge was giv'n 'em) to the ſandy ſhore;
There on the ſpot which great Achilles ſhow'd,
They eas'd their ſhoulders, and diſpos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.

---

the verſe, I would venture to propoſe the following alterations, which bring the paſſage to a cloſer reſemblance of it's model:

The well-edg'd ax, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes,
Spreads thro' the Foreſt her aërial oaks:
The men with ſpeed their eager labours ply;
Flat, with loud craſh, th' umbrageous ruins lie.

Ver. 152.] Thus Ogilby:

And as their captain bade, the drivers *bore*,
And laid the trunks in order on the *ſhore*.

Ver. 153.] I ſee no reaſon for not adhering to the very words of his author, thus:

(*So Merion dictates*) to the ſandy ſhore.

Ver. 154.] Our poet ſhould have included the ſenſe of his author in one couplet; and would eaſily have poured forth one more elegant, but not more faithful, than the following:

(So Merion charg'd) and rang'd them on the ſhore,
Where one huge tomb the hero's thoughts intend,
Soon to encloſe himſelf, and now his friend.

The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, Combatants and Squires.
The chariots firſt proceed, a ſhining train;
Then clouds of foot that ſmoke along the plain;
Next theſe the melancholy band appear,
Amidſt, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, oppreſt with mighty woe,

Ver. 158.] The *two* verſes of his author in this place are very partially repreſented in the preceding couplet, and may be ſeen more diſtinctly in the following attempt:

When thus in order lay the piles of wood,
Cloſe round the ſpot the croud expectant ſtood.

The defect of rhyme, if neceſſary, may be thus redreſſed:

The hero bids, *each* in *his lofty car*,
His troops appear, in all the pomp of war.

Ver. 160. *Each in refulgent arms*, &c.] It is not to be ſuppoſed that this was a general cuſtom uſed at all funerals; but Patroclus being a warriour, he is buried like a ſoldier, with military honours. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 163.] The heated imagination of our poet ſeems to have *ſmoaked along* much faſter than that of his author, who was thinking only of a *ſlow* and ſolemn funereal proceſſion. Thus?

Then clouds of foot *move ſlowly round* the plain.

Ver. 166. *O'er all the corſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw.*] The ceremony of cutting off the hair in honour of the dead, was practiſed not only among the Greeks, but alſo among other nations; thus Statius, Thebaid VI:

" ——— Tergoque & pectore fuſam
" *Cæſariem* ferro minuit, ſectiſque jacentis
" Obnubit tenuia ora comis."

This cuſtom is taken notice of in holy ſcripture: Ezekiel deſcribing a great lamentation, ſays, *They ſhall make themſelves utterly bald for*

Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.

---

thee, ch. xxvii. verſe 31. I believe it was done not only in token of ſorrow, but perhaps had a concealed meaning, that as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, ſo was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

I muſt obſerve that this ceremony of cutting off the hair was not always in token of ſorrow; Lycophron in his Caſſandra, ver. 976. deſcribing a general lamentation, ſays,

Κρατὸς δ' ἄκερος νῶτα καλλύνει φόβη.

A length of unſhorn hair adorn'd their backs.

And that the ancients ſometimes had their hair cut off in token of *joy*, is evident from Juvenal, Sat. xii. ver. 82:

" ——— Gaudent ibi vertice raſo
" Garrula ſecuri narrare pericula nautæ."

This ſeeming contradiction will be ſolved by having reſpect to the different practices of different nations. If it was the general cuſtom of any country to wear long hair, then the cutting it off was a token of ſorrow; but if it was the cuſtom to wear ſhort hair, then the letting it grow long and neglecting it, ſhewed that ſuch people were mourners. P.

Ver. 168. *Supporting with his hands the hero's head.*] Achilles follows the corpſe as chief mourner, and ſuſtains the head of his friend: this laſt circumſtance ſeems to be general; thus Euripides in the funeral of Rheſus, ver. 886:

Τίς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς θεὸς, ὦ Βασιλεῦ,
Τὸν νεόδμητον ἐν χεροῖν
Φοιβάδην πέμπει;

What God, O king, with his hands ſupports the head of the deceaſed? P.

Ver. 169.] More agreeable to his original, thus:

The hero, now conducted to the dead!

or,

The much lov'd hero, mingled with the dead!

Chapman is not unſucceſsful:

——— Next to him marcht his friend
Embracing his cold necke, all ſad; ſince now he was to ſend,
His deareſt, to his endleſſe home.

Patroclus decent on the appointed ground
They place, and heap the ſilvan pile around.
But great Achilles ſtands apart in pray'r,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Thoſe curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And ſacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood:

Ver. 170.] To prevent the repetition of a word from the preceding verſe, this was altered from the *firſt* edition; which ſtood thus:

The body decent—.

Ver. 172.] This *pray'r* is a miſerable botch for convenience; and the rhymes of the next couplet are exceptionable. Thus, more correctly:

Then from the pyre Achilles ſteps aſide:
The lock, long cheriſh'd, there his hands divide,—
That yellow lock to lov'd Patroclus gave,
Once vow'd, Sperchius! to thy honour'd wave.

Ver. 175. *And ſacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood.*] It was the cuſtom of the ancients not only to offer their own hair, but likewiſe to conſecrate that of their children to the river-gods of their country. This is what Pauſanias ſhews in his Atticks: *Before you paſs the Cephiſa* (ſays he) *you find the tomb of Theodorus who was the moſt excellent actor of his time for tragedy; and on the banks you ſee two ſtatues, one of Mneſimachus, and the other of his ſon, who cut off his hair in honour of the rivers; for that this was in all ages the cuſtom of the Greeks, may be inferred from Homer's poetry, where Peleus promiſes by a ſolemn vow to conſecrate to the river Sperchius the hair of his ſon, if he returns ſafe from the Trojan war.* This cuſtom was likewiſe in Ægypt, where Philoſtratus tells us, that Memnon conſecrated his hair to the Nile. This practice of Achilles was imitated by Alexander at the funeral of Hephæſtion. Spondanus. P.

The vicious accent he might take from Chapman:

Long kept for Sperchius, the flood:

or from Ogilby, who is not worthy of quotation. Hobbes is correct in this particular:

And ſpeaking to Sperchius river ſaid.

Then ſighing, to the deep his looks he caſt,
And roll'd his eyes around the wat'ry waſte.
Sperchius! whoſe waves in mazy errours loſt
Delightful roll along my native coaſt!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
Theſe locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in ſacrifice,
Where to the day thy ſilver fountains riſe,
And where in ſhade of conſecrated bow'rs
Thy altars ſtand, perfum'd with native flow'rs!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles ſees his native plain;

Ver. 176.] Though not authoriſed by a preciſe expreſſion of his model, inſtead of this redundancy, an explanatory interpolation would not have been unſeaſonable; to define the purport of this direction of his countenance:

Then *homeward, with a ſigh*, his looks he caſt.

Ver. 178.] This couplet is a mere fancy of our tranſlator's; nor are the rhymes beyond the reach of cenſure. A trivial alteration would render this interpolation uſeleſs, upon our poet's plan:

Sperchius! to *thee* we vow'd at our return
Theſe locks in vain, and hecatombs to burn:

but I ſhould prefer a more accurate and circumſtantial verſion:

To thee, Sperchius! Peleus vow'd in vain,
When his dear ſon in ſafety ſaw again
His native land, whole hecatombs to ſlay,
And from my head to cut this curl away.

Ver. 185.] The *perfume*, or *ſcent*, intended by Homer, is not that of *flowers*,, but that of *incenſe*, or *animal vapours*, from the altar: which did not fall in ſo readily with the convenience of our tranſlator.

In that vain hope theſe hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the ſhades below.
Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the ſacred lock he laid.
Once more afreſh the Grecian ſorrows flow:
And now the Sun had ſet upon their woe;
But to the king of men thus ſpoke the chief.
Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre:
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
He ſaid: the people to their ſhips return:

Ver. 189.] Our tranſlator ſeems to have profited by Chapman:

——————————and ſince, I never more
Shall ſee my lov'd ſoyle, my friends hands, ſhall *to the Stygian ſhore*
Convey *theſe treſſes:*

for their original may be literally given thus:

Since I return not to my much-lov'd home,
I give Patroclus now this lock to bear.

Ver. 190.] Another miſerable ſupplement: ſee the note on verſe 172. We might ſubſtitute here, perhaps not amiſs, the following alteration:

The hero *ſpake*; *then turning to the ſhade,*
On *it's* cold hand the *ſever'd* lock he laid.

Thus Ogilby:

He in Patroclus hands his treſſes laid.

Ver. 196.] Theſe are the rhymes of Ogilby, whoſe verſion is generally faithful:

Command, great king! (ſince thou art beſt obey'd,
And they have wept enough) all *to retire*
To their repaſt, whilſt we *attend the pyre.*

While thoſe deputed to interr the ſlain:
Heap with a riſing pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing ſtructure ſpreads on ev'ry ſide;
High on the top the manly corſe they lay,
And well-fed ſheep, and ſable oxen ſlay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body ſpread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suſpends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four ſprightly courſers, with a deadly groan
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domeſtick at his board,
Fall two, ſelected to attend their lord.

Ver. 200.] *Interr* ſeems an ineligible word in this place, and one of a more general nature, equivalent to *attend* or *manage*, had been better.

Ver. 204.] More agreeably to his author, thus:

High on the top, with *ſighs*, the corſe they lay.

Ver. 208.] The imperfect rhymes of this couplet are from Chapman.

Ver. 210.] Our tranſlator here miſrepreſents his author. The verſion may be rendered correct by the following ſubſtitution:

Four ſtately courſers his attendants ſlew:
Theſe on the pyre the chief, deep-groaning, threw.

Ver. 212.] A thouſand proofs will occur to the intelligent reader of the unimproved ſtate of ſociety in Homer's days, and proportionate preſumptions of the great antiquity of this poem. It is not improbable, that this paſſage might ſuggeſt to his tranſlator that

Then laſt of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad ſacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On theſe the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he ſtands on high,
And calls the ſpirit with a dreadful cry.
All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghoſt
Hear, and exult on Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Behold, Achilles' promiſe fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy ſhade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corſe attend
Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend.
So ſpake he, threat'ning: but the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the ſlain:
Celeſtial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roſeate unguents, heav'nly fragrance! ſhed:

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circumſtance in his noble deſcription of the Indian's character, in the Eſſay on Man, i. 111:

But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

Ver. 218.] This verſe is a ſupplement from the tranſlator.

Ver. 226.] A circumſtance of his original, omitted by our poet, might be thus included:

So *threats the chief: his threat* the gods *make* vain,
And *keep, tho' dragg'd,* inviolate the ſlain.

Ver. 228. *Celeſtial Venus,* &c.] Homer has here introduced a *ſeries* of allegories in the compaſs of a few lines: the body of Hector may be ſuppoſed to continue beautiful even after he was

She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their deſtin'd prey.
Nor ſacred Phœbus leſs employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undry'd, the fleſh entire,
Againſt the ſolar beam and Sirian fire.
Nor yet the pile where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the ſullen flames ariſe;

ſlain; and Venus being the preſident of beauty, the poet by a natural fiction tells us it was preſerved by that goddeſs.

Apollo's covering the body with a cloud is a very natural allegory: for the ſun (ſays Euſtathius) has a double quality which produces contrary effects; the heat of it cauſes a dryneſs, but at the ſame time it exhales the vapours of the earth, from whence the clouds of heaven are formed. This allegory may be founded upon truth; there might happen to be a cool ſeaſon while Hector lay unburied, and Apollo, or the ſun, raiſing clouds which intercept the heat of his beams, by a very eaſy fiction in poetry may be introduced in perſon to preſerve the body of Hector. P.

Ver. 233.] More accurately, thus:

Pour'd round *the place from heaven* a veil of air.

Ver. 235.] This *Sirian fire* is unauthoriſed by his author, and may probably be unintelligible to many readers. I ſhould prefer ſome amendment to the following purport:

From the fierce influence of the ſolar fire:

or,

Safe from the ſcorching touch of ſolar fire:

compare my note on the Trachiniæ of Sophocles, verſe 685.

Ver. 236.] As the rhymes of this couplet ſoon recur, an introduction of ſome variety would improve the paſſage. Thus?

Nor yet Patroclus' pyre the breezes raiſe,
Nor yet the ſullen wood begins to blaze.

But, faſt beſide, Achilles ſtood in pray'r,
Invok'd the Gods whoſe ſpirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations caſt,
To gentler Zephyr and the Boreal blaſt:
He call'd th' aërial pow'rs, along the ſkies
To breathe, and whiſper to the fires to riſe.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And inſtant haſten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sat all the bluſt'ring brethren of the ſky.
She ſhone amidſt them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the ſhow.
All from the banquet riſe, and each invites
The various Goddeſs to partake the rites.
Not ſo, (the dame reply'd) I haſte to go
To ſacred Ocean, and the floods below:

Ver. 243.] There is a want of elegance in a too cloſe repetition of theſe little words, which a correct poet will ſtudy to avoid. Thus?

——————and, *whiſpering*, *bid* the fires to riſe.

Ver. 248.] Here we are indebted to the fancy of the tranſlator: his author ſays only,

——————Iris ran, and ſtood
On the ſtone threſhold.

Ver. 250.] The ſpirit of the original is better preſerved by Ogilby:

——————all roſe as in ſhe came;
Offering their ſeats to the celeſtial dame.

Ev'n now our ſolemn hecatombs attend,
And heav'n is feaſting, on the world's green end,
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th' extremeſt limits of the main.
But Peleus' ſon intreats, with ſacrifice,
The Weſtern Spirit, and the North to riſe;
Let on Patroclus' pile your blaſt be driv'n,
And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.
Swift as the word ſhe vaniſh'd from their view;
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;

Ver. 258.] Our poet is not faithful to his author. Thus?

But Peleus' ſon implores your winds to riſe
From North and Weſt, (and vows a ſacrifice)
To rouſe that pile, which dead Patroclus bears,
Which Greece aſſembled waſh with ſhowers of tears.

Ver. 263. *The allegory of the winds.*] A poet ought to expreſs nothing vulgarly; and ſure no poet ever treſpaſſed leſs againſt this rule than Homer, the fruitfulneſs of his invention is continually raiſing incidents new and ſurpriſing. Take this paſſage out of its poetical dreſs, and it will be no more than this: a ſtrong gale of wind blew, and ſo increaſed the flame that it ſoon conſumed the pile. But Homer introduces the gods of the winds in perſon: and Iris, or the rainbow, being (as Euſtathius obſerves) a ſign not only of ſhowers, but of winds; he makes them come at her ſummons.

Every circumſtance is well adapted. As ſoon as the winds ſee Iris, they riſe; that is, when the rainbow appears, the wind riſes: ſhe refuſes to ſit, and immediately returns; that is, the rainbow is never ſeen long at one time, but ſoon appears, and ſoon vaniſhes: ſhe returns over the ocean; that is, the bow is compoſed of waters, and it would have been an unnatural fiction to have deſcribed her as paſſing by land.

The winds are all together in the cave of Zephyrus, which may imply that they were there as at their general rendezvous; or that

Forth burſt the ſtormy band with thund'ring roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toſt before.
To the wide main then ſtooping from the ſkies,
The heaving deeps in wat'ry mountains riſe:

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the nature of all the winds is the ſame; or that the weſtern wind is in that country the moſt conſtant, and conſequently it may be ſaid that at ſuch ſeaſons all the winds are aſſembled in one corner, or rendezvous with Zephyrus.

Iris will not enter the cave: it is the nature of the rainbow to be ſtretched entirely upon the ſurface, and therefore this fiction is agreeable to reaſon.

When Iris ſays that the gods are partaking hecatombs in Æthiopia, it is to be remembered that the gods are repreſented there in the firſt book, before the ſcenes of war were opened: and now they are cloſed, they return thither. Euſtathius.

Thus Homer makes the anger of his hero ſo important, that it rouſed heaven to arms, and now when it is almoſt appeaſed, Achilles as it were gives peace to the gods. P.

Ver. 265.] I ſhould like better,

——————— the clouds are *roll'd* before;

but our tranſlator ſeems to have trodden in Chapman's ſteps:

——————— out ruſht, with an unmeaſur'd rore,
Thoſe two winds, *tumbling clouds in heapes.*

Ver. 266.] Or thus?

Then, *the ſhrill blaſt deſcending* from the ſkies—.

Ver. 267.] Ogilby thought himſelf very ſublime on this occaſion, and may ſerve to relax the riſible organs of the reader:

Vaſt billows ploughing up, whoſe briny ſpry
Lather'd with froathie *ſuds* the ſpangled ſky.

This ſpecimen, I think, comes very little ſhort of one much more memorable in the annals of the Bathos:

To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And *periwig* with ſnow the *bald-pate* woods.

Troy feels the blaſt along her ſhaking walls,
'Till on the pile the gather'd tempeſt falls.
The ſtructure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aſpires.
All night, Achilles hails Patroclus' ſoul,
With large libation from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpleſs and undone,
Mourns o'er the aſhes of an only ſon,
Takes a ſad pleaſure the laſt bones to burn,
And pour in tears, e'er yet they cloſe the urn:
So ſtay'd Achilles, circling round the ſhore,
So watch'd the flames, 'till now they flame no more.

Ver. 270.] Thus Ogilby:

Thund'ring they charge the pile; then *crackling fire*
All night, and clouds of curled ſmoak *aſpire*.

Ver. 272.] This is graceful, but falls ſhort of the tender ſimplicity of his author; who may be thus literally repreſented:

——————— and all night great Peleus' ſon
From a gold goblet in a well-turn'd cup
Drew wine, and with libations bath'd the ground,
The ſoul invoking of his hapleſs friend.

Ver. 274.] Our poet, after Chapman and Ogilby, paſſes over the moſt important circumſtance of the *ſimile*, which may be thus tranſlated:

As wails a father, whilſt he burns the bones
Of his dear ſon to years of marriage grown,
When death a parent wounds with keeneſt woe.

Ver. 278.] Rather, perhaps, as more expreſſive of the author's language:

So *moan'd* Achilles, *lingering* round the *fire*;
So *wept Patroclus*, 'till the flames *expire*.

'Twas when, emerging thro' the ſhades of night,
The morning planet told th' approach of light;
And faſt behind, Aurora's warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then ſunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whiſtling winds return'd:
Acroſs the Thracian ſeas their courſe they bore;
The ruffled ſeas beneath their paſſage roar.
Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And ſunk to quiet in th' embrace of ſleep,

I like Chapman's efforts at this place:

Still creeping neare and neare the heape; ſtill ſighing, weeping ſtill:
But when the day ſtarre look't abrode, and promiſt from his hill
Light, which the ſaffron morne made good, and ſprinkled on the ſeas;
Then languiſht the great pile; then ſunke, the flames.

Ver. 281.] Or thus? more exactly:

The *ſtar of morn announc'd approaching* light;
And *ſaffron-rob'd* Aurora's warmer ray
O'er ocean's *wave prepar'd to ſcatter* day.

Ver. 285.] More neatly, perhaps, with this trivial alteration:

Each to his cave, the whiſtling winds return'd.

Ver. 287.] More poetically, perhaps,

The *Thracian* ſeas, *bruſh'd by their pinions*, roar:

and I found afterwards, that Chapman had anticipated this image:

——————— The Thracian billow rings
Their high retreate; rufl'd with cuffes, of their triumphant *wings*.

Exhauſted with his grief: meanwhile the croud
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles ſtood;
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he ſhook
Unwilling ſlumber, and the chiefs beſpoke.
Ye kings and princes of the Achaian name!
Firſt let us quench the yet remaining flame
With ſable wine; then, (as the rites direct,)
The hero's bones with careful view ſelect:
(Apart, and eaſy to be known they lie,
Amidſt the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The reſt around the margins will be ſeen
Promiſcuous, ſteeds, and immolated men)
Theſe wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vaſe diſpoſe with care;
There let them reſt with decent honour laid,
'Till I ſhall follow to th' infernal ſhade.
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common ſtructure on the humble ſands;

Ver. 290.] His original requires ſome ſubſtitution like the following:

——————— meanwhile a throng,
On Agamemnon waiting, marcht along.

Ver. 292.] The rhymes cannot be allowed. Thus, more faithfully:

The tumult *rous'd* him: *off* his *eye-lids ſhake*
Their bands; he roſe; and *thus* the chief beſpake.

Ver. 294.] More accurately,

O king! and princes ——.

Ver. 307.] Rather, perhaps,

A tomb of humble ſtructure on the ſands.

Hereafter Greece ſome nobler work may raiſe,
And late poſterity record our praiſe.
The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the ſable wine they throw,
And deep ſubſides the aſhy heap below.
Next the white bones his ſad companions place
With tears collected, in the golden vaſe.
The ſacred relicks to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the ſepulchre aſpire,
And caſt the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midſt they heap the ſwelling bed
Of riſing earth, memorial of the dead.

Ver. 308. *Hereafter Greece a nobler pile ſhall raiſe.*] We ſee how Achilles conſults his own glory; the deſire of it prevails over his tenderneſs for Patroclus, and he will not permit any man, not even his beloved Patroclus, to ſhare an equality of honour with himſelf, even in the grave. Euſtathius. P.

Thus his author, more cloſely repreſented:

——————— in after-times the Greeks
May raiſe one, broad and lofty; they, that ſtay
Here in the ſhips, when my ſhort race is run.

Ver. 311.] Thus Chapman:

——————— firſt they quencht, with *ſable wine, the heape,*
As farre as it had fed the flame. The aſh fell wondrous *deepe.*

Ver. 320.] The latter clauſe is from the invention of our tranſlator: but, to avoid tautology, I would propoſe,

Of *ſacred* earth, memorial of the dead.

The ſwarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidſt a wide extent of plains;
There plac'd 'em round: then from the ſhips proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and ſtately ſteeds,
Vaſes and Tripods, for the fun'ral games,
Reſplendent braſs, and more reſplendent dames.

Ver. 321. *The games for Patroclus.*] The conduct of Homer in inlarging upon the games at the funeral of Patroclus is very judicious: there had undoubtedly been ſuch honours paid to ſeveral heroes during the wars as appears from a paſſage in the ninth book, where Agamemnon to enhance the value of the horſes which he offers Achilles, ſays, that any perſon would be rich that had treaſures equal to the value of the prizes they had won; which races muſt have been run during the ſiege; for had they been before it, the horſes would now have been too old to be of any value, this being the tenth year of the war. But the poet paſſes all thoſe games over in ſilence, and reſerves them for this ſeaſon; not only in honour of Patroclus, but alſo of his hero Achilles; who exhibits games to a whole army; great generals are candidates for the prizes, and he himſelf ſits the judge and arbitrator; thus in peace as well as war the poet maintains the ſuperiority of the character of Achilles.

But there is another reaſon why the poet deferred to relate any games that were exhibited at any preceding funerals: the death of Patroclus was the moſt eminent period; and conſequently the moſt proper time for ſuch games.

It is farther obſervable, that he chuſes this peculiar time with great judgment. When the fury of the war raged, the army could not well have found leiſure for the games, and they might have met with interruption from the enemy: but Hector being dead, all Troy was in confuſion: they are in too great a conſternation to make any attempts, and therefore the poet could not poſſibly have choſen a more happy opportunity. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 326.] Homer ſays,

Females in graceful veſts, and iron bright:

but our tranſlator found his prettineſs in Chapman:

Firſt ſtood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the duſty courſe:
A woman for the firſt, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom;
And a large vaſe, where two bright handles riſe,
Of twenty meaſures its capacious ſize.
The ſecond victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke;
The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample meaſures held the ſhining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the laſt.

Employing them to fetch from fleete, rich tripods for his *games*,
Caldrons, horſe, mules, brode-headed beeves, *bright ſteele, and brighter dames.*

Ver. 329.] His original has αμυμονα γυναικα, *a goodly woman*; but Chapman calls her *faire and young*; and Dacier "une *belle* captive:" and in verſe 332 our poet did not find the *two and twenty* meaſures of his author convenient for his numbers.

Ver. 333.] The reader muſt admire the delicacy of Ogilby's efforts on this paſſage:

Next an unbroken mare, of ſix years old;
Who, cover'd by an aſſe, had yet not foal'd:

to whom Chapman is not much inferiour; but a ſingle ſpecimen of this beauty in compoſition may ſuffice.

Ver. 335.] I would render rather *a caldron* with Chapman and Ogilby, or even *a kettle* with Hobbes.

Ver. 338.] So Chapman:

——— a great new ſtanding *boule:*

Theſe in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, riſing, thus addreſt the train.
Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing ſteed;
Prizes which none beſide ourſelf could gain,
Should our immortal courſers take the plain;
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his ſon beſtow'd.)
But this no time our vigour to diſplay;
Nor ſuit, with them, the games of this ſad day:
Loſt is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and ſleek their gloſſy neck.

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and I ſhould prefer, as the preſent word ſeems utterly inapplicable to a future event,

An ample double bowl *rewards* the laſt:

or rather "a *ſpacious* double bowl," for the ſake of a more varied ſound.

Ver. 345.] The rhymes of this couplet will not endure the rod of criticiſm. Thus?

A gift to Peleus from the God of ſea;
And Peleus gave th' unrival'd pair to me.

Ver. 349. *Loſt is Patroclus now*, &c.] I am not ignorant that Homer has frequently been blamed for ſuch little digreſſions as theſe; in this paſſage he gives us the genealogy of his horſes, which he has frequently told us in the preceding part of the poem. But Euſtathius juſtifies his conduct, and ſays that it was very proper to commend the virtue of theſe horſes upon this occaſion, when horſes were to contend for victory: at the ſame time he takes an opportunity to make an honourable mention of his friend Patroclus, in whoſe honour theſe games were exhibited.

It may be added as a farther juſtification of Homer, that this laſt circumſtance is very natural; Achilles, while he commends his

Sad, as they ſhar'd in human grief, they ſtand,
And trail thoſe graceful honours on the ſand!
Let others for the noble taſk prepare,
Who truſt the courſer, and the flying car.
Fir'd at his word, the rival racers riſe;
But far the firſt, Eumelus hopes the prize,
Fam'd thro' Pieria for the fleeteſt breed,
And ſkill'd to manage the high-bounding ſteed.

---

horſes, remembers how careful Patroclus had been of them: his love for his friend is ſo great, that the minuteſt circumſtance recalls him to his mind; and ſuch little digreſſions, ſuch avocations of thought as theſe, very naturally proceed from the overflows of love and ſorrow. P.

Ver. 350.] Our tranſlator ſeems to have had his eye on Chapman, who is more circumſtantially faithful to his author:

——— that uſde with humorous oyle, to *ſlick* their loftie manes;
Cleare water having cleanſd them firſt.

Ver. 351.] There ſeems to be no *grammatical* propriety in this conſtruction of a ſentence. We may thus correct:

Sad, as *if ſharing* human grief, they ſtand:

or, if we wiſh more fidelity to the original, thus:

With heads declin'd and ſorrowing hearts, they ſtand.

Ver. 353. Ogilby wants a little poliſh, but is more correct in his rhymes, than Pope:

You who in fleeter ſteeds confide, and dare
Venture your char'ots, ſtraight yourſelves prepare.

Ver. 355.] He follows Chapman:

——— this *fir'd* all.

Ver. 357.] Pieria is not mentioned by Homer, but it was a diſtrict of Theſſaly, the country of Eumelus.

With equal ardour bold Tydides ſwell'd,
The ſteeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd,
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When ſcarce a God redeem'd him from his hand.)
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courſer of the King of kings:
Whom rich Echepolus, (more rich than brave)
To 'ſcape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,

Ver. 363.] The attention of our poet to his pattern may be diſcovered from the following exact tranſlation:

Then roſe the Spartan king with golden hair,
Illuſtrious, and the rapid courſers yoakt;
His own Podargus and his brother's mare,
Æthe, to him by Echepolus given,
To ſcape attendance on the Trojan war,
And ſtay at home in joy. Jove gave to him
Great wealth; in ample Sicyon dwelt the chief.
Her, all on fire to run, Atrides yoaks.
Next, harneſt his ſleek ſteeds Antilochus,
Fam'd ſon of Neſtor, noble-minded king,
Whoſe ſire was Neleus: ſteeds, in Pylos bred,
Whirl'd his ſwift car: the ſenior ſtanding by,
His ſon, not elſe unapt, thus kindly warns.

Ver. 365. *Whom rich Echepolus, &c.*] One would think that Agamemnon might be accuſed of avarice, in diſpenſing with a man from going to the war for the ſake of a horſe; but Ariſtotle very well obſerves, that this prince is praiſe-worthy for having preferred a horſe to a perſon ſo cowardly, and ſo uncapable of ſervice. It may be alſo conjectured from this paſſage, that even in thoſe elder times it was the cuſtom, that thoſe who were willing to be excuſed from the war, ſhould give either a horſe or man, and often both. Thus Scipio going to Africa, ordered the Sicilians either to attend him, or to give him horſes or men: and Ageſilaus being at Epheſus and wanting cavalry, made a proclamation, that the rich men who

(Æthe her name) at home to end his days;
Baſe wealth preferring to eternal praiſe.
Next him Antilochus demands the courſe,
With beating heart, and chears his Pylian horſe.
Experienc'd Neſtor gives his ſon the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat reſtrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary ſire, nor hears
The prudent ſon with unattending ears.

---

would not ſerve in the war ſhould be diſpenſed with, provided they furniſhed a man and a horſe in their ſtead: in which, ſays Plutarch, he wiſely followed the example of king Agamemnon, who excuſed a very rich coward from ſerving in perſon, for a preſent of a good mare. Euſtathius. Dacier. P.

Ver. 371. *Experienc'd Neſtor*, &c.] The poet omits no opportunity of paying honour to his old favourite Neſtor, and I think he is no where more particularly complimented than in this book. His age had diſabled him from bearing any ſhare in the games; and yet he artfully introduces him not as a mere ſpectator, but as an actor in the ſports. Thus he as it were wins the prize for Antilochus; Antilochus wins not by the ſwiftneſs of his horſes, but by the wiſdom of Neſtor.

This fatherly tenderneſs is wonderfully natural: we ſee him in all imaginable inquietude and concern for his ſon; he comes to the barrier, ſtands beſide the chariot, animates his ſon by his praiſes, and directs him by his leſſons: you think the old man's ſoul mounts on the chariot with his Antilochus, to partake the ſame dangers, and run the ſame career.

Nothing can be better adapted to the character than this ſpeech; he expatiates upon the advantages of wiſdom over ſtrength, which is a tacit compliment to himſelf: and had there been a prize for wiſdom, undoubtedly the old man would have claimed it as his right. Euſtathius. P.

My ſon! tho' youthful ardour fire thy breaſt,
The gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have bleſt.
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the ſkill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But ſlow, and paſt their vigour, are my ſteeds.
Fear not thy rivals, tho' for ſwiftneſs known;
Compare thoſe rivals judgment, and thy own:
It is not ſtrength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be ſwift is leſs than to be wiſe.
'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous ſtrokes,
The dext'rous woodman ſhapes the ſtubborn oaks;

Ver. 375.] This couplet miſrepreſents the meaning of his author, and the rhymes of the next are vicious. Thus? ſimply, but correctly:

My ſon! thy lot has been, though young, to ſhare
Of Jove and Neptune the peculiar care:
They taught in feats of horſemen to excell;
Nor needs he counſel, who performs ſo well:
Thou know'ſt, as whirls the glowing chariot round,
With nice dexterity to ſhun the bound.
Yet, tho' thy ſkill ſo little precept needs—.

Ver. 385.] Our poet does but follow his predeceſſors in this acceptation of the paſſage; but he ſhould have written in my opinion,

Far leſs avails a woodman's ſturdy ſtroke,
Than dextrous art, to fell the ſtubborn oak:

and the epithet *dextrous* is incongruous in this contraſt of *art* and *ſtrength*, when the word *art* had been employed in the preceding line. Mr. Cowper, I perceive, with his uſual accuracy of taſte, has ſeen the paſſage in it's true point of view.

By art, the pilot thro' the boiling deep
And howling tempeſt ſteers the fearleſs ſhip;
And 'tis the artiſt wins the glorious courſe,
Not thoſe, who truſt in chariots, and in horſe.
In vain; unſkilful, to the goal they ſtrive,
And ſhort, or wide, th' ungovern'd courſer drive:
While with ſure ſkill, tho' with inferiour ſteeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the courſe,
His hand unerring ſteers the ſteady horſe,
And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
Obſerving ſtill the foremoſt on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis eaſy to be found;
Yon' aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of ſome once ſtately oak the laſt remains,
Or hardy fir, unperiſh'd with the rains:
Inclos'd with ſtones, conſpicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car.
(Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race)

Ver. 387.] The rhymes are truly infamous, and indicate inexcuſable haſte and careleſſneſs. Thus?

By art the pilot, when the tempeſt raves,
Steers his ſwift veſſel thro' the toſſing waves.

Ver. 395.] Ogilby alſo has theſe rhymes; but they are by no means correct, and have occurred not far above.

Ver. 400.] So Chapman:

Here ſtands a drieſtub of ſome tree, *a cubite from the ground.*

Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left hand steed;
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,
And turns him short; 'till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round nave appear to brush the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
Clear of the stony heap direct the course;
Lest thro' incaution failing, thou may'st be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.

Ver. 411.] This unaccountable idea of "*doubling as they roll,*" which Ogilby thus exhibits:

——————untill thou joyne
The nave and wheel's circumf'rence in a line:

and Mr. Cowper thus;

——————that the nave
And felly of thy wheel may seem to meet:

this inexplicable idea, I say, which has puzzled *scholiasts* and *commentators* arose from a gross misconception of the most perspicuous passage imaginable. The words κυκλω ποιητοιο in the original are in connection with the *substantive* πλημνη, and not with the words ακρον ικεσθαι. Homer, in short, means no more than what Horace very elegantly expresses in his *first ode:*

——————metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis:

the whole force of which sentence resides in the *participle*; *just escaped,* and no more: because, in proportion to it's approach to the goal, the circle of the chariot would be contracted, and an advantage gained, well understood by the practitioners of our days also.

Ver. 416.] Another proof of great carelessness, in a neglect of his author for the convenience of the rhyme. Chapman is exact:

So ſhalt thou paſs the goal, ſecure of mind,
And leave unſkilful ſwiftneſs far behind:
Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchleſs ſteed
Which bore Adraſtus, of celeſtial breed;
Or the fam'd race, thro' all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.
Thus, (nought unſaid) the much-adviſing ſage
Concludes; then ſat, ſtiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Meriones was ſeen to riſe,
The laſt, but not leaſt ardent for the prize.

———————————that will breed
Others delight, and *thee a ſhame*.

More conformity to his original may be ſuperinduced thus:

Leſt, failing *thus*, to others thou mayſt be
A joy, *diſgraceful* to *thyſelf and* me.

Ver. 417.] The phraſe *ſecure of mind* may be pronounced, I think, truly villainous, as here employed: nor is the author's meaning deſcried through the medium of our poet's verſion. The following attempt is literally faithful:

But, my dear boy! be cautious and diſcreet:
If at the turn thou ſwiftly paſs with ſkill
Thy peers, no bounding rival beats thee then;
Tho' at thy back Adraſtus' flying ſteed
He drive, Arion, breed of Gods! or thine,
Laomedon; brave courſers! nurs'd in Troy.

Ver. 419.] Our poet has poliſh'd Ogilby:

No, ſhould he drive Adraſtus' fi'ry ſteed,
Renown'd Areion, of celeſtial ſeed,

Ver. 424.] The latter part of this verſe is a mere interpolation, and, as it appears to me, a clumſy interpolation, of the tranſlator. I will propoſe a ſubſtitution, with the help of Ogilby's rhymes:

Thus to his ſon the myſteries of the race
Unfolded Neſtor, and reſum'd his place.

They mount their ſeats; the lots their place diſpoſe;
(Roll'd in his helmet, theſe Achilles throws.)
Young Neſtor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next, the brother of the king of men:
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was caſt;
And far the braveſt, Diomed, was laſt.
They ſtand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,

Ver. 427. *The lots their place diſpoſe.*] According to theſe lots the charioteers took their places; but to know whether they ſtood all in an equal front, or one behind another, is a difficulty: Euſtathius ſays the ancients were of opinion that they did not ſtand in one front; becauſe it is evident that he who had the firſt lot, had a great advantage of the other charioteers: if he had not, why ſhould Achilles caſt lots? Madam Dacier is of opinion that they all ſtood a-breaſt at the barrier, and that the firſt would ſtill have a ſufficient advantage, as he was nearer the bound, and ſtood within the reſt; whereas the others muſt take a larger circle, and conſequently were forced to run a greater compaſs of ground. Phœnix was placed as an inſpector of the race, that is, ſays Euſtathius, he was to make report whether they had obſerved the laws of the race in their ſeveral turnings.

Sophocles obſerves the ſame method with Homer in relation to the lots and inſpectors, in his Electra:

——— Οἱ τεταγμένοι βραβεῖς
Κλήροις ἔπηλαν καὶ κατέσησαν δίφρον.

The conſtituted judges aſſigned the places according to the lots.

The ancients ſay that the charioteers ſtarted at the Sigæum, where the ſhips of Achilles lay, and ran towards the Rhæteum, from the ſhips towards the ſhores. But Ariſtarchus affirmed that they run in the compaſs of ground thoſe five *ſtadia*, which lay between the wall and the tents toward the ſhore. Euſtathius. P.

And ſends before old Phœnix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the courſers from the barrier bound;
The lifted ſcourges all at once reſound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they ſend before;
And up the champaign thunder from the ſhore:
Thick, where they drive, the duſty clouds ariſe,
And the loſt courſer in the whirlwind flies;
Looſe on their ſhoulders the long manes reclin'd,
Float in their ſpeed, and dance upon the wind:
The ſmoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now ſeem to touch the ſky, and now the ground.

Ver. 435.] Chapman is circumſtantial and exact:

——————————In which he ſet
Renowned Phœnix, that in grace, of Peleus was ſo great,
To ſee the race, and give a truth, of all their paſſages.

Ver. 444.] Dryden, at the end of Æneid vii:

——————and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver *dances in the wind.*

Ver. 446.] This appears to me extravagantly hyperbolical, but our tranſlator followed Dryden, at Virg. Geo. iii. 172, the parallel paſſage:

And now a-low, and now aloft they fly,
As borne through aire, and *ſeem to touch the ſky.*

But, independently of this hypertragical humour, the couplet, in my judgement, is not ſkilfully conducted, and would be excelled by ſomething after the following turn of thought:

The ſmoaking chariots, now *with* rapid bound
Riſe into air, now *ſkim along* the ground.

While hot for fame, and conqueſt all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courſer hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they ſtretch, they ſhout along the plain.
Now, (the laſt compaſs fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his ſoul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the ſhore, and thunders tow'rd the main.
Firſt flew Eumelus on Pheretian ſteeds;
With thoſe of Tros, bold Diomed ſucceeds:
Cloſe on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the ſultry breeze,
And hov'ring o'er, their ſtretching ſhadows ſees.

Ver. 453.] Thus, more conformably to his original:

Each burns with double hope; *the courſers ſtrain*
With growing ſpeed, and *thunder* tow'rd the main.

Still, however, an exception lies againſt the rhymes, for too early a repetition of them.

Ver. 458. *And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind.*] A more natural image than this could not be thought of. The poet makes us ſpectators of the race, we ſee Diomed preſſing upon Eumelus ſo cloſely, that his chariot ſeems to climb the chariot of Eumelus. P.

The expreſſion of the verſe is uncommonly happy, and perfectly correſpondent to it's original.

Ver. 460.] This image our tranſlator did not find in Homer, but in Ovid; ſee my note on his Windſor-Foreſt, verſe 191. The following is a literal verſion of Homer's diſtich:

Eumelus' back and ſhoulders with their breath
Grew warm: their heads hung o'er him, as they flew.

Then had he loſt, or left a doubtful prize;
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
Strikes from his hand the ſcourge, and renders vain
His matchleſs horſes labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye with anguiſh, to ſurvey
Snatch'd from his hope the glories of the day.

Ver. 461.] His author preſcribes this adjuſtment of the couplet:

Then had Tydides doubtful left *the* prize,
Or *gain'd*, *when* angry Phœbus to *him* flies.

Ver. 465. *Rage fills his eye with anguiſh, to ſurvey*, &c.] We have ſeen Diomed ſurrounded with innumerable dangers, acting in the moſt perilous ſcenes of blood and death, yet never ſhed one tear: and now he weeps on a ſmall occaſion for a mere trifle. This muſt be aſcribed to the nature of mankind, who are often tranſported with trifles; and there are certain unguarded moments in every man's life; ſo that he who could meet the greateſt dangers with intrepidity, may through anger be betrayed into an indecency. Euſtathius.

The reaſon why Apollo is angry at Diomed, according to Euſtathius, is becauſe he was intereſted for Eumelus, whoſe mares he had fed, when he ſerved Admetus; but I fancy he is under a miſtake; this indeed is a reaſon why he ſhould favour Eumelus, but not why he ſhould be angry at Diomed. I rather think that the quarrel of Apollo with Diomed was perſonal: becauſe he offered him a violence in the fifth book, and Apollo ſtill reſents it.

The fiction of Minerva's aſſiſting Diomed is grounded upon his being ſo wiſe as to take a couple of whips to prevent any miſchance: ſo that Wiſdom, or Pallas, may be ſaid to lend him one. Euſtathius. P.

Our poet is too conciſe with his author. Thus, more exactly:

Tears of vexation guſh in ſtreams, to ſee
His rival's courſers more and more outſtrip
His own, unſcourg'd, impeded in the race.

The fraud celeſtial Pallas ſees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the ſcourge again,
And fills his ſteeds with vigour. At a ſtroke,
She breaks his rivals chariot from the yoke;
No more their way the ſtartled horſes held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his ſeat, beſide the wheel,
Prone on the duſt th' unhappy maſter fell;
His batter'd face and elbows ſtrike the ground;
Noſe, mouth and front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
Grief ſtops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's ſpirit drives his matchleſs pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.
The next, tho' diſtant, Menelas ſucceeds;
While thus young Neſtor animates his ſteeds.
Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horſe,

Ver. 469.] More fully to his author, thus:

With vigour fills his ſteeds: an *angry* ſtroke
Then breaks—:

but the rhymes of the preceding couplet return too ſoon, and thoſe of the *two* following are not ſufficiently exact.

Ver. 477.] Thus Ogilby:

His elbow and his forehead hurt, his *eyes*
Brim-full with tears: Tydides all out-*flyes*.

Ver. 483. *The ſpeech of Antilochus to his horſes.*] I fear Antilochus his ſpeech to his horſes is blameable; Euſtathius himſelf

Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atrides! Shall his mare out-go
Your ſwiftneſs? vanquiſh'd by a female foe?
Thro' your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The laſt ignoble gift be all we gain;
No more ſhall Neſtor's hand your food ſupply,
The old man's fury riſes, and ye die.
Haſte then; yon' narrow road before our ſight
Preſents th' occaſion, could we uſe it right.

Thus he. The courſers at their maſter's threat
With quicker ſteps the ſounding champain beat.
And now Antilochus with nice ſurvey,
Obſerves the compaſs of the hollow way.

ſeems to think it a fault that he ſhould ſpeak ſo much in the very heat of the race. He commands and ſoothes, counſels and threatens his horſes, as if they were reaſonable creatures. The ſubſequent ſpeech of Menelaus is more excuſable as it is more ſhort, but both of them are ſpoken in a paſſion, and anger we know makes us ſpeak to every thing, and we diſcharge it upon the moſt ſenſeleſs objects. P.

Ver. 485.] So Chapman:

Athenia *wings* his horſe, and him, renownes;

for their original is,

——————Pallas now to them
Has fleetneſs given, and to their maſter praiſe.

Ver. 488.] Chapman has the ſame repetition:

——————to yeeld, in ſwiftneſſe to *a mare*;
To femall Æthe.

'Twas where by force of wint'ry torrents torn,
Faſt by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could paſs, to ſhun the throng
The Spartan hero's chariot ſmok'd along.
Cloſe up the vent'rous youth reſolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the ſteep.
Atrides, trembling caſts his eye below,
And wonders at the raſhneſs of his foe.
Hold, ſtay your ſteeds—What madneſs thus to ride
This narrow way? Take larger field (he cry'd)
Or both muſt fall——Atrides cry'd in vain;
He flies more faſt, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the diſk can ſend,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horſe compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the claſhing cars,

Ver. 503.] He had recourſe to Chapman, but varied one rhyming word:

——————————————— cleaving deepe
All that neare paſſage to the liſts. This Neſtor's ſonne would *keepe*,
And left the rode way, being about: Atrides fear'd, and *cride*:
Antilochus! thy courſe is mad; containe thy horſe; we *ride*
A way moſt dangerous.

Ver. 510.] More clearly and correctly, thus:

The youth, regardleſs, goads, and gives the rein

Ver. 515.] The rhymes are not to be commended for correctneſs. I will propoſe a ſubſtitution, which is more obſervant of the language of the author:

The flound'ring courſers rolling on the plain,
And conqueſt loſt thro' frantick haſte to gain.
But thus upbraids his rival as he flies;
Go, furious youth! ungen'rous and unwiſe!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize reſign;
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.—
Then to his ſteeds with all his force he cries;
Be ſwift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, deſtitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees ſhall labour in the courſe,
And yield the glory yours—The ſteeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And ſeem already to retrieve the day.
Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld
The courſers bounding o'er the duſty field.
The firſt who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a riſing ground, above the ring,
The monarch ſat: from whence with ſure ſurvey
He well obſerv'd the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries,
And ſaw the foremoſt ſteed with ſharpen'd eyes;

——————— He, cautious, backward drew
The yielding courſers; *whilſt* his fears *forebode*
Their chariots claſhing *in the ſtraighten'd road.*

Ver. 528.] We may thus remedy the ambiguity of this verſe:

Cloſe at their *rivals'* heels they wing their way.

Ver. 534.] The impropriety of this line may be readily removed;

The mon arch ſat; *and thence* with ſure ſurvey.

On whoſe broad front, a blaze of ſhining white
Like the full moon, ſtood obvious to the ſight.
He ſaw; and riſing, to the Greeks begun.
Are yonder horſe diſcern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief ſurvey,
And other ſteeds, than lately led the way?
Thoſe, tho' the ſwifteſt, by ſome god with-
held,
Lie ſure diſabled in the middle field:
For ſince the goal they doubled, round the plain
I ſearch to find them, but I ſearch in vain.
Perchance the reins forſook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too ſhort, he tumbled on the ſtrand,
Shot from the chariot; while his courſers ſtray
With frantick fury from the deſtin'd way.
Riſe then ſome other, and inform my ſight,
(For theſe dim eyes, perhaps, diſcern not right)

Ver. 538.] The rhymes of this couplet are in Chapman.

Ver. 540.] Unpardonable rhymes: and I know not, if the following attempt be ſufficiently elevated even for ſimple dialogue:

He ſaw; and, riſing ſaid: Ye Greeks am I
The firſt of all theſe horſes to deſcry?

Ver. 544.] Theſe vicious rhymes occurred not long ago; and they are repeated here with the aggravation of a *grammatical* offence, *with-held* for *with-holden*.

Ver. 550.] Tautology may be avoided, and fidelity ſecured, by a ſimple alteration; thus:

From *his craſh'd* chariot.

Yet ſure he ſeems, (to judge by ſhape and air,)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.
Old man! (Oïleus raſhly thus replies)
Thy tongue too haſtily confers the prize.
Of thoſe who view the courſe, not ſharpeſt ey'd,
Nor youngeſt, yet the readieſt to decide.
Eumelus' ſteeds high-bounding in the chace,
Still, as at firſt, unrivall'd lead the race:
I well diſcern him, as he ſhakes the rein,
And hear his ſhouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. Idomeneus incens'd rejoin'd.
Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind!
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beſide
The laſt in merit, as the firſt in pride:

Ver. 554.] The rhymes are bad. The following ſubſtitution is, perhaps, only preferable as more expreſſive of the original:

An Argive king, his ſhape and ſize declare,
Th' Ætolian Diomed, brave Tydeus' heir.

Ver. 556.] Various inaccuracies are found in our poet's verſion of theſe ſpeeches; but the reader would not thank me for a ſcrupulous enumeration of trivial deviations in paſſages, not ſuſceptible of poetical embelliſhment, and on which our attentions cannot "linger with delight." Mr. Cowper will gratify ſuch as wiſh the moſt exact fidelity to the language and ſentiments of the author.

Ver. 562.] Thus Ogilby:

Thoſe are Eumelus ſteeds who ſcoure the *plaines*,
And that himſelf ſo ſteady guides the *reins*.

Ver. 563.] This line is interpolated by the tranſlator.

Ver. 565. *The diſpute between Idomeneus and Ajax.*] Nothing

To vile reproach what anſwer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us ſtake,
And be the king the judge. The moſt unwiſe
Will learn their raſhneſs, when they pay the price.

---

could be more naturally imagined than this contention at a horſe-race: the leaders were divided into parties, and each was intereſted for his friend: the poet had a two-fold deſign, not only to embelliſh and diverſify his poem by ſuch natural circumſtances, but alſo to ſhew us, as Euſtathius obſerves, from the conduct of Ajax, that paſſionate men betray themſelves into follies, and are themſelves guilty of the faults of which they accuſe others.

It is with a particular decency that Homer makes Achilles the arbitrator between Idomeneus and Ajax: Agamemnon was his ſuperiour in the army, but as Achilles exhibited the ſhows, he was the proper judge of any difference that ſhould ariſe about them. Had the conteſt been between Ajax and Idomeneus, conſidered as ſoldiers, the cauſe muſt have been brought before Agamemnon; but as they are to be conſidered as ſpectators of the games, they ought to be determined by Achilles.

It may not be unneceſſary juſt to obſerve to the reader the judiciouſneſs of Homer's conduct in making Achilles exhibit the games, and not Agamemnon: Achilles is the hero of the poem, and conſequently muſt be the chief actor in all the great ſcenes of it: he had remained inactive during a great part of the poem, yet the poet makes his very inactivity contribute to the carrying on the deſign of his Ilias: and to ſupply his abſence from many of the buſy ſcenes of the preceding parts of it, he now in the concluſion makes him almoſt the ſole agent: by theſe means he leaves a noble idea of his hero upon the mind of his reader; as he raiſed our expectations when he brought him upon the ſtage of action, ſo he makes him go off with the utmoſt pomp and applauſe. P.

So Chapman:

——————— Thou beſt, in ſpeeches worſt;
Barbarous languag'd:

but Pope's rhymes are incorrect.

Ver. 568.] Ogilby renders,

He ſaid: and Ajax by mad paſſion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce ſcorn enhancing ſcorn
To fell extremes. But Thetis' god-like ſon,
Awful, amidſt them roſe, and thus begun.
Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would ye blame, ſhould others thus offend:
And lo! th'approaching ſteeds your conteſt end.
No ſooner had he ſpoke, but thund'ring near,
Drives, thro' a ſtream of duſt, the charioteer.
High o'er his head the circling laſh he wields;
His bounding horſes ſcarcely touch the fields:

A tripod or a charger I dare *ſtake*,
(And let us Agamemnon umpire *make*).

Ver. 576.] Our poet much abbreviates, and miſrepreſents his author. I will give a correction of Ogilby to the reader, with one verſe from Pope:

Ye chiefs! it miſbecomes you *to* contend;
Much would ye blame, ſhould others thus offend.
Sit ſtill, *expectant* who ſhall *gain* the palm;
Soon their arrival muſt your paſſions calm;
Their hopes will give them wings: ye then will ſee,
Whoſe horſes foremoſt, and whoſe ſecond be.

Ver. 579.] Our tranſlator ſeems to have had his eye on Hobbes:

This ſaid, they ſaw Tydides very *near*
Plying his whip; his horſes ſeem'd to fly;
And cover'd was with duſt *the charretier*;
And hard it was the track o' th' wheels to ſpy.

And our poet's criticiſm on verſe 581, wherever he found it, ſeems erroneous: compare Il. O. 352.

Ver. 581. *High o'er his head the circling laſh he wields.*] I am perſuaded that the common tranſlation of the word Καλωμασδν, in

His car amidſt the duſty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent thro' the cloud: no eye can find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce courſers urg'd their rapid pace
So ſwift, it ſeem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides ſtands,
Quits his bright car, and ſprings upon the ſands;

---

the original of this verſe, is faulty: it is rendered, *he laſhed the horſes continually over the ſhoulders*; whereas I fancy it ſhould be tranſlated thus, *aſſidué* (equos) *agitabat ſcutica ab humero ducta.* This naturally expreſſes the very action, and whirl of the whip over the driver's ſhoulder, in the act of laſhing the horſes, and agrees with the uſe of the ſame word in the 431ſt line of this book in the original, where ἧρα δίσκῳ κυλινδομένοιο muſt be tranſlated *jactus diſci ab humero vibrati.* P.

Perſpicuity abſolutely requires us to correct,
High o'er his head the laſh Tydides wields.

Ver. 585.] This is a ſtretch beyond his author, who may be faithfully repreſented thus:

——————————— nor diſtinct
Appear'd the pathway of the wheels behind
In the fine duſt: ſo rapidly they flew.

But our tranſlator ſeems to have made uſe of both his predeceſſors: for thus Chapman:

——————— no wheele ſeene, nor wheeles print in the mould
Impreſt behind them. Theſe horſe flew, a flight; not ranne a race.

And thus Ogilby, in no deſpicable ſtrains:

So ſwiftly ran his courſers, that their heels
Made no impreſſion, nor his chariot wheels.

From the hot ſteeds the ſweaty torrents ſtream;
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vaſe, and dame with radiant eyes:
Theſe to the ſhips his train triumphant leads,
The chief himſelf unyokes the panting ſteeds.
Young Neſtor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-paſt Atrides) ſecond in the courſe.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courſer in his ſwift career
The following car, juſt touching with his heel
And bruſhing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such, and ſo narrow now the ſpace between
The rivals, late ſo diſtant on the green;
So ſoon ſwift Æthe her loſt ground regain'd,
One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.
Merion purſu'd, at greater diſtance ſtill,
With tardier courſers, and inferiour ſkill.
Laſt came, Admetus! thy unhappy ſon;
Slow dragg'd the ſteeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles ſaw, and pitying thus begun.
Behold! the man whoſe matchleſs art ſurpaſt
The ſons of Greece! the ableſt, yet the laſt!

Ver. 601.] Thus Ogilby:

Who yet him reach't ſo far as monarchs *wheels*
Scowring ſoft downes purſue the horſes *heels*.

Fortune denies, but juſtice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the firſt away)
To him the ſecond honours of the day.
The Greeks conſent with loud applauding cries,
And then Eumelus had receiv'd the prize,
But youthful Neſtor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award oppoſes, and aſſerts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will reſign
O Peleus' ſon! the mare ſo juſtly mine.
What if the Gods, the ſkilful to confound,
Have thrown the horſe and horſeman to the ground?

Ver. 614. *Fortune denies, but juſtice*, &c.] Achilles here intends to ſhew, that it is not juſt, fortune ſhould rule over virtue, but that a brave man who had performed his duty, and who did not bring upon himſelf his misfortune, ought to have the recompence he has deſerved: and this principle is juſt, provided we do not reward him at the expence of another's right: Eumelus is a Theſſalian, and it is probable Achilles has a partiality to his countryman. Dacier. P.

Ver. 617.] Of the latter part of this verſe there are no traces in his author, or any of his predeceſſors; it was introduced for the ſake of the rhyme only. Thus? more accurately:

All to this ſentence of the chief agreed:
And *ſtraight* Eumelus had receiv'd the *ſteed*—.

Ver. 621.] Our tranſlator is but inattentive to his author in the preſent paſſage. The following attempt is literally exact:

Achilles, much reſentment ſhall I feel
At this: you mean to take away my prize,
For this diſaſter to his car and ſteeds;
They ſwift, he ſkilfull: but he ſhould have pray'd
To Heaven; nor ſurely then had been the laſt.

Perhaps he ſought not heav'n by ſacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet (diſtinction to thy friend to ſhow,
And pleaſe a ſoul deſirous to beſtow,)
Some gift muſt grace Eumelus; view thy ſtore
Of beauteous handmaids, ſteeds, and ſhining ore,
An ample preſent let him thence receive,
And Greece ſhall praiſe thy gen'rous thirſt to give.
But this, my prize, I never ſhall forego;
This, who but touches, warriours! is my foe.

Ver. 629.] Literally thus:

Thy will incline, thy tents in plenty hold
Steeds, ſheep, and captive women, braſs and gold.

Ver. 633. *But this, my prize, I never ſhall forego.*——] There is an air of bravery in this diſcourſe of Antilochus: he ſpeaks with the generoſity of a gallant ſoldier, and prefers his honour to his intereſt; he tells Achilles if he pleaſes he may make Eumelus a richer preſent than his prize; he is not concerned for the value of it; but as it was the reward of victory, he would not reſign it, becauſe that would be an acknowledgment that Eumelus deſerved it.

The character of Antilochus is admirably ſuſtained through this whole epiſode; he is a very ſenſible man, but tranſported with youthful heat, and ambitious of glory: his raſhneſs in driving ſo furiouſly againſt Menelaus muſt be imputed to this; but his paſſions being gratified by the conqueſt in the race, his reaſon again returns, he owns his error, and is full of reſignation to Menelaus. P.

Ver. 634.] Or, as Chapman expreſſes his author more diſtinctly:

His hand and mine muſt change ſome blowes.

Thus ſpake the youth, nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flatt'ry of a friend,
Achilles ſmil'd: The gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we ſhall ourſelf provide.
With plates of braſs the corſelet cover'd o'er,
(The ſame renown'd Aſteropæus wore)
Whoſe glitt'ring margins rais'd with ſilver ſhine;
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, ſhall be thine.
He ſaid: Automedon at his command
The corſelet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Diſtinguiſh'd by his friend, his boſom glows
With gen'rous joy: then Menelaüs roſe;
The herald plac'd the ſceptre in his hands,
And ſtill'd the clamour of the ſhouting bands.
Not without cauſe incens'd at Neſtor's ſon,
And inly grieving, thus the King begun:
The praiſe of wiſdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act ſo raſh (Antilochus) has ſtain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my juſt reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:

Ver. 636.] He might eaſily have exhibited his author with more ſimplicity, as follows:

Pleas'd with th' *ingenuous frankneſs* of *his* friend,

Ver. 651.] They, who wiſh for rigid accuracy (and rigid accuracy is the firſt merit of a tranſlator) muſt have recourſe to Mr. Cowper's verſion of this ſpeech: but the minutiæ of variation, ſcrupulouſly ſtated, in paſſages of this complexion, might weary and diſguſt the reader.

So not a leader ſhall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But ſhall not we, ourſelves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact ſo plain?
What Greek ſhall blame me, if I bid thee riſe,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Riſe if thou dar'ſt, before thy chariot ſtand,
The driving ſcourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whoſe liquid arms ſurround
The globe, and whoſe dread earthquakes heave the ground.
The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuſe, if youth have err'd;
Superiour as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or ſenſe.

Ver. 663. *And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear —.*] It is evident, ſays Euſtathius, from hence, that all fraud was forbid in this chariot race; but it is not very plain what unlawful deceit Antilochus uſed againſt Menelaus: perhaps Antilochus in his haſte had declined from the race-ground, and avoided ſome of the uneven places of it, and conſequently took an unfair advantage of his adverſary; or perhaps his driving ſo furiouſly againſt Menelaus, as to endanger both their chariots and their lives, might be reckoned foul play; and therefore Antilochus refuſes to take the oath. P.

Thou know'ſt the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counſels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath reſign;
The mare, or aught thou aſk'ſt, be freely thine:
E'er I become (from thy dear friendſhip torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forſworn.
So ſpoke Antilochus; and at the word
The mare conteſted to the king reſtor'd.
Joy ſwells his ſoul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the ſpringing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;

Ver. 671.] Ogilby is not to be deſpiſed:

Thou know'ſt what follies head-ſtrong youth poſſeſs;
Their fancy quicker, but their judgment leſs.

Ver. 679. *Joy ſwells his ſoul: as when the vernal grain*, &c.] Euſtathius is very large in the explication of this ſimilitude, which at the firſt view ſeems obſcure: his words are theſe,

As the dew raiſes the blades of corn, that are for want of it weak and depreſſed, and by pervading the pores of the corn animates and makes it flouriſh, ſo did the behaviour of Antilochus raiſe the dejected mind of Menelaus, exalt his ſpirits, and reſtore him to a full ſatisfaction.

I have given the reader his interpretation, and tranſlated it with the liberty of poetry: it is very much in the language of Scripture, and in the ſpirit of the Orientals. P.

This repreſentation of the *ſimile* is not, I think, exact. The following effort is literal and commenſurate with the original:

——————— and on his mind
Refreſhment came, as dew on earing corn,
When ripening harveſts briſtle through the fields.

Ver. 682.] So Chapman:

That as corn-eares *ſhine with the dew*:

Such joy the Spartan's ſhining face o'erſpread
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he ſaid.
Still may our ſouls, O gen'rous youth! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
Raſh heat perhaps a moment might controul,
Not break the ſettled temper of thy ſoul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis ſtill the wiſer way
To wave contention with ſuperiour ſway;
For ah! how few, who ſhould like thee offend,
Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:

---

and Milton, Par. Loſt, iv. 644:

——————on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew.

Nor has Ogilby aimed amiſs:

As dew inammells with its pearly drops
Fields ranck with corn, and cheers the drooping tops—.

Ver. 683.] Literally,

So, Menelaus! was thy mind refreſh'd:
And thus in winged words the monarch ſpake.

Ver. 685.] The purport of this verſe is not found in Homer; but our tranſlator ſeems to have followed Ogilby:

We now are friends, Antilochus! I find
That youth's ambition did thy judgment blind.

Ver. 693.] With more fidelity, thus:

But plead indulgence and thy fault atone
Thy father's, *brother's* merits, and *thine* own.

And the rhymes of the next couplet are too ſimilar to theſe; and thoſe, that follow, have too lately occurred: otherwiſe, this reply is executed with uncommon taſte and ſpirit.

Gen'rous alike, for me, the ſire and ſon
Have greatly ſuffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my ſoul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.
He ſaid; and pleas'd his paſſion to command,
Reſign'd the courſer to Noëmon's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himſelf content,
The ſhining charger to his veſſel ſent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to rev'rend Neſtor bears,
And thus the purpoſe of his gift declares.
Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire! (he ſaid)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;

Ver. 702.] Rather *the caldron*, as Chapman and Hobbes have rendered; but our poet followed Ogilby:

And the bright *charger* then himſelf receives:

a word particularly unhappy in this place.

Ver. 707, *Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire!*] The poet in my opinion preſerves a great deal of decency towards this old hero and venerable counſellor; he gives him an honorary reward for his ſuperiour wiſdom, and therefore calls it ἄεθλον, and not δῶρον, a prize, and not a preſent. The moral of Homer is, that princes ought no leſs to honour and recompenſe thoſe who excel in wiſdom and counſel, than thoſe who are capable of actual ſervice.

Achilles, perhaps, had a double view in paying him this reſpect, not only out of deference to his age, and wiſdom, but alſo becauſe he had in a manner won the prize by the advice he gave his ſon; ſo that Neſtor may be ſaid to have conquered in the perſon of Antilochus. Euſtathius. P.

More correctly to the language of his original, thus:

Accept, *and treaſure up*, O! ſire (he ſaid)
This dear memorial of Patroclus dead,

Dead, and for ever loſt Patroclus lies,
For ever ſnatch'd from our deſiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the diſtant dart,
The quoit to toſs, the pond'rous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wreſtle on the field.
Thy preſent vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the paſt thy own.
He ſaid, and plac'd the goblet at his ſide;
With joy, the venerable king reply'd.
Wiſely and well, my ſon, thy words have prov'd
A ſenior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!

Ver. 713.] What our poet means by his *mace*, I know no more than my *Lord-Mayor:* I ſuppoſe the word is intended as a ſubſtitute for the *whirlbats* of our old tranſlators. Thus, exactly:

To toſs the *javelin*, or the *ceſtus* wield.

Ver. 715.] This couplet repreſents the following ſentence only of his author:

——————for age lies heavy on thee now.

Ver. 719. *Neſtor's ſpeech to Achilles.*] This ſpeech is admirably well adapted to the character of Neſtor: he aggrandizes, with an infirmity peculiar to age, his own exploits; and one would think Horace had him in his eye,

" ——————Laudator temporis acti
" Se puero"——————

Neither is it any blemiſh to the character of Neſtor thus to be a little talkative about his own atchievements: to have deſcribed him otherwiſe, would have been an outrage to human nature, in as much as the wiſeſt man living is not free from the infirmities of man; and as every ſtage of life has ſome imperfection peculiar to itſelf.

——————Ὁ μὲν ἔμπεδον ἠνίοχευεν.
——Ἔμπεδον ἠνίοχευ.

Too true it is, deſerted of my ſtrength,
Theſe wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known thro' Buprafium and the Pylian ſhore!

The reader may obſerve that the old man takes abundance of pains to give reaſons how his rivals came to be victors in the chariot-race: he is very ſollicitous to make it appear that it was not through any want of ſkill or power in himſelf: and in my opinion Neſtor is never more vain-glorious, than in this recital of his own diſappointment.

It is for the ſame reaſon he repeats the words I have cited above: he obtrudes (by that repetition) the diſadvantages under which he laboured, upon the obſervation of the reader, for fear he ſhould impute the loſs of the victory to his want of ſkill.

Neſtor ſays that theſe Moliones overpowered him by their *number*. The criticks, as Euſtathius remarks, have laboured hard to explain this difficulty; they tell us a formal ſtory, that when Neſtor was ready to enter the liſts againſt theſe brothers, he objected againſt them as unfair adverſaries, (for it muſt be remembered that they were monſters that grew together, and conſequently had four hands to Neſtor's two) but the judges would not allow his plea, but determined, that as they grew together, ſo they ought to be conſidered as one man.

Others tell us that they brought ſeveral chariots into the liſts, whoſe charioteers combined together in favour of Eurytus and Cteatus, theſe brother-monſters.

Others ſay, that the multitude of the ſpectators conſpired to diſappoint Neſtor.

I thought it neceſſary to give my reader theſe ſeveral conjectures that he might underſtand why Neſtor ſays he was overpowered by Πλήθει, or *numbers*; and alſo, becauſe it confirms my former obſervation, that Neſtor is very careful to draw his own picture in the ſtrongeſt colours, and to ſhew it in the faireſt light. P.

Ver. 721.] His original is very lively and expreſſive:

No more, dear youth! my limbs and feet are firm;
Nor from each ſhoulder play my pliant hands.

Victorious then in ev'ry ſolemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all reſign the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the ſand,
Surpaſt Iphyclus in the ſwift career,
Pyleus and Polydorus, with the ſpear.
The ſons of Actor won the prize of horſe,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the fam'd twins, impatient to ſurvey
Prize after prize by Neſtor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One laſh'd the courſers, while one rul'd the reins.

Ver. 729.] Thus, more exactly to the original, and with a happy riddance of a vile accent, contrary to the example of his predeceſſors in tranſlation:

I Clytomedes quell'd in fights of hand,
And, *wreſtling*, *threw* Ancæus on the ſand.

Ver. 731.] I prefer Ogilby, thus corrected:

Iphiclus I outran: *my javelin* bore
The prize from Pyleus and *from* Polydore.

Ver. 737.] The ſignificant word of his original may be thus preſerved:

Before me ſhot; *while*, with united pains—.

Ogilby has an elegant turn at this paſſage, conformably to his author:

Theſe brothers twins; one well the rains did guide,
Guide well the rains, the whip the other ply'd:

the numbers of which might be thus ſmoothed and cemented:

Twin-brothers they: one well the reins could guide,
Guide well the reins; his whip the ſecond ply'd.

Compare the note on Iliad xxii. 167. xx. 421.

Such once I was! Now to theſe taſks ſucceeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield alas! (to age who muſt not yield?)
Tho' once the foremoſt hero of the field.
Go thou, my ſon! by gen'rous friendſhip led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands preſent,
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent)
Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous Greeks, to ſee
Not one but honours ſacred age and me:
Thoſe due diſtinctions thou ſo well can'ſt pay,
May the juſt Gods return another day.

Proud of the gift, thus ſpake the Full of Days:
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praiſe.

The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the cæſtus wield.
A ſtately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of ſix years age, unconſcious of the yoke,
Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound;
Next ſtands a goblet, maſſy, large and round.

Ver. 751.] This couplet has but little reſemblance to it's original, and the rhymes are almoſt the ſame with the preceding. Thus?

He heard this praiſe attentive, and again,
When Neſtor ended, join'd th' expectant train.

Our tranſlator, I preſume, had in mind a verſe of Dryden, at Æn. v. 632:

The champion then, before Æneas came;
Proud of his prize, but *prouder of his fame.*

Achilles riſing, thus: Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And ruſh beneath the long-deſcending ſtroke.
On whom Apollo ſhall the palm beſtow,
And whom the Greeks ſupreme by conqueſt know,
This mule his dauntleſs labours ſhall repay;
The vanquiſh'd bear the maſſy bowl away.
This dreadful combat great Epëus choſe;
High o'er the croud, enormous bulk! he roſe,
And ſeiz'd the beaſt, and thus began to ſay:
Stand forth ſome man, to bear the bowl away!
(Price of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right? th' undoubted victor I.
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle ſhine,
But the firſt honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but firſt his certain fortune know,
Secure, this hand ſhall his whole frame confound,
Maſh all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train
To heave the batter'd carcaſe off the plain.

Ver. 761.] This couplet is lengthened out from a portion of his author, thus fully exhibited in Chapman's verſion:

——— who beſt can ſtrike, with high contracted fiſts.

The Giant ſpoke; and in a ſtupid gaze
The hoſt beheld him, ſilent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durſt aſpire
To meet his might, and emulate thy ſire,
The great Meciſtheus; who in days of yore
In Theban games the nobleſt trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And ſingly vanquiſh'd the Cadmæan race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conqueſt for his friend;
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wriſt the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion ſtands,
And poiſes high in air his iron hands;
With claſhing gauntlets now they fiercely cloſe,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful ſweat from all their members flows.

Ver. 792.] This periphraſis is from Dryden, Æn. v. 537:

With fear and wonder ſeiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death.

Ver. 795.] Dryden, ver. 569, of the ſame book:

With *claſhing gauntlets* then provoke the war:

who found it in Lauderdale's ſpirited attempt:

And *claſhing gauntlets* flake their fiſts with fire.

Ver. 796.] Dryden, ver. 582:

——————— oft the gauntlet draws
A ſweeping ſtroke, along *the crackling jaws.*

And Ogilby has the thymes of our tranſlator:

On ratling cheeks they ballance blows with *blows,*
Till ſweat their limbs in trickling ſtream o'er-*flows.*

At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that pond'rous arm's reſiſtleſs ſway
Down dropt he, nerveleſs and extended lay.
As a large fiſh, when winds and waters roar,
By ſome huge billow daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
Lies panting: not leſs batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;

Ver. 802.] No compariſon could poſſibly be deviſed more accurate and lively, or more truly deſcriptive of that inſtantaneous ſpring upwards, frequently occaſioned by a blow upon the temples; but the purpoſe and language of the maſter poet are moſt miſerably miſconceived by Dacier, Cowper, and our tranſlator; leſs ſo by Chapman and Ogilby, but properly underſtood by Hobbes alone; whoſe verſion is this:

As when the ſea is curl'd by Zephyrus,
A little fiſh leaps up and falls agen;
So ſtarted at the ſtroak Euryalus,
And fainted.

I ſhall endeavour to communicate, but with ſome diffuſion, for the ſake of clearneſs, a more exact reſemblance of the great poet's phraſeology in the dreſs of a blank verſion:

As, by the weedy ſhore, beneath the curl
Of ſhivering Boreas, ſprings a fiſh in air,
And in the black wave diſappears at once:
Thus from the blow the champion ſprang aloft.

This ſportive humour of fiſh in a gentle breeze is well known to thoſe who have frequented the banks of *rivers*; and takes place probably in the *ſea* alſo, if it be neceſſary to underſtand the original paſſage as reſpecting the *ſea* in particular.

Ver. 805.] There is nothing of this in Homer, but the tranſlator annexed it to round his exhibition of the *ſimile*.

Whoſe arms ſupport him, reeling thro' the throng,
And dragging his diſabled legs along;
Nodding, his head hangs down his ſhoulder o'er;
His mouth and noſtrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapt round in miſts he lies, and loſt to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought:
The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wreſtlers to the level ſands:
A maſſy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice ſix oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loſer's ſpirits to reſtore,
A female captive, valu'd but at four.

Ver. 811.] Thus Dryden, Æn. v. 625:

His mouth and noſtrils pour'd a purple flood;
And pounded teeth came ruſhing with his blood.
Faintly he ſtagger'd through the hiſſing *throng*,
And *hung his head*, and trail'd *his legs along*.

Ver. 817.] The rhyme is beyond all mortal ſufferance. The following attempt may be ſomething better:

At twice ſix oxen *Greece eſteem'd the prize.*

Ver. 819. *A female captive, valu'd but at four.*] I cannot in civility neglect a remark upon this paſſage by Madam Dacier, who highly reſents the affront put upon her ſex by the ancients, who ſet (it ſeems) thrice the value upon a tripod as upon a beautiful female ſlave: nay, ſhe is afraid the value of women is not raiſed even in our days; for ſhe ſays there are curious perſons now living, who had rather have a true antique kettle, than the fineſt woman alive: I confeſs I entirely agree with the lady, and muſt impute ſuch opinions of the fair ſex to want of taſte in both ancients and moderns: the reader may remember that theſe tripods were of no

Scarce did the chief the vig'rous ſtrife propoſe,
When tow'r-like Ajax and Ulyſſes roſe.
Amid the ring each nervous rival ſtands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Cloſe lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet, at diſtance fixt:

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uſe, but made entirely for ſhow; and conſequently the moſt ſatyrical critick could only ſay, the woman and tripod ought to have borne an equal value. P.

Ver. 820.] The tranſlator abridges his original, who may be literally given thus:

He ſtood erect, and thus addreſt the Greeks:
Riſe ye, who this game alſo will attempt.
He ſaid: great Telamonian Ajax roſe,
And ſage Ulyſſes, in all ſleights expert.

Ver. 822.] More accurately,

Amid the ring, *equipp'd*, each rival ſtands.

Ver. 823.] Milton had preceded our poet in his uſe of this word in it's primitive and claſſical acceptation: Par. Loſt. vii. 323:

And buſh with frizzled hair *implicit*.

Pope ſeems too to have caſt his eye on Hobbes:

And one another with twin'd arms *embrace*.

But the whole paſſage is ſtrangely miſrepreſented and diſguiſed by our tranſlator, as the reader will diſcover from the following literal attempt:

Their hands with ſturdy gripe each other ſeiz'd;
Compact, as beams of ſome tall dome, conjoin'd
By ſkilful artiſts, ſedulous to ward
The piercing winds. Their backs, with vigour wrench'd,
Creakt in their hands; the watery ſweat ſtream'd down:
Wheals, o'er their ſides and ſhoulders, frequent ſprang,
Purpled with blood; whilſt each inceſſant ſtrives,
Of conqueſt eager, for the well-wrought vaſe:

which carries us down to verſe 834 of our tranſlator.

Like two ſtrong rafters which the builder forms
Proof to the wint'ry wind and howling ſtorms,
Their tops connected, but at wider ſpace
Fixt on the center ſtands their ſolid baſe.
Now to the graſp each manly body bends;
The humid ſweat from every pore deſcends;
Their bones reſound with blows: ſides, ſhoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours riſe.
Nor could Ulyſſes, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the ſtrength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the ſtrength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long ſtrife ev'n tir'd the lookers on,
Thus to Ulyſſes ſpoke great Telamon.
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our force, and Jove the reſt decree.

Ver. 826. *Like two ſtrong rafters*, &c.] I will give the reader the words of Euſtathius upon this ſimilitude, which very happily repreſents the wreſtlers in the poſture of wreſtling. Their heads leaned one againſt the other, like the rafters that ſupport the roof of a houſe; at the foot they are disjointed, and ſtand at a greater diſtance, which naturally paints the attitude of body in theſe two wreſtlers, while they contend for victory. P.

Ver. 837.] Thus, with more fidelity to the language of his author:

The *firm reſiſtance* of his *ſturdy* foe.

Ver. 839.] Rather,

Thus ſpake *the mighty ſon of* Telamon.

He ſaid; and ſtraining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchleſs ſtrength; that time Ulyſſes found
The ſtrength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle ſtruck: the giant fell ſupine:
Ulyſſes following, on his boſom lies;
Shouts of applauſe run rattling thro' the ſkies.
Ajax to lift, Ulyſſes next eſſays,
He barely ſtirr'd him, but he could not raiſe:

Ver. 844.] To avoid this ungraceful eliſion, I ſhould correct:

To *foil his foe*; and where ——.

Ver. 845.] He ſhould have rendered, I apprehend, the *ham* or *hip*, with the other tranſlators, rather than the *ancle*.

Ver. 847.] Homer ſays only,

——— the people with amazement gaz'd;

but our poet might be led by Ogilby:

——— volly'd *ſhouts* reſound;

or by Dacier: "Les troupes, ravies d'admiration, pouſſent de *grands cris*, et élevent *juſqu' aux cieux* le fils de Laërte."

Ver. 849. *He barely ſtirr'd him, but he could not raiſe.*] The poet by this circumſtance excellently maintains the character of Ajax, who has all along been deſcribed as a ſtrong, unwieldy warriour: he is ſo heavy, that Ulyſſes can ſcarce lift him. The words that follow will bear a different meaning, either that Ajax locked his leg within that of Ulyſſes, or that Ulyſſes did it. Euſtathius obſerves, that if Ajax gave Ulyſſes this ſhock, then he may be allowed to have ſome appearance of an equality in the conteſt; but if Ulyſſes gave it, then Ajax muſt be acknowledged to have been foiled: but (continues he) it appeared to be otherwiſe to Achilles, who was the judge of the field, and therefore he gives them an equal prize, becauſe they were equal in the conteſt.

His knee lock'd faſt, the foe's attempt deny'd;
And grappling cloſe, they tumble ſide by ſide.
Defil'd with honourable duſt, they roll,
Still breathing ſtrife, and unſubdu'd of ſoul:
Again they rage, again to combat riſe;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize.

Your nobler vigour, oh my friends, reſtrain;
Nor weary out your gen'rous ſtrength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that proweſs you have prov'd ſo well.

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the duſt away,
And, cloth'd anew, the following games ſurvey.

Madam Dacier miſrepreſents Euſtathius on this place, in ſaying he thinks it was Ulyſſes who gave the ſecond ſtroke to Ajax, whereas it appears by the foregoing note that he rather determines otherwiſe in conſent with the judgment given by Achilles. P.

Ver. 850.] I ſee no ambiguity in the original. The ſecond ſtroke was given by Ulyſſes.

Ver. 856.] Chapman diſplays conſiderable dexterity in a cloſe and faithful verſion of this ſhort addreſs:

No more tug one another thus, nor moyle yourſelves; receive
Prize equall; conqueſt crownes ye both; the liſts to others leave.

Ver. 861.] Thus Hobbes:

And *from their bodies wipt the duſt away,*

But I ſhould baniſh the concluding line of the triplet, which is partly interpolated, by this ſubſtitution in the preſent verſe:

Their *veſts put on*, and wipe the duſt away.

And now ſucceed the gifts, ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A ſilver urn that full ſix meaſures held,
By none in weight or workmanſhip excell'd:
Sidonian artiſts taught the frame to ſhine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian ſailors did the prize tranſport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him deſcended good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon ſpar'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the ſame hero's funeral rites to grace,
It ſtands the prize of ſwiftneſs in the race.
A well-fed ox was for the ſecond plac'd;
And half a talent muſt content the laſt.

Ver. 866.] His original preſcribes,

By none in *curious* workmanſhip excell'd:

but our tranſlator took his ſupplement from Chapman, who more fully exhibits the emphatical language of his author:

——————— a boule, beyond compariſon
(Both for *the ſize and workmanſhip*) paſt all the boules of earth:

and his rhymes from Ogilby:

Next gifts he plac'd for runners who *excel'd*,
A ſilver goblet which ſix gallons *held*.

Ver. 870.] *The Lemnian port* is engrafted on his original from Dacier: "Elle avoit été apportée ſur les vaiſſeaux des Pheniciens, "qui étant abordés à *Lemnos*, en avoient fait préſent au roi "Thoas."

Ver. 876.] Inſufferable rhymes! from Ogilby:

Achilles riſing then beſpoke the train:
Who hope the palm of ſwiftneſs to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear theſe prizes from the plain.

The hero ſaid, and ſtarting from his place,
Oïlean Ajax riſes to the race;
Ulyſſes next; and he whoſe ſpeed ſurpaſt
His youthful equals, Neſtor's ſon the laſt.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers ſtand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand;
All ſtart at once; Oïleus led the race;
The next Ulyſſes, meaſ'ring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently cloſe, he ſped,
As cloſely following as the running thread

This for the firſt; then for the ſecond *plac'd*
A ſteer, and half a talent for the *laſt:*

Thus, perhaps; not leſs exactly:

An ox the ſecond gains, of ample ſize;
Half a gold-talent for the hindmoſt lies.

Ver. 881.] Ogilby juſt below:

——————— each one takes his *place*;
Achilles marks the period for the *race*.

Ver. 890.] Ogilby's tranſlation appears to me very laudable, and is in length correſpondent to his author:

Near as the ſhuttle to a woman's breaſt,
When in her loom ſhe weaves ſome curious ſtuff,
Swift intermingling with her warp the woofe:

by which the reader will ſee, that nothing could be eaſily ſuppoſed more diſſimilar to his author, than Pope's tranſlation; but he ſeems to have caught his conception of the paſſage from Chapman, who is moſt luxuriantly diffuſe:

The ſpindle follows, and diſplays the charms
Of the fair ſpinſter's breaſt, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
And treads each footſtep e'er the duſt can riſe:
His glowing breath upon his ſhoulders plays; 895
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raiſe,

And as a ladie at her loome, being young and beauteous,
Her ſilke-ſhittle cloſe to her breaſt (with grace that doth inflame,
And her white hand) lifts quicke, and oft, in drawing from her frame
Her gentle thread; which ſhe unwinds, with ever at her breſt,
Gracing her faire hand.

Ver. 893.] Ogilby is much more juſt:

So near Ulyſſes after Ajax flyes,
His ſteps reprinting e'er the duſt could riſe:

for this fancy of *graceful motion* is altogether foreign to his author and the ſubject. The original runs exactly thus:

——————— ſo near Ulyſſes ran, and preſt
His fooſteps, e'er the duſt was ſcatter'd round;

but our poet ſtill ſticks to Chapman:

——————— juvat uſque morari
Et conferre gradum:

for thus that tranſlator:

——— So cloſe ſtill, and with ſuch *intereſt*
In all mens likings, Ithacus, unwound, and ſpent the race
By him before; tooke out his ſteps, with putting in their place,
Promptly and *gracefully* his owne; ſprinkl'd the duſt before.

Ver. 896.] The ſenſe of Homer, which correſponds to theſe *three* verſes, may be thus exhibited:

———— the Greeks with loud acclaim
His thirſt of victory prompt, and urge his ſpeed.

To him they give their wiſhes, hearts, and eyes,
And ſend their ſouls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in proſpect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his ſoul:
Aſſiſt, O goddeſs! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And preſent at his thought, deſcends the Maid.
Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax ſtumbles on the plain;
(O'erturn'd by Pallas) where the ſlipp'ry ſhore
Was clogg'd with ſlimy dung, and mingled gore.

Ver. 898.] This verſe is modelled from one of Dryden's, Æn. v. 857:

He ſent his voice before him as he flew;

compare the note on book xiv. verſe 172.

Ver. 899.] Where our poet found his ſpecific number of *three times*, I have not been able to diſcover.

Ver. 901. *Aſſiſt, O goddeſs! (thus in thought he pray'd.)*] Nothing could be better adapted to the preſent circumſtance of Ulyſſes than this prayer: it is ſhort, and ought to be ſo, becauſe the time would not allow him to make a longer; nay he prefers this petition mentally, οὐ κατὰ θυμὸν; all his faculties are ſo bent upon the race, that he does not call off his attention from it, even to ſpeak ſo ſhort a petition as ſeven words, which comprehend the whole of it: ſuch paſſages as theſe are inſtances of great judgment in the poet. P.

Ver. 903.] This fine couplet has occurred in nearly the ſame words before, book xix. verſe 418.

Ver. 907.] Ogilby's couplet is preferable in point of adherence to the language of his author. I ſhall give it to the reader with ſlight correction:

(The ſelf-ſame place beſide Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the ſlaughter'd victims fed the fire)
Beſmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obſcene to ſight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the ſecond prize) he ſhar'd,
And left the urn Ulyſſes' rich reward.
Then, graſping by the horn the mighty beaſt,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks addreſt.

Accurſed fate! the conqueſt I forego;
A mortal I, a goddeſs was my foe:
She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulyſſes, won the day.

Where *ſlaughter'd oxen's* blood had dy'd the plain,
Patroclus' victims by Achilles ſlain.

Ver. 911.] Thus Dryden, Æn. v. 433:

He fell, *beſmear'd with filth* and holy gore:

where an attentive reader will diſcover one of thoſe oblique ſtrokes of *ſatire* on the *prieſthood*, which this great poet omitted no occaſion to indulge, "in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon;" though, in this inſtance, it was ready to his hands in Lauderdale. But there is ſomething in Pope's couplet neither eaſy nor accurate. Thus?

Obſcene to ſight, *his noſtrils and his eyes*
With ordure fill'd, the ruthful racer lies.

Ver. 912.] This *epithet* is very happy, but was ſuggeſted by Chapman:

——— and left his lips, noſe, eyes,
Ruthfully ſmer'd.

Ver. 916.] Or, conformably to hïs original:

And, ſputtering filth, he thus the Greeks addreſt:

but our poet, I ſee, has introduced the thought after the ſpeech.

Thus ſourly wail'd he, ſputt'ring dirt and gore,
A burſt of laughter echo'd thro' the ſhore.
Antilochus, more hum'rous than the reſt,
Takes the laſt prize, and takes it with a jeſt.
Why with our wiſer elders ſhould we ſtrive?
The Gods ſtill love them, and they always thrive.
Ye ſee, to Ajax I muſt yield the prize:
He to Ulyſſes, ſtill more aged and wiſe;
(A green old age unconſcious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days!)
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boaſts a ſwifter pace:

Ver. 924. *And takes it with a jeſt.*] Antilochus comes off very well, and wittily prevents raillery; by attributing the victory of his rivals to the protection which the Gods gave to age. By this he inſinuates, that he has ſomething to comfort himſelf with; (for youth is better than the prize) and that he may pretend hereafter to the ſame protection, ſince it is a privilege of ſeniority. Dacier. P.

Ver. 925.] This ſpeech is but looſely rendered. Let the reader accept a literal repreſentation of it; in what appears to me it's proper ſpirit:

Friends! I but tell you what ye know; that ſtill
Th' immortals honour men of riper years.
Ajax is ſomewhat older than myſelf;
But he belongs to generations paſt,
A vigorous gray-beard! all allow; and hard
To beat in racing, but by Peleus' ſon.

Ver. 929.] The former clauſe is the preciſe expreſſion of his author, which Virgil is known to have adopted. Dryden's tranſlation at the place alluded to, Æn. vi. 420. is excellent:

He look'd in years; yet in his years were ſeen
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.

For who can match Achilles? He who can,
Muſt yet be more than hero, more than man.
Th' effect ſucceeds the ſpeech. Pelides cries,
Thy artful praiſe deſerves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain ſhall hear thy friend extoll'd;
Receive a talent of the pureſt gold.
The youth departs content. The hoſt admire
The ſon of Neſtor, worthy of his ſire.
Next theſe a buckler, ſpear and helm, he brings;
Caſt on the plain, the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in ſhort triumph bore.

Ver. 933. *For who can match Achilles?*] There is great art in theſe tranſient compliments to Achilles: that hero could not poſſibly ſhew his own ſuperiority in theſe games by contending for any of the prizes, becauſe he was the exhibiter of the ſports: but Homer has found out a way to give him the victory in two of them. In the chariot-race Achilles is repreſented as being able to conquer every opponent, and though he ſpeaks it himſelf, the poet brings it in ſo happily, that he ſpeaks it without any indecency: and in this place Antilochus with a very good grace tells Achilles, that in the foot-race no one can diſpute the prize with him. Thus though Diomed and Ulyſſes conquer in the chariot and foot-race, it is only becauſe Achilles is not their antagoniſt. P.

Ver. 938.] Our poet loſes ſight of his author in the *three* lines before us, as may be ſeen from Ogilby's verſion, which is faithful:

Take half a talent more. And as he ſpeaks
The gold preſents him, which he gladly takes.

Ver. 942.] The latter part of this verſe is ſuperfluous interpolation by the tranſlator, for his own convenience. Ogilby is good:

This done, Achilles brought into the field
A wond'rous javelin, caſk and glittering ſhield.

Stand forth the braveſt of our hoſt! (he cries)
Whoever dares deſerve ſo rich a prize!
Now grace the liſts before our army's ſight,
And ſheath'd in ſteel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who firſt the jointed armour ſhall explore,
And ſtain his rival's mail with iſſuing gore;
The ſword, Aſteropeus poſſeſt of old,
(A Thracian blade, diſtinct with ſtuds of gold)
Shall pay the ſtroke, and grace the ſtriker's ſide:
Theſe arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A ſumptuous banquet at our tent attends.

Fierce at the word, uproſe great Tydeus' ſon,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.

Ver. 949. *Who firſt the jointed armour ſhall explore.*] Some of the ancients have been ſhocked at this combat, thinking it a barbarity that men in ſport ſhould thus contend for their lives; and therefore Ariſtophanes the *grammarian* made this alteration in the verſes;

Ὁππότερός κεν πρῶτ' ἐπιξέψας χρόα καλὸν
Φθίμη ἐπευξάμενος διὰ δ' ἔντεα, &c.

But it is evident that they entirely miſtook the meaning and intention of Achilles; for he that gave the firſt wound was to be accounted the victor. How could Achilles promiſe to entertain them both in his tent after the combat, if he intended that one of them ſhould fall in it? This duel therefore was only a trial of ſkill, and as ſuch ſingle combats were frequent in the wars of thoſe ages againſt adverſaries, ſo this was propoſed only to ſhew the dexterity of the combatants in that exerciſe. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 951.] The proper enunciation of the name might have been preſerved by writing thus:

The ſword Aſteropæus *own'd* of old:

but the phraſe *of old* is a botch for the rhyme's ſake; as he had taken the armour from Aſteropæus but the day before.

Clad in refulgent ſteel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle ſtand:
Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the fight;
Each Argive boſom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly ſtood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.
A furious paſs the ſpear of Ajax made
Thro' the broad ſhield, but at the corſlet ſtay'd:
Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.

Ver. 967.] Mr. Cowper thus tranſlates:

Then Tydeus' ſon, ſheer o'er the ample diſk
Of Ajax, thruſt a lance home to his neck;

which is wholly contrary to the intention of Homer, who ſhould be repreſented thus:

In turn, Tydides o'er the ſpacious ſhield
His lance was aiming ever at the neck:

or, with more emphatical delineation, to exhibit the unvarying and repeated efforts of the combatant to effect that vital ſtroke, whoſe perſeverance at ſuch a dangerous attempt alarmed the Greeks, we may thus model the couplet:

But his ſharp lance Tydides o'er the ſhield
Was aiming ſtill, and aiming, at the neck:

in humble imitation of the *two* fineſt verſes that ever were written: Eſſay on Man, iv. 341:

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens, on the ſoul.

Diomed made no ſtroke, as Dacier alſo miſtakenly ſuppoſed, and carried the miſconception to a ſtill greater length: "Diomede "prenant habilement ſon tems porte ſon coup par-deſſus le bouclier "d' Ajax avec tant de juſteſſe, que du bout de ſa pique il lui "effleure le cou:" when the original expreſſions are ſo perfectly clear as to forbid a moment's doubt upon the ſubject.

But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade ſhare the honours, and ſurceaſe the ſtrife.
Yet ſtill the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the ſword and ſtudded belt remains.
Then hurl'd the hero, thund'ring on the ground
A maſs of iron, (an enormous round)
Whoſe weight and ſize the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but ſhap'd by fire.

Ogilby is right:

When Diomed chaſing, aim'd ſtill at his neck:

and Hobbes:

But ſtill at Ajax neck Tydides aim'd,
Above his ſhield ſtill puſhing with his ſpear.

Our poet's couplet may be thus more accurately adjuſted:

His javelin *ſtill* Tydides aim'd above
The buckler's *rim*; *ſtill* at the neck he drove.

Ver. 971. *Yet ſtill the victor's due Tydides gains.*] Achilles in this place acts the part of a very juſt arbitrator: though the combat did not proceed to a full iſſue, yet Diomed had evidently the advantage, and conſequently ought to be rewarded as victor, becauſe he would have been victorious, had not the Greeks interpoſed.

I could have wiſhed that the poet had given Ajax the prize in ſome of theſe conteſts. He undoubtedly was a very gallant ſoldier, and has been deſcribed as repulſing a whole army: yet in all theſe ſports he is foiled. But perhaps the poet had a double view in this repreſentation, not only to ſhew, that ſtrength without conduct is uſually unſucceſsful, but alſo his deſign might be to compliment the Greeks his countrymen; by ſhewing that this Ajax, who had repelled a whole army of Trojans, was not able to conquer any one of the Grecian worthies: for we find him overpowered in three of theſe exerciſes. P.

Ver. 975.] This line is an addition from the tranſlator.

This mighty quoit Aëtion wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm diſmiſs in air:
The giant by Achilles ſlain, he ſtow'd
Among his ſpoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids thoſe nervous artiſts vie,
That teach the diſk to ſound along the ſky.
Let him whoſe might can hurl this bowl, ariſe,
Who fartheſt hurls it, take it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small ſtock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and ſwains whole years ſhall be ſupply'd
From hence: nor aſk the neighb'ring city's aid,
For ploughſhares, wheels, and all the rural trade.

Ver. 985. *If he be one, enrich'd,* &c.] The poet in this place ſpeaks in the ſimplicity of ancient times: the prodigious weight and ſize of the quoit is deſcribed with a noble plainneſs, peculiar to the Oriental way, and agreeable to the manners of thoſe heroick ages. He does not ſet down the quantity of this enormous piece of iron, neither as to its bigneſs nor weight, but as to the uſe it will be of to him who ſhall gain it. We ſee from hence, that the ancients in the prizes they propoſed, had in view not only the honourable, but the uſeful; a captive for work, a bull for tillage, a quoit for the proviſion of iron. Beſides, it muſt be remembered, that in thoſe times iron was very ſcarce; and a ſure ſign of this ſcarcity, is, that their arms were braſs. Euſtathius. Dacier. P.

Ver. 990.] Homer makes no enumeration of particulars: theſe our poet found in Chapman:

——————and ſo needs for his *carre*,
His *plow*, or *other tooles* of thrift, much iron.

Stern Polypœtes ſtept before the throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal ſtrong;
Whoſe force with rival forces to oppoſe,
Uproſe great Ajax; up Epëus roſe.
Each ſtood in order: firſt Epëus threw;
High o'er the wond'ring crouds the whirling circle flew.
Leonteus next a little ſpace ſurpaſt,
And third, the ſtrength of god-like Ajax caſt.
O'er both their marks it flew; 'till fiercely flung
From Polypœtes' arm, the diſcus ſung:
Far, as a ſwain his whirling ſheephook throws,
That diſtant falls among the grazing cows,
So paſt them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauſes ſhake the ſkies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.

Ver. 996.] Thus Ogilby:

All *wonder:*

but the words of his author dictate,

High o'er the *laughing* crowds;

at the awkwardneſs of the man's appearance probably, from immoderate ſtraining at the weight. So Chapman judiciouſly:

——Up it went; and up he toſt it ſo,
That laughter tooke up all the field.

Dacier makes an unſucceſsful attempt at an union of both ideas: "Les Grecs jettent des cris de *joie* qui marquent leur admiration."

Ver. 997.] Our poet goes beyond his author, who ſays no more than Ogilby has given:

——next him ſtrong Leontius throwes:

but Dacier guided Pope: "Leontée la lance après lui et *le paſſe.*"

Thoſe, who in ſkilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes caſts amidſt the round,
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that ſingly wound.)
The maſt, which late a firſt-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the ſandy ſhore:
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whoſe weapon ſtrikes yon' flutt'ring bird, ſhall bear
Theſe two-edg'd axes, terrible in war;
The ſingle, he, whoſe ſhaft divides the cord.
He ſaid: experienc'd Merion took the word;
And ſkilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inſcrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the ſtring the ſounding arrow flies;
But flies unbleſt! No grateful ſacrifice,

Ver. 1006.] Mr. Cowper's verſion perſpicuouſly repreſents the paſſage:

The archer's prize Achilles next propoſed,
Ten double and ten ſingle axes, form'd
Of ſteel convertible to arrow-points.

Ver. 1012.] Thus Dryden, Æn. v. 650:

A *fluttering* dove upon the top *they tie*,
The living *mark at which their arrows fly:*

which is taken from Lauderdale, one word alone excepted.

Ver. 1015.] The words *terrible in war* are interpolated by the tranſlator, to gain a rhyme, which is itſelf not tolerable. Thus?

Who ſtrikes the fluttering bird, ſhall *win the day*,
And the beſt axes *to his tent convey.*

No firſtling lambs, unheedful! didſt thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the ſhaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn aſide,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
A-down the main-maſt fell the parted ſtring,
And the free bird to heav'n diſplays her wing:
Seas, ſhores, and ſkies with loud applauſe reſound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the ſhaft above,
And following with his eye the ſoaring dove,

Ver. 1024.] Thus, more expreſſive of his author:

Thy *ſhaft, by his diſpleaſure* turn'd aſide—.

Ver. 1028.] His author ſays, rather,

With loud applauſes ſhout the Græcians round:

but our tranſlator was on every occaſion eager to exaggerate, and catching at the marvellous. Ogilby led the way:

Sheering the knot: ſhe ſoars; down drops the ſtring,
And with loud clamour heavens vaſt arches ring.

Ver. 1029.] The following tranſlation, I apprehend, gives a juſt view of this difficult paſſage:

Merion in haſte ſnatcht from his hand the bow;
His ſhaft long ſince prepar'd, whilſt Teucer aim'd.

Dacier alone gives the truth, but not the *whole* truth: "Merion "qui tenoit ſa flêche toute prête, ne perd point de tems, il ſaiſit "l'arc de Teucer——."

Ver. 1030. *He takes the bow.*] There having been many editions of Homer, that of Marſeilles repreſents theſe two rivals in archery as uſing two bows in the conteſt; and reads the verſes thus:

Σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐπέθη κατ' ὀϊστὸν
Τόξῳ ἐν γὰρ χερσὶν ἔχε πάλαι, ὡς ἴθυνεν.

Our common editions follow the better alteration of Antimachus, with this only difference, that he reads it

Implores the god to ſpeed it thro' the ſkies,
With vows of firſtling lambs, and grateful ſacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as ſhe wheels,
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels;
Quite thro' and thro' the point its paſſage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, e'er yet ſhe breath'd her laſt,
With flagging wings alighted on the maſt,
A moment hung, and ſpread her pinions there,
Then ſudden dropt, and left her life in air.

Ἐξείρυσε τεύκρου τόξον. And they, Ἐξείρυσε χειρὸς τόξον.

It is evident that theſe archers had but one bow, as they that threw the quoit had but one quoit; by theſe means the one had no advantage over the other, becauſe both of them ſhot with the ſame bow. So that the common reading is undoubtedly the beſt, where the lines ſtand thus:

Σπερχόμενος δ' αὖρα Μηριόνης ἐξείρυσε χειρὸς or Τεύκρου
Τόξον, αὐτὰρ δὴ οἶστον ἔχε πάλαι ὡς ἐθύνειν. Euſtathius.

This Teucer is the moſt eminent man for archery of any through the whole Iliad, yet he is here excelled by Meriones: and the poet aſcribes his miſcarriages to the neglect of invoking Apollo, the god of archery; whereas Meriones, who invokes him, is crowned with ſucceſs. There is an excellent moral in this paſſage, and the poet would teach us, that without addreſſing to heaven we cannot ſucceed: Meriones does not conquer becauſe he is the better archer, but becauſe he is the better man. P.

Ver. 1031.] This much reſembles the verſion of Barbin: "Mais Merione regardoit le vol de l'oiſeau, et il le pourſuivoit."

Ver. 1041.] His original ſays,

Then *diſtant* dropt ——:

but our poet has given an exact verſion of a line in Virgil, Geo. iii. 547.

From the pleas'd croud new peals of thunder riſe,
And to the ſhips brave Merion bears the prize.
To cloſe the fun'ral games, Achilles laſt
A maſſy ſpear amid the circle plac'd,
And ample charger of unſullied frame,
With flow'rs high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For theſe he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whoſe dext'rous ſkill directs the flying dart.
Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here diſdain'd the king of men to riſe.

——————————— et illæ
Præcipites altâ vitam ſub nube relinquunt.

Ver. 1042.] Thus, more fully and accurately,

While gaz'd the concourſe with admiring eyes,
He takes the firſt, his foe the ſecond prize.

Ver. 1051. *Nor here diſdain'd the king of men to riſe.*] There is an admirable conduct in this paſſage; Agamemnon never contended for any of the former prizes, though of much greater value; ſo that he is a candidate for this, only to honour Patroclus and Achilles. The decency which the poet uſes both in the choice of the game, in which Agamemnon is about to contend, and the giving him the prize without a conteſt, is very remarkable: the game was a warlike exerciſe, fit for the general of an army; the giving him the prize without a conteſt is a decency judiciouſly obſerved, becauſe no one ought to be ſuppoſed to excel the general in any military art; Agamemnon does juſtice to his own character, for whereas he had been repreſented by Achilles in the opening of the poem as a covetous perſon, he now puts in for the prize that is of the leaſt value, and generouſly gives even that to Talthybius. Euſtathius.

As to this laſt particular, of Agamemnon's preſenting the charger to Talthybius, I cannot but be of a different opinion. It had been

With joy Pelides ſaw the honour paid,
Roſe to the monarch, and reſpectful ſaid.
Thee firſt in virtue, as in pow'r ſupreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In every martial game thy worth atteſt,
And know thee both their greateſt, and their beſt.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.

---

an affront to Achilles not to have accepted of his preſent on this occaſion, and I believe the words of Homer:

Ταλθυβίῳ κήρυκι δίδου περικαλλὲς ἄεθλον.

mean no more, than that he put it into the hands of this herald to carry it to his ſhips; Talthybius being by his office an attendant upon Agamemnon. P.

Euſtathius is miſrepreſented on this occaſion. He only ſpeaks of the interpretation in queſtion, as adopted by ſome, without ſignifying his own approbation of it; which ſo good a judge of his author's language was not likely to confer on ſuch a groundleſs imagination.

Ver. 1055.] We may correct the rhyme by this ſubſtitution:

——————————— all thy *Græcians deem.*

Ver. 1056.] His original ſays merely,

All in *this* martial game ——:

but he ſeems to have followed Dacier, who is equally general: "Il n' y a perſonne ici qui ne ſçache que vous n' êtes pas moins "au-deſſus de tous les généraux de l'armée, par votre force et par "votre adreſſe, que par votre puiſſance."

Ver. 1058.] Thus his author, literally:

Thou to the navy with this prize retire;
But to bold Merion let us give the ſpear.
Thus I preſcribe, but not without thy will:

Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praiſe to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen ſpear:
But, ſet apart for ſacred uſe, commands
The glitt'ring charger to Talthybius' hands.

---

it is plain, therefore, that Dacier's tranſlation ſuggeſted, though indirectly, the fanciful interpolation of our poet: "Et ſi vous le "voulez bien, nous donnerons à Merion cette lance, *qu'il teindra* "*bientot du ſang de vos ennemis.*"

Ver. 1062.] This intervening clauſe is interpolated by the tranſlator.

A

COMPARISON

BETWEEN THE GAMES

OF

HOMER AND VIRGIL.

IT will be expected I ſhould here ſay ſomething tending to a compariſon between the games of Homer and thoſe of Virgil. If I may own my private opinion, there is in general more variety of natural incidents, and a more lively picture of natural paſſions, in the games and perſons of Homer. On the other hand, there ſeems to me more art, contrivance, gradation, and a greater pomp of verſe in thoſe of Virgil. The *chariot-race* is that which Homer has moſt laboured, of which Virgil being ſenſible, he judiciouſly avoided the imitation of what he could not improve, and ſubſtituted in its place the *naval-courſe*, or *ſhip-race*. It is in this the Roman poet has employed all his force, as if ſet on purpoſe to rival his great maſter; but it is extremely obſervable how conſtantly he keeps Homer in his eye, and is afraid to depart from his very track, even when he had varied the ſubject itſelf. Accordingly

the accidents of the naval courſe have a ſtrange reſemblance with thoſe of Homer's chariot-race. He could not forbear at the very beginning to draw a part of that deſcription into a ſimile. Do not we ſee he has Homer's chariots in his head, by theſe lines;

" Non tam præcipites bijugo certamine campum
" Corripuere, ruuntque effuſi carcere currus.
" Nec ſic immiſſis aurigæ undantia lora
" Concuſſere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent."

Æn. v. ver. 144.

What is the encounter of Cloanthus and Gyas in the ſtrait between the rocks, but the ſame with that of Menelaus and Antilochus in the hollow way? Had the galley of Sergeſtus been broken, if the chariot of Eumelus had not been demoliſhed? Or Mneſtheus been caſt from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his ſeat? Does not Mneſtheus exhort his rowers in the very words Antilochus had uſed to his horſes?

" Non jam prima peto Mneſtheus, neque vincere certo.
" Quamquam O! ſed ſuperent quibus hoc Neptune dediſti;
" Extremos pudeat rediiſſe! hoc vincite, cives,
" Et prohibete nefas"——

Ἔμβηλον, καὶ ζφῶϊ τιλαίνεΓου ὅτΓι τάχιϛα.
Ἦ τοι μὲν κείνοισιν ἐριζέμεν ἄτι κελεύω
Τυδείδεω ἵπποισι δαΐφρονϑ, οἵσιν Ἀθήνη
Νῦν ὤρεξε τάχος ——
Ἰωωυς δ' Ἀ Γρείδαο κιχάνεΓε, μηδὲ λίπησθον,
Καρπαλίμως, μὴ ζφῶιν ἐλεΓχέιην καλαχεύῃ
Αἴθη ϑῆλυς ἐοῦσα ——

Upon the whole, the deſcription of the ſea-race I think has the more poetry and majeſty, that of the chariots more nature, and lively incidents. There is nothing in Virgil ſo pictureſque, ſo animated, or which ſo much marks the characters, as the epiſodes of Antilochus and Menelaus, Ajax and Idomeneus, with that beautiful interpoſition of old Neſtor, (ſo naturally introduced into an affair where one ſo little expects him.) On the other ſide, in Virgil the deſcription itſelf is nobler; it has ſomething more oſtentatiouſly grand, and ſeems a ſpectacle more worthy the preſence of princes and great perſons.

In three other games we find the Roman poet contending openly with the Grecian. That of the Cæſtus is in great part a verbal tranſlation: but it muſt be owned in favour of Virgil, that he has varied from Homer in the event of the combat with admirable judgment and with an improvement of the moral. Epëus and Dares are deſcribed by both poets as vain boaſters; but Virgil with more poetical juſtice puniſhes Dares for his arrogance, whereas the preſumption and pride of Epëus is rewarded by Homer.

On the contrary, in the *foot-race*, I am of opinion that Homer has ſhewn more judgment and morality than Virgil. Niſus in the latter is unjuſt to his adverſary in favour of his friend Euryalus; ſo that Euryalus wins the race by a palpable fraud, and yet the poet gives him the firſt prize; whereas Homer makes Ulyſſes victorious, purely through the miſ-

chance of Ajax, and his own piety in invoking Minerva.

The *ſhooting* is alſo a direct copy, but with the addition of two circumſtances which make a beautiful gradation. In Homer the firſt archer cuts the ſtring that held the bird, and the other ſhoots him as he is mounting. In Virgil the firſt only hits the maſt which the bird was fixed upon, the ſecond cuts the ſtring, the third ſhoots him, and the fourth to vaunt the ſtrength of his arm directs his arrow up to heaven, where it kindles into a flame, and makes a prodigy. This laſt is certainly ſuperior to Homer in what they call the *wonderful:* but what is the *intent* or *effect* of this prodigy, or whether a reader is not at leaſt as much ſurpriſed at it, as at the moſt unreaſonable parts in Homer, I leave to thoſe criticks who are more inclined to find faults than I am: nor ſhall I obſerve upon the many literal imitations in the Roman poet, to object againſt which were to derogate from the merit of thoſe fine paſſages, which Virgil was ſo very ſenſible of, that he was reſolved to take them, at any rate, to himſelf.

There remain in Homer three games untouched by Virgil; the *wreſtling*, the *ſingle combat*, and the *Diſcus*. In Virgil there is only the *Luſus Trojæ* added, which is purely his own, and muſt be confeſt to be inimitable; I do not know whether I may be allowed to ſay, it is worth all thoſe three of Homer?

I could not forgive myſelf if I omitted to mention in this place the funeral games in the ſixth Thebaid of Statius; it is by much the moſt beautiful book of that poem. It is very remarkable, that he has followed Homer through the whole courſe of his games: there is the *chariot-race*, the *foot-race*, the *Diſcus*, the *Cæſtus*, the *wreſtling*, the *ſingle combat* (which is put off in the ſame manner as in Homer) and the ſhooting; which laſt ends (as in Virgil) with a prodigy: yet in the particular deſcriptions of each of theſe games this poet has not borrowed from either of his predeceſſors, and his poem is ſo much the worſe for it. P.

THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR.

THE Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter ſends Thetis to Achilles to diſpoſe him for the reſtoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in perſon, and treat for it. The old king, notwithſtanding the remonſtrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He ſets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with preſents under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury deſcends in the ſhape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their converſation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, caſts himſelf at his feet, and begs for the body of his ſon; Achilles, moved with compaſſion, grants his requeſt, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning ſends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the ſolemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are ſpent in the truce allowed for his interment. The ſcene is partly in Achilles's camp, and partly in Troy. P.

THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

NOW from the finiſh'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ſhips, and clear the crouded ſtrand:
All ſtretch'd at eaſe the genial banquet ſhare,
And pleaſing ſlumbers quiet all their care.
Not ſo Achilles: he, to grief reſign'd,
His friend's dear image preſent to his mind,
Takes his ſad couch, more unobſerv'd to weep;
Nor taſtes the gifts of all-compoſing ſleep.

Ver. 5.] Little more than *three* verſes of his author are here expanded by the tranſlator into *eight*. Let the reader accept a literal tranſlation:

——————— but Achilles ſtill
Thought of his friend, and wept: all-conquering ſleep
Subdu'd not him, whilſt here and there he toſt;
Regretting dear Patroclus' gentle worth.

Reſtleſs he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his ſoul on his Patroclus fed:
The form ſo pleaſing, and the heart ſo kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they ſhar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What ſeas they meaſur'd, and what fields they fought;
All paſt before him in rememb'rance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear ſucceeds to tear.

Ver. 14. *What ſeas they meaſur'd*, &c.] There is ſomething very noble in theſe ſentiments of Achilles: he does not recollect any ſoft moments, any tenderneſs that had paſſed between him and Patroclus, but he revolves the many difficulties, the toils by land, and the dangers by ſea, in which they had been companions: thus the poet, on all occaſions, admirably ſuſtains the character of Achilles; when he played upon the harp in the ninth book, he ſung the atchievements of kings; and in this place there is an air of greatneſs in his very ſorrows: Achilles is as much a hero when he weeps, as when he fights.

This paſſage in Homer has not eſcaped the cenſure of Plato, who thought it a diminution in his character to be thus tranſported with grief; but the objection will vaniſh, if we remember that all the paſſions of Achilles are in the extreme; his nature is violent, and it would have been an outrage to his general character to have repreſented him as mourning moderately for his friend. Plato ſpoke more like a philoſopher than a critick when he blamed the behaviour of Achilles as unmanly: theſe tears would have ill become Plato, but they are graceful in Achilles.

Beſides, there is ſomething very inſtructive in this whole repreſentation, it ſhews us the power of a ſincere friendſhip, and ſoftens and recommends the character of Achilles; the violence he uſed towards his enemy is alleviated by the ſincerity he expreſſes towards his friend; he is a terrible enemy, but amiable friend. P.

And now ſupine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now ſhifts his ſide, impatient for the day:
Then ſtarting up, diſconſolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the ſolitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning riſes o'er the waves:
Soon as it roſe, his furious ſteeds he join'd;
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
There ſleep at laſt o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in duſt th' unhonour'd carcaſe lies,
But not deſerted by the pitying ſkies.

Ver. 21.] The term *raves* is not common in this uſe, but may be approved, I think, on this occaſion, as emphatically ſignificant of that outrageous and diſtracting ſorrow, which the loſs of his friend had excited in Achilles. It ſeems, however, as if Chapman's verſion had ſuggeſted the expreſſion:

——————————he ſaw the morne
Shew ſea and ſhore his *extaſie*.

Ver. 22.] The older French tranſlator is the only one of our poet's predeceſſors, that has at all preſerved the force and propriety of the original in this place. I would propoſe the following alterations:

The *rays of morn, advancing* o'er the waves,
To yoke his furious ſteeds *the chief remind*—.

Ogilby at this place makes an unuſual exertion, nor altogether unſucceſsfully, to attain poetic elegance:

Soon as Aurora with a tender ray
Spread ſilver bloſſoms of the budding day,
He joyns his ſteeds.

Ver. 27.] This miſrepreſents his author, who only ſays that Achilles *reſted himſelf*. Our poet might be miſled by Chapman:

For Phœbus watch'd it with ſuperiour care,
Preſerv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And ignominious as it ſwept the field,
Spread o'er the ſacred corſe his golden ſhield.
All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By ſtealth to ſnatch him from the inſulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting Empreſs of the ſkies:

——————All this paſt, in his pavilion
Reſt ſeiz'd him.

Ver. 30. *For Phœbus watch'd it,* &c.] Euſtathius ſays, that by this ſhield of Apollo, are meant the clouds that are drawn up by the beams of the ſun, which cooling and qualifying the ſultrineſs of the air, preſerved the body from decay: but perhaps the poet had ſomething farther in his eye when he introduced Apollo upon this occaſion: Apollo is a phyſician and the God of medicaments: if therefore Achilles uſed any arts to preſerve Hector from decay, that he might be able the longer to inſult his remains, Apollo may properly be ſaid to protect it with his Ægis. P.

Ver. 32.] Thus Ogilby:

The corps protecting with his golden *ſhield*
From ſcratches batter'd thus about the *field.*

Ver. 36. *But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies.*] It is with excellent art that the poet carries on this part of the poem: he ſhews that he could have contrived another way to recover the body of Hector, but as a God is never to be introduced but when human means fail, he rejects the interpoſition of Mercury, makes uſe of ordinary methods, and Priam redeems his ſon: this gives an air of probability to the relation, at the ſame time that it advances the glory of Achilles; for the greateſt of his enemies labours to purchaſe his favour, the Gods hold a conſultation, and a king becomes a ſuppliant. Euſtathius.

Thoſe ſeven lines, from Κλίψαι δ' ὠτρύνεσκον to Μαχλοσύνην ἀλεγεινήν, have been thought ſpurious by ſome of the ancients: they judged it as an indecency that the Goddeſs of Wiſdom and Achilles ſhould

E'er ſince that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, ſimple ſhepherd boy,
Won by deſtructive luſt (reward obſcene)
The charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.

be equally inexorable; and that it was below the majeſty of the gods to be ſaid to ſteal. Beſides, ſay they, had Homer been acquainted with the judgment of Paris, he would undoubtedly have mentioned it before this time in his poem, and conſequently that ſtory was of a later invention: and Ariſtarchus affirms that Μαχλοσύνη is a more modern word, and never known before the time of Heſiod, who uſes it when he ſpeaks of the daughters of Prætus; and adds, that it is appropriated to ſignify the incontinence of women, and cannot be at all applied to men: therefore others read the laſt verſe,

Ἢ οἱ κεχαρισμένα δῶρ' ὀνόμηνε,

Theſe objections are entirely gathered from Euſtathius: to which we may add, that Macrobius ſeems to have been one of thoſe who rejected theſe verſes, ſince he affirms that our author never mentions the judgment of Paris. It may be anſwered, that the ſilence of Homer in the foregoing part of the poem, as to the judgment of Paris, is no argument that he was ignorant of that ſtory: perhaps he might think it moſt proper to unfold the cauſe of the deſtruction of Troy in the concluſion of the Ilias: that the reader ſeeing the wrong done, the puniſhment of that wrong immediately following, might acknowledge the juſtice of it.

The ſame reaſon will be an anſwer to the objection relating to the anger of Pallas: Wiſdom cannot be ſatisfied without Juſtice, and conſequently Pallas ought not to ceaſe from reſentment, till Troy has ſuffered the deſerts of her crimes.

I cannot think that the objection about the word Μαχλοσύνη is of any weight; the date of words is utterly uncertain, and as no one has been able to determine the ages of Homer and Heſiod, ſo neither can any perſon be aſſured that ſuch words were not in uſe in Homer's days. P.

Ver. 39.] Ogilby is more accurate and conciſe:

When they and Venus to his cottage came,
For luſt-rewards prefer'd the Cyprian dame.

But when the tenth celeſtial morning broke;
To heav'n aſſembled, thus Apollo ſpoke.
Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims ſlain?
And can ye ſtill his cold remains purſue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans view?
Deny to conſort, mother, ſon, and ſire,
The laſt ſad honours of a fun'ral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly ſevere;
A lion, not a man, who ſlaughters wide
In ſtrength of rage and impotence of pride;
Who haſtes to murder with a ſavage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to deſtroy.

Ver. 52. *A lion, not a man,* &c.] This is a very formal condemnation of the morals of Achilles, which Homer puts into the mouth of a god. One may ſee from this alone that he was far from deſigning his hero a virtuous character; yet the poet artfully introduces Apollo in the midſt of his reproaches, intermingling the hero's praiſes with his blemiſhes: *Brave tho' he be,* &c. Thus what is the real merit of Achilles is diſtinguiſhed from what is blameable in his character, and we ſee Apollo or the God of Wiſdom, is no leſs impartial than juſt in his repreſentation of Achilles. P.

Ver. 53.] A ſmall obligation ſeems due to Chapman:

——————— but lion-like; uplandiſh, and neere wilde;
Slave to his *pride*.

Ver. 55.] Fidelity may be promoted by a trivial correction:

Invades *the fold*, and breathes but to deſtroy.

Shame is not of his ſoul, nor underſtood;
The greateſt evil and the greateſt good.
Still for one loſs he rages unreſign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To loſe a friend, a brother, or a ſon,
Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they ſorrow, then diſmiſs their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this inſatiate the commiſſion giv'n
By fate, exceeds; and tempts the wrath of heav'n:
Lo how his rage diſhoneſt drags along
Hector's dead earth inſenſible of wrong!
Brave tho' he be, yet by no reaſon aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.
If equal honours by the partial ſkies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis' ſon muſt no diſtinction know,
Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.

Ver. 57.] More perſpicuouſly, I think, and correctly, thus:

Their greateſt evil, *or their* greateſt good.

Ver. 58.] Thus? more cloſely to the original, and more conciſely:

A nearer loſs may prove ſome other's doom;
A brother's, or a ſon's, untimely tomb:
But ſoon in tears that ſorrow finds relief.
Fate gives mankind a ſoul to ſuffer grief.

Ver. 68.] The rhymes are vicious. May we thus correct?

Brave tho' he be, no rules of right confine;
No human feeling, and no law divine.

But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own æthereal race
Springs from a goddess, by a man's embrace;
(A goddess by ourself to Peleus giv'n,
A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n.)
To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode
Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god
(Well pleas'd to share the feast,) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.
Then thus the Thund'rer checks th'imperial dame:
Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the same.
But mine, and ev'ry god's peculiar grace
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our shrines his graceful off'rings lay,
(The only honours men to gods can pay)
Nor ever from our smoking altar ceast
The pure libation, and the holy feast.

Ver. 78.] More accurately, thus:

A goddess, *fondly nurs'd by me, and* giv'n
A bride to Peleus, chosen friend of heav'n.

Ver. 82.] Thus, with more fidelity:

Unfriendly! faithless still! amid the quire
(Well-pleas'd to share the *banquet*) *tun'd* his lyre.

Ver. 92.] A most graceful and melodious line!

Howe'er by ſtealth to ſnatch the corſe away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haſte, and ſummon to our courts above
The azure Queen; let her perſuaſion move
Her furious ſon from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ranſom, and the corſe to leave.
He added not: and Iris from the ſkies,
Swift as a whirlwind, on the meſſage flies,
Meteorous the face of Ocean ſweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the ſable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his foreſts ſpreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the maid; (the parted waves reſound)
She plung'd, and inſtant ſhot the dark profound.

Ver. 93.] Our tranſlator follows Chapman and Ogilby in an omiſſion here. The original runs thus:

By ſtealth avoid we (nor could ſtealth eſcape
Achilles) Hector to redeem: ſo guards
His mother ceaſeleſs, preſent night and day.

Ver. 100.] Our poetry might bear, perhaps, an exact tranſlation of the original:

With feet of tempeſts, on the meſſage flies.

Ver. 101.] This is the language of Milton, Par. Loſt, xii. 629:

——————— on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening miſt
Ris'n from a river o'er the mariſh glides.

Ver. 103.] Homer gives Samos no *epithet* here, but the iſland is called *woody* in the beginning of the *thirteenth Iliad*.

Ver. 106.] Thus Milton, Par. Loſt, ii. 438:

As bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle ſinks the leaden weight;
So paſt the goddeſs thro' the cloſing wave,
Where Thetis ſorrow'd in her ſecret cave:
There plac'd amidſt her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd ſiſters of the ſacred main)
Penſive ſhe ſat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her god-like ſon's approaching doom.
Then thus the goddeſs of the painted bow.
Ariſe! O Thetis, from thy ſeats below.

——————— the void *profound*
Of uneſſential night:
the *inane profundum* of Lucretius.

Ver. 114. *And wept her god-like ſon's approaching doom.*] Theſe words are very artfully inſerted by the poet. The poem could not proceed to the death of Achilles without breaking the action; and therefore to ſatisfy the curioſity of the reader concerning the fate of this great man, he takes care to inform us that his life draws to a period, and as it were celebrates his funeral before his death.

Such circumſtances as theſe greatly raiſe the character of Achilles; he is ſo truly valiant, that though he knows he muſt fall before Troy, yet he does not abſtain from the war, but courageouſly meets his death: and here I think it proper to inſert an obſervation that ought to have been made before, which is, that Achilles did not know that Hector was to fall by his hand; if he had known it, where would have been the mighty courage in engaging him in a ſingle combat, in which he was ſure to conquer? the contrary of this is evident from the words of Achilles to Hector juſt before the combat,

——————Πρὶν γ' ἢ ἕτερόν γε πεσόντα
Αἵματος ἆσαι ἄρηα, &c.

I will make no compacts with thee, ſays Achilles, but one of us ſhall fall. P.

An additional couplet, with the rhymes of Ogilby, may be added with great advantage to fidelity:

'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated ſkies?
Sad object as I am for heav'nly ſight!
Ah may my ſorrows ever ſhun the light!
Howe'er, be heav'n's almighty Sire obey'd—
She ſpake, and veil'd her head in ſable ſhade,
Which, flowing long, her graceful perſon clad;
And forth ſhe pac'd, majeſtically ſad.
Then thro' the world of waters, they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coaſt they riſe,
And touch with momentary flight the ſkies.
There in the light'nings blaze the Sire they found,
And all the gods in ſhining ſynod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguiſh in her face,
(Minerva riſing, gave the mourner place)

Too ſoon approaching! now at hand his fall,
Far from his country, at the Trojan wall.

Ver. 122.] Chapman expreſſes his author more fully:

She ſaid, and tooke a ſable vaile; a blacker never wore
A heavenly ſhoulder.

Ver. 124.] The *two* laſt words are from the tranſlator only, but in harmony with the ſpirit of the context.

Ver. 131.] More diſtinctly thus:

She by Jove's ſide, with anguiſh in her face,
Sat down: Minerva gave the mourner place.

Ev'n Juno ſought her ſorrows to conſole,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
She taſted, and reſign'd it: then began
The ſacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
Thou com'ſt, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercaſt;
Maternal ſorrows, long, ah long to laſt!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above
In Hector's cauſe have mov'd the ear of Jove;

Ver. 141. *Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above,* &c.] It may be thought that ſo many interpoſitions of the Gods, ſuch meſſages from heaven to earth, and down to the ſeas, are needleſs machines: and it may be imagined that it is an offence againſt probability that ſo many Deities ſhould be employed to pacify Achilles: but I am of opinion that the poet conducts this whole affair with admirable judgment. The poem is now almoſt at the concluſion, and Achilles is to paſs from a ſtate of an almoſt inexorable reſentment to a ſtate of perfect tranquillity; ſuch a change could not be brought about by human means; Achilles is too ſtubborn to obey any thing leſs than a God: this is evident from his rejecting the perſuaſion of the whole Grecian army to return to the battle: ſo that it appears that this machinery was neceſſary, and conſequently a beauty to the poem.

It may be farther added, that theſe ſeveral incidents proceed from Jupiter: it is by his appointment that ſo many Gods are employed to attend Achilles. By theſe means Jupiter fulfils the promiſe mentioned in the firſt book, of honouring the ſon of Thetis, and Homer excellently ſuſtains his character by repreſenting the inexorable Achilles as not parting with the body of his mortal enemy, but by the immediate command of Jupiter.

If the poet had conducted theſe incidents merely by human

'Twas voted, Hermes from his god-like foe
By ſtealth ſhould bear him, but we will'd not ſo:
We will thy ſon himſelf the corſe reſtore,
And to his conqueſt add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the ſacred dead:
But yield to ranſom and the father's pray'r.
The mournful father, Iris ſhall prepare,
With gifts to ſue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour aſks, or heart demands.

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means, or ſuppoſed Achilles to reſtore the body of Hector entirely out of compaſſion, the draught had been unnatural, becauſe unlike Achilles: ſuch a violence of temper was not to be pacified by ordinary methods. Beſides, he has made uſe of the propereſt perſonages to carry on the affair; for who could be ſuppoſed to have ſo great an influence upon Achilles as his own mother, who is a goddeſs! P.

Ver. 142.] The following verſe is more conformable to his original:

In jars for Hector and Achilles ſtrove.

Ver. 145.] An elegant couplet, but without fidelity. Thus his author:

I to thy ſon this praiſe attach, and thus
Secure henceforth thy reverence and thy love.

Ver. 147.] The rhymes are of the moſt vicious character. Thus? unexceptionably in that reſpect, and more cloſely to the language of Homer:

Then hie thee to him, and our mandate *bring:*
Too far he tempts th' *immortals, and their king.*

His word the ſilver-footed queen attends,
And from Olympus' ſnowy tops deſcends.
Arriv'd, ſhe heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that ſhook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and diſpoſe
Repaſt unheeded, while he vents his woes;
The Goddeſs ſeats her by her penſive ſon,
She preſt his hand, and tender thus begun.
How long, unhappy! ſhall thy ſorrows flow;
And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe?

Ver. 156.] Thus, with a more accurate adherence to the force of his author's language:

And *down* Olympus *with a ſpring* deſcends.

Ver. 157.] As *Milton*, Par. Loſt, viii. 244:

But long ere our approaching heard within
Noiſe, other than the ſound of dance or ſong,
Torment, and *loud lament*, and furious rage.

Ver. 159.] Or rather, if exact fidelity be preferable,

His friends the victim *haſten*, and diſpoſe —.

Ver. 162.] Our poet follows Ogilby in a wrong formation of the *verb*, (as in numerous other inſtances not mentioned by me, to avoid an imputation of pedantic and minute diſcuſſion) for the convenience of the rhyme:

Then the ſad mother by her weeping *ſon*
Sate down, and him bemoaning thus *begun*.

Ver. 164. *And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe.*] This expreſſion in the original is very particular. Were it to be tranſlated literally, it muſt be rendered, how long wilt thou *eat, or prey upon thy own heart* by theſe ſorrows? And it ſeems that it was a common way of expreſſing a deep ſorrow; and Pythagoras uſes it in this ſenſe, μὴ ἐσθίειν καρδίαν, that is, grieve not exceſſively, let not ſorrow make too great an impreſſion upon thy heart. Euſtathius. P.

It were eaſy to preſerve the ſignificant expreſſion of his author:

And thy life waſte with heart-*devouring* woe.

Mindleſs of food, or Love whoſe pleaſing reign
Soothes weary life, and ſoftens human pain.
O ſnatch the moments, yet within thy pow'r;
Not long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!

Ver. 165.] A very delicate and happy turn is here given to the undiſguiſed ſimplicity of his original.

Ver. 168. —— *Indulge the am'rous hour!*] The ancients (ſays Euſtathius) rejected theſe verſes becauſe of the indecent idea they convey: the goddeſs in plain terms adviſes Achilles to go to bed to his miſtreſs, and tells him a woman will be a comfort. The good biſhop is of opinion, that they ought to be rejected, but the reaſon he gives is as extraordinary as that of Thetis: Soldiers, ſays he, have more occaſion for ſomething to ſtrengthen themſelves with, than for women: and this is the reaſon, continues he, why wreſtlers are forbid all commerce with that ſex during the whole time of their exerciſe.

Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus endeavours to juſtify Homer by obſerving, that this advice of Thetis was not given him to induce him to any wantonneſs, but was intended to indulge a nobler paſſion, his deſire of glory: ſhe adviſes him to go to that captive who was reſtored to him in a publick manner to ſatisfy his honour: to that captive, the detention of whom had been ſo great a puniſhment to the whole Grecian army. And therefore Thetis uſes a very proper motive to comfort her ſon, by adviſing him to gratify at once both his love and his glory.

Plutarch has likewiſe laboured in Homer's juſtification; he obſerves that the poet has ſet the picture of Achilles in this place in a very fair and ſtrong point of light: though Achilles had ſo lately received his beloved Briſeïs from the hands of Agamemnon; though he knew that his own life drew to a certain period; yet the hero prevails over the lover, and he does not haſte to indulge his love: he does not lament Patroclus like a common man by neglecting the duties of life, but he abſtains from all pleaſure by an exceſs of ſorrow, and the love of his miſtreſs is loſt in that of his friend.

This obſervation excellently juſtifies Achilles, in not indulging himſelf with the company of his miſtreſs: the hero indeed prevails

Lo! Jove himſelf (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far.

ſo much over the lover, that Thetis thinks herſelf obliged to recall Briſeïs to his memory. Yet ſtill the indecency remains. All that can be ſaid in favour of Thetis is, that ſhe was mother to Achilles, and conſequently might take the greater freedom with her ſon.

Madam Dacier diſapproves of both the former obſervations: ſhe has recourſe to the lawfulneſs of ſuch a practice between Achilles and Briſeïs; and becauſe ſuch commerces in thoſe times were reputed honeſt, therefore ſhe thinks the advice was decent: the married ladies are obliged to her for this obſervation, and I hope all tender mothers, when their ſons are afflicted, will adviſe them to comfort themſelves in this manner.

In ſhort, I am of opinion that this paſſage outrages decency; and it is a ſign of ſome weakneſs to have ſo much occaſion of juſtification. Indeed the whole paſſage is capable of a ſerious conſtruction, and of ſuch a ſenſe as a mother might expreſs to a ſon with decency: and then it will run thus, "Why art thou, my ſon, thus afflicted? Why "thus reſigned to ſorrow? Can neither ſleep nor love divert you? "Short is thy date of life, ſpend it not all in weeping, but allow "ſome part of it to love and pleaſure!" But ſtill the indecency lies in the manner of the expreſſion, which muſt be allowed to be almoſt obſcene, (for ſuch is the word μιάσσεσθ' *miſceri*) all that can be ſaid in defence of it is, that as we are not competent judges of what ideas words might carry in Homer's time, ſo we ought not entirely to condemn him, becauſe it is poſſible the expreſſion might not ſound ſo indecently in ancient, as in modern ears. P.

Our poet forfeits here by an unneceſſary repetition his title to the commendation lately given. Thus, with entire fidelity to Homer's language:

Thy joys cuts ſhort thy tranſitory date:
Death now ſtands by thee, and reſiſtleſs Fate.

And with reſpect to the ſubject of our poet's copious animadverſions on the paſſage, I would obſerve, that Homer, as a poet, was bound to exhibit human nature in her proper colours, and to delineate a character of his hero conformable to the real manners of the times in which he lived, without conſidering the delicacy and refinements of ſociety in more advanced periods: which indeed might have required an actual union of *prophetical* gifts with his *poetical*.

No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relicks of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on ſenſeleſs earth thy vengeance vain;
But yield to ranſom, and reſtore the ſlain.
To whom Achilles: Be the ranſom giv'n,
And we ſubmit, ſince ſuch the will of heav'n.
While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bow'rs
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs.
Haſte, winged Goddeſs! to the ſacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem her ſon:
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive;
Alone, for ſo we will: no Trojan near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles ſhall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.

Ver. 170.] See the note on verſe 147, and a ſimilar correction may be ſubſtituted for the vicious rhymes in this place alſo.

Ver. 183.] The accuracy of rhyme may be conſulted by this alteration:

Alone; no Trojan *muſt attend him there.*

Ver. 189. *Him Hermes to Achilles ſhall convey.*] The intervention of Mercury was very neceſſary at this time, and by it the

Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair;

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poet not only gives an air of probability to the relation, but alſo pays a compliment to his countrymen the Grecians: they kept ſo ſtrict a guard that nothing but a God could paſs unobſerved; this highly recommends their military diſcipline; and Priam not being able to carry the ranſom without a chariot, it would have been an offence againſt probability to have ſuppoſed him able to have paſſed all the guards of the army in his chariot, without the aſſiſtance of ſome deity: Horace had this paſſage in his view, Ode the xth of the firſt book,

"Iniqua Trojæ caſtra felellit." P.

Theſe monotonous terminations are not elegant. Better, perhaps,

Him Hermes to *the hero* ſhall convey.

The next verſe is very fine indeed, and ſweetly melodious.

Ver. 191. ——— *Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare*
His age, nor touch one venerable hair, &c.]

It is obſervable that every word here is a negative, ἄφρων, ἄσκοπος, ἀλιτήμων; Achilles is ſtill ſo angry that Jupiter cannot ſay he is wiſe, judicious, and merciful; he only commends him negatively, and barely ſays he is not a madman, nor perverſely wicked.

It is the obſervation of the ancients, ſays Euſtathius, that all the cauſes of the ſins of man are included in thoſe three words: man offends either out of ignorance, and then he is ἄφρων; or through inadvertency, then he is ἄσκοπος; or wilfully and maliciouſly, and then he is ἀλιτήμων. So that this deſcription agrees very well with the preſent diſpoſition of Achilles; he is not ἄφρων, becauſe his reſentment begins to abate; he is not ἄσκοπος, becauſe his mother has given him inſtructions; nor ἀλιτήμων, becauſe he will not offend againſt the injunctions of Jupiter. P.

Thus, more faithfully:

Soon as the car ſhall reach Achilles' tent,
Himſelf will ſpare, and others' rage prevent.
Not ſenſeleſs he, to virtuous feeling loſt,
But prone to venerate a ſuppliant hoſt.

Nor will Ogilby, ſlightly chaſtiſed, diſguſt the reader:

Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And ſwift at Priam's mournful court arrives:

There once arriv'd, Achilles will protect
From *murderous hands*, and treat with due reſpect.
Raſh he is not, nor *fell*; but *prone to* ſpare,
When humble ſuitors *for his grace* repair.

Ver. 195. *The winged Iris drives*, &c.] Monſ. Rapin has been very free upon this paſſage, where ſo many machines are made uſe of, to cauſe Priam to obtain the body of Hector from Achilles. "This "father (ſays he) who has ſo much tenderneſs for his ſon, who is "ſo ſuperſtitious in obſerving the funeral ceremonies, and ſaving "thoſe precious remains from the dogs and vultures; ought he not "to have thought of doing this himſelf, without being thus expreſsly "commanded by the Gods? Was there need of a machine to "make him remember that he was a father?" But this critick entirely forgets what rendered ſuch a conduct of abſolute neceſſity; namely, the extreme danger and (in all probability) imminent ruin both of the king and ſtate, upon Priam's putting himſelf into the power of his moſt inveterate enemy. There was no other method of recovering Hector, and of diſcharging his funeral rites (which were looked upon by the ancients of ſo high importance) and therefore the meſſage from Jupiter to encourage Priam, with the aſſiſtance of Mercury to conduct him, and to prepare Achilles to receive him with favour, was far from impertinent: it was *dignus vindice nodus*, as Horace expreſſes it. P.

Ogilby is very exact, and might eaſily be made poetical:

This ſaid, to Troy with ſpeed the goddeſs flies:
Entring the court, which rung with diſtant cries.

Our tranſlator might poſſibly be led to his fancy by Chapman's verſion:

This ſaid, the rainbow to her feet, tied whirlwinds, and the place
Reacht inſtantly.

Where the ſad ſons beſide their father's throne
Sat bath'd in tears, and anſwer'd groan with groan.
And all amidſt them lay the hoary ſire,
(Sad ſcene of woe!) his face, his wrapt attire
Conceal'd from ſight; with frantick hands he ſpread
A ſhow'r of aſhes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his penſive daughters roam;
Whoſe ſhrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;

Ver. 200. *His face, his wrapt attire Conceal'd from ſight.*] The poet has obſerved a great decency in this place; he was not able to expreſs the grief of his royal mourner, and ſo covers what he could not repreſent. From this paſſage Semanthes the Sicyonian painter borrowed his deſign in the ſacrifice of Iphigenia, and repreſents his Agamemnon, as Homer does his Priam: Æſchylus has likewiſe imitated this place, and draws his Niobe exactly after the manner of Homer. Euſtathius. P.

The ſignificance of Homer's phraſeology may be preſerved, but I know not, how far the repreſentation would accord with the taſte of an Engliſh reader. Thus, however, the whole paſſage may be given with conſiderable improvement of fidelity:

The ſons *with* tears, beſide *the* father's throne,
Their veſts bedew'd, and anſwer'd groan for groan.
'Midſt the ſad concourſe lay the hoary ſire,
Dire ſpectacle of woe! His wrapt attire
Expreſt each limb: with frantic hands he *ſhed*
A ſhow'r of aſhes o'er his neck and head.

Ver. 203.] This couplet is wrought from a ſingle verſe, to the following purport:

Through the wide manſion all his daughters wail.

Our tranſlator might take a hint from Ogilby:

Whil'ſt female *cries reſound* from golden *roofs:*

Or from Dacier: "Les princeſſes ſes filles et ſes belles-filles *faiſoient retentir tout le palais de leurs cris et de leurs gémiſſemens.*"

Mindful of thoſe, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathleſs round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's meſſenger appears,
And thus in whiſpers greets his trembling ears.
Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee ſtill his care:
For Hector's ſake theſe walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for ſo he wills: no Trojan near,
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand
May the ſlow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor ſhalt thou death, nor ſhalt thou danger dread;
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides ſhall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles ſelf ſhall ſpare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harneſs to the car.

Ver. 209.] Similar rhymes recur too ſoon. Thus?
Fear not, O *monarch!* from *th' immortal king*,
Thy gracious guardian, no ill news I *bring*.
Ver. 225.] Homer ſays,
Swift-footed Iris ſpake, and went away:

There, for the gifts, a poliſh'd caſket lay:
His pious ſons the king's command obey.
Then paſt the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treaſures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to ſay.
Unhappy conſort of a king diſtreſt!
Partake the troubles of thy huſband's breaſt:
I ſaw deſcend the meſſenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
Forſake theſe ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corpſe of Hector, at yon' navy, ſlain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Thro' hoſtile camps, and bears me to the foe.
The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies.
Ah! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now, that aw'd mankind;

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but Ogilby renders,

This ſaid, ſhe *vaniſheth* like fleeting wind.

Ver. 227.] Theſe rhymes ſoon return. With a view to greater variety, I would propoſe as follows:

There, for the gifts, a poliſh'd caſket *ſtands:*
His pious ſons obey the king's *commands.*

Ver. 233.] This introductory couplet was ſupplied by the invention of the tranſlator.

Ver. 241.] Thus, more faithfully:

The hoary monarch *ſpake.* With piercing cries
The queen his purpoſe hears, and *thus* replies.

Thro' Phrygia once, and foreign regions known;
Now all confus'd, diſtracted, overthrown!
Singly to paſs thro' hoſts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of ſteel!) the murd'rer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Thoſe hands yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my lord! he knows not how to ſpare,
And what his mercy, thy ſlain ſons declare;
So brave! ſo many fall'n! To calm his rage
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No—pent in this ſad palace, let us give
To grief the wretched days we have to live.
Still, ſtill for Hector let our ſorrows flow,
Born to his own, and to his parents woe!
Doom'd from the hour his luckleſs life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' ſon!

Ver. 246.] A mere expletive verſe, deſtitute both of elegance and ſpirit. The paſſage is altogether too much expanded; and the full ſenſe of the original, as conveyed in this and the *three* preceding lines, may be well compriſed in a ſingle couplet:

Ah! whither *then that wiſe conſiderate mind?*
To Trojans known, and *fam'd thro' all* mankind.

Ver. 247.] Thus his author, literally repreſented:

What? wilt thou ſeek the Græcian ſhips, alone;
And face that man, the murderer of thy ſons,
Numerous and brave? Thy heart is ſurely ſteel.

Ver. 250.] This circumſtance is not from his author, but from Dacier's tranſlation: "Vous le trouverez *encore couvert du ſang d' Hector.*"

Ver. 259.] Or thus, with more attention to fidelity and grammar:

Oh! in his deareſt blood might I allay
My rage, and theſe barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus? whoſe breath
Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death:
He pour'd his lateſt blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.

Doom'd from *that* hour his luckleſs life began,
To *glut the* dogs and *this relentleſs man.*

But our poet followed Dacier: "Les chiens et *les vauteurs.*"

Ver. 261.] His original preſcribes,

O! in his *liver* might *my teeth* allay
Their rage——:

but our poet wiſht to ſoften the horrors of his author, partly after the manner of Dacier: "Que ne puis je *étancher ma ſoif dans le ſang* "*de ce barbare*, et lui dévorer le cœur?"

Ver. 263.] His author ſays only,

——————— no coward wretch he ſlew:

ſo that our tranſlator turned the paſſage from Dacier, and treads cloſely in her ſteps: "Mon fils *n' a pas mérité ces indignités*; il n' a "point été tué *comme un lâche*, mais en defendant juſqu' *à la der-* "*niere goutte de ſon ſang* les Troyens et les Troyennes."

Ver. 265. *He pour'd his lateſt blood in manly fight,*
And fell a hero ————————]

This whole diſcourſe of Hecuba is exceedingly natural, ſhe aggravates the features of Achilles, and ſoftens thoſe of Hector: her anger blinds her ſo much, that ſhe can ſee nothing great in Achilles, and her fondneſs ſo much, that ſhe can diſcern no defects in Hector. Thus ſhe draws Achilles in the fierceſt colours, like a barbarian, and calls him ὠμηστὴς: but at the ſame time forgets that Hector ever fled from Achilles, and in the original directly tells us, that *he knew not how to fear, or how to fly.* Euſtathius. P.

Ogilby is faithful:

Who for the Trojans and their wives did fight,
Scorning baſe fear and ignominious flight.

Seek not to ſtay me, nor my ſoul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night;
(Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man)
'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, prieſt, or ſeer had been obey'd.
A preſent goddeſs brought the high command,
I ſaw, I heard her, and the word ſhall ſtand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon' camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
Content—By the ſame hand let me expire!
Add to the ſlaughter'd ſon the wretched ſire!
One cold embrace at leaſt may be allow'd,
And my laſt tears flow mingled with his blood!

From forth his open'd ſtores, this ſaid, he drew
Twelve coſtly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many veſts, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments ſtiff with gold.

Ver. 269.] To correct the vicious rhymes, we might ſubſtitute:

The reverend monarch ſpake, unmov'd, again.

Ver. 276.] Theſe *four* verſes correſpond to *two* of his author, who is more faithfully repreſented by Ogilby. I ſhall give his couplet corrected:

Let *him*, when *theſe ſad eyes* have wept *their* fill,
The father in *the ſon's* embraces kill.

Ver. 279.] The rhymes of this couplet are inadmiſſible.

Ver. 284.] This latter circumſtance is not from Homer, but Virgil, Æn. i. 649:

Two tripods next, and twice two chargers ſhine,
With ten pure talents from the richeſt mine;
And laſt a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace)
Seem'd all too mean the ſtores he could employ,
For one laſt look to buy him back to Troy!

Lo! the ſad father, frantick with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:

——————— pallam ſignis auroque rigentem
——————— a robe with figures *ſtiff* and *gold*.

Ver. 289.] Thus his author, literally:

——————— not e'en this treaſure of his houſe
The ſenior ſpar'd: ſo anxious was his mind
His ſon to ranſom!

but our tranſlator had his eye on Chapman:

The old king, nothing held too deare, to reſcue from diſgrace,
His gracious Hector.

Ver. 291. *Lo! the ſad father*, &c.] This behaviour of Priam is very natural to a perſon in his circumſtances: the loſs of his favourite ſon makes ſo deep an impreſſion upon his ſpirits, that he is incapable of conſolation; he is diſpleaſed with every body; he is angry he knows not why; the diſorder and hurry of his ſpirits make him break out into paſſionate expreſſions, and thoſe expreſſions are contained in ſhort periods, very natural to men in anger, who give not themſelves leiſure to expreſs their ſentiments at full length: it is from the ſame paſſion that Priam, in the ſecond ſpeech, treats all his ſons with the utmoſt indignity, calls them gluttons, dancers and flatterers. Euſtathius very juſtly remarks, that he had Paris particularly in his eye; but his anger makes him transfer that character to the reſt of his children, not being calm enough to make a diſtinction between the innocent and guilty.

That paſſage where he runs into the praiſes of Hector is particularly natural: his concern and fondneſs make him as extravagant

In vain each ſlave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crouds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguiſh on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there;
Am I the only object of deſpair?

---

in the commendation of him, as in the diſparagement of his other ſons: they are leſs than mortals, he more than man. Rapin has cenſured this anger of Priam as a breach of the *manners*, and ſays he might have ſhewn himſelf a father, otherwiſe than by this uſage of his children. But whoever conſiders his circumſtances, will judge after another manner. Priam, after having been the moſt wealthy, moſt powerful and formidable monarch of Aſia, becomes all at once the moſt miſerable of men; he loſes in leſs than eight days the beſt of his army, and a great number of virtuous ſons; he loſes the braveſt of them all, his glory and his defence, the gallant Hector. This laſt blow ſinks him quite, and changes him ſo much, that he is no longer the ſame: he becomes impatient, frantick, unreaſonable! the terrible effect of ill-fortune! Whoever has the leaſt inſight into nature, muſt admire ſo fine a picture of the force of adverſity on an unhappy old man. P.

Our poet amplifies much on his author, but with great ingenuity, and in a kindred ſpirit. The following portion of Homer correſponds to this and the *three* next verſes:

——————— he the Trojans all
Drave from the porch, and thus reproachful chid.

Ver. 295.] Theſe *five* verſes repreſent *two* of his author, which are faithfully enough exhibited by Ogilby:

Have you not ſorrows of your own at home,
That thus to torture me you hither come?

Ver. 297.] I have noticed before this highly injudicious and improper uſe of the pronoun *ye* in the *fourth caſe*. A ſingular ſpecimen of this ungrammatical inelegance occurs in Creech's tranſlation of Virgil's *ſecond Eclogue:*

Am I become my people's common ſhow,
Set up by Jove your ſpectacle of woe?
No, you muſt feel him too; yourſelves muſt fall;
The ſame ſtern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector loſt by me alone;
Your ſole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone!
I ſee your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I ſee the ruins of your ſmoking town!
Oh ſend me, Gods! e'er that ſad day ſhall come,
A willing ghoſt to Pluto's dreary dome!
He ſaid, and feebly drives his friends away:
The ſorrowing friends his frantick rage obey.
Next on his ſons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls,

And whilſt I trace thy ſteps in every tree
And every buſh, poor inſects ſigh with *we:*

unleſs it be an error of the preſs for *me.*

Ver. 299.] Theſe ideas, which ſo much occupy the tranſlation of this ſpeech, are not found in his author, and were probably derived from his predeceſſors. Thus Chapman:

——————— what come ye here *to view?*

and thus Ogilby:

And thus incens'd the *idle gazers* rates.

Ver. 303.] The following attempt is more cloſe and faithful:

Ye too, my Hector dead, the loſs will know;
And fall to Greece an unreſiſting foe.
Me, e'er our city ſack'd theſe eyes behold
And laid in duſt, may Pluto's ſhades infold!

Ver. 311.] Or thus:

Next on his ſons his *wayward* fury falls.

His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the ſeer,
And gen'rous Antiphon: for yet theſe nine
Surviv'd, ſad relicks of his num'rous line.
Inglorious ſons of an unhappy ſire!
Why did not all in Hector's cauſe expire?
Wretch that I am! my braveſt offspring ſlain,
You, the diſgrace of Priam's houſe, remain!
Meſtor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his ruſhing car,
And laſt great Hector, more than man divine,
For ſure he ſeem'd not of terreſtrial line!
All thoſe relentleſs Mars untimely ſlew,
And left me theſe, a ſoft and ſervile crew,
Whoſe days the feaſt and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatt'rers, the contempt of Troy!

Ver. 313. *Deïphobus and Dius.*] It has been a diſpute whether Δῖος or Ἄſιος, in ver. 251 of the Greek, was a proper name; but Pherecydes (ſays Euſtathius) determines it, and aſſures us that Dios was a ſpurious ſon of Priam. P.

Ver. 315.] All but the *name* and *number*, in this couplet is invented by the tranſlator.

Ver 318.] He ſhould have written:

——————— in Hector's *ſtead* expire:

and ſo all his predeceſſors, except the older French tranſlator, Barbin: "Retirez-vous, leur dit-il, lâches que vous eſtes de "n'avoir oſé ſortir pour aller au ſecours d'Hector voſtre frere: il "falloit perir avec lui."

Ver. 328.] Rather, as more conformable to Homer's language:

All, public ſpoilers, the contempt of Troy.

Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And ſpeed my journey to redeem my ſon?
The ſons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the ſeat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with ſolid beauty ſhin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboſt with coſtly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces ſwept the ground;
Theſe to the chariot's poliſh'd pole they bound,
Then fixt a ring the running reins to guide,
And cloſe beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector ſlain)
The ſad attendants load the groaning wain:

Ver. 329.] For this lively ſtroke our poet ſeems indebted to Chapman:

Will ye not get my chariot? command it quickly; *flie:*

though a correſpondent acceptation offends againſt the punctuation of that tranſlation, which is very looſe and indeterminate.

Ver. 331.] The rhymes are moſt unpardonable, and the ſenſe but little conſonant to the words of his author. The following effort has at leaſt the recommendation of fidelity:

He ſpake: the ſons with awe their parent-king
Obey, and forth the well-wheel'd carriage bring.

Ver. 341.] Ogilby is exact, and not contemptible:

Then with rich preſents they the chariot fraught,
Their brother's ranſom, from the wardrobe brought.

Ver. 342. *The ſad attendants load the groaning wain.*] It is neceſſary to obſerve to the reader, to avoid confuſion, that two cars are here prepared; the one drawn by mules, to carry the preſents, and to bring back the body of Hector; the other drawn by horſes, in which the herald and Priam rode. Euſtathius. P.

Laſt to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring,
(The gift of Myſia to the Trojan king.)
But the fair horſes, long his darling care,
Himſelf receiv'd, and harneſs'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this taſk deny'd;
The hoary herald help'd him, at his ſide.
While careful theſe the gentle courſers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation deſtin'd to the pow'r divine)
Held in her right, before the ſteeds ſhe ſtands,
And thus conſigns it to the monarch's hands.

Take this, and pour to Jove; that ſafe from harms,
His grace reſtore thee to our roof, and arms.
Since victor of thy fears, and ſlighting mine,
Heav'n, or thy ſoul, inſpire this bold deſign:

Ver. 345.] The rhymes are in every view exceptionable. Thus? with more attention to Homer's diction, than in the preſent couplet:

Thoſe ſteeds, the reverend king with care had bred
At poliſh'd mangers, to the yoak they led:
Theſe in the lofty dome the ſenior ty'd;
The *prudent* herald ——.

Ver. 349.] A correct reader will diſapprove the rhymes. I would venture the following adjuſtment of the paſſage:

The *queen* approach'd: a golden bowl *of* wine
(Libation deſtin'd to the pow'r divine)
Her right *ſuſtains:* before the ſteeds ſhe ſtands;
And, *ſorrowing*, gives it to the monarch's hands.

Ver. 358.] Homer ſays only,

Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy deſolated realms below,
His winged meſſenger to ſend from high,
And lead thy way with heav'nly augury:
Let the ſtrong ſov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal ſpace.
That ſign beheld, and ſtrengthen'd from above,
Boldly purſue the journey mark'd by Jove;

——————— ſince thy mind excites
This paſſage to the ſhips, againſt my will:

ſo that our poet might be thinking of Virgil's Æneid, ix. 184:

——— Dîne hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale? an ſua cuique deus fit dira cupido?

thus rendered by Dryden:

——————— or do the gods inſpire
This warmth, or make we gods of our deſire?

Ver. 360.] A moſt noble verſe, and happily deſcriptive of the ſpeaker's temper, which was inclined to contemplate every object through the gloom of diſſatisfaction and deſpondency. His original ſays only:

——————————————— who ſurveys all Troy:

but the prior obligation of the reader is to Chapman:

——————————————— Idæan Jove, that viewes
All Troy, and *all her miſeries.*

Ver. 362.] If my memory fail me not, this is the *third* verſe only, that has yet occurred, terminating in a word of *three* ſyllables, ending with a *y*, proper names excepted, a termination, ſo frequent with former verſifiers: and one of theſe verſes was borrowed.

Ver. 365.] The proper *participle* is *beholden.* Thus? more faithfully:

Go, if thou view th' auſpicious ſign above;
Nor fear to truſt the fav'rite bird of Jove.

But if the God his augury denies,
Suppreſs thy impulſe, nor reject advice.
'Tis juſt (ſaid Priam) to the Sire above
To raiſe our hands; for who ſo good as Jove?
He ſpoke, and bade th'attendant handmaid bring
The pureſt water of the living ſpring:
(Her ready hands the ewer and baſon held)
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the roſy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine.
Oh firſt, and greateſt! heav'n's imperial Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!

Ver. 367.] A wretched couplet, in my opinion, if the rhymes had been faultleſs. Thus?

But to the Græcian ſhips forbear to go,
Save his own meſſenger the god beſtow.

Ver. 369.] Thus his original, in a ſimple dreſs:

Her godlike Priam, anſwering, thus beſpake:
Wife! this advice I ſlight not: good it is
With hands up-rais'd Jove's pity to entreat.

Ver. 373.] Who can approve theſe rhymes? I will propoſe a ſubſtitution:

(The veſſels fit her ready hands *had brought)*
Then *from* his queen *he* took the cup *full-fraught.*

Ver. 377. *Oh firſt, and greateſt!* &c.] Euſtathius obſerves, that there is not one inſtance in the whole Ilias of any prayer that was juſtly preferred, that failed of ſucceſs. This proceeding of Homer's is very judicious, and anſwers exactly to the true end of poetry, which is to pleaſe and inſtruct. Thus Priam prays that Achilles may ceaſe his wrath, and compaſſionate his miſeries; and Jupiter grants his requeſt: the unfortunate king obtains compaſſion, and in his moſt inveterate enemy finds a friend. P.

To ſtern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If ſuch thy will, diſpatch from yonder ſky
Thy ſacred bird, celeſtial Augury!
Let the ſtrong ſov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal ſpace:
So ſhall thy ſuppliant, ſtrengthen'd from above,
Fearleſs purſue the journey mark'd by Jove.
Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
Diſpatch'd his bird, celeſtial Augury!
The ſwift-wing'd chaſer of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide, as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad, his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade,
As ſtooping dexter with reſounding wings
Th' imperial bird deſcends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears;
The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears:

Ver. 379.] This verſe has not only little reſemblance to it's original, but *ways* in the *plural* is a wretched botch for the ſake of the rhyme. There is more fidelity in the following attempt:

Grant that Achilles, when his grace I ſue,
May greet with friendſhip, and with pity view.

Ver. 396.] This verſe is interpolated by the tranſlator, and was ſuggeſted, perhaps, by Dacier: "A cette vuë Priam, *Hecube*, et les "princes ſentent renaître dans leur cœur une joye et une eſpérance "qu' ils ne connoiſſoient preſque plus."

Swift on his car th' impatient monarch ſprung;
The brazen portal in his paſſage rung:
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himſelf his gentle ſteeds controlls,
And thro' ſurrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his ſlow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each ſtep, and give him up to Fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he paſt,
And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their laſt.
Now forward fares the Father on his way,
Thro' the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he croſt the plain,
And felt the woes of miſerable man.
Then thus to Hermes. Thou whoſe conſtant cares
Still ſuccour mortals, and attend their pray'rs;
Behold an object to thy charge conſign'd:
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,

Ver. 403.] Theſe *four* verſes are excellent, but greatly amplified from the original, one verſe and a half only, fully repreſented thus by Chapman:

His friends all follow'd him, and mourned; as if he went to die.

Ver. 409.] The rhymes of this couplet are faulty, and the ſentiment is more general than that of his author. Thus?

Jove views the pair, as o'er the plain they go,
And feels compaſſion for the monarch's woe.

Ver. 413.] This preſerves the ſpirit of the original with but little alteration to the phraſeology, and ſhews the hand of a true genius. The following verſion is literal:

Go, guard the fire; th' obſerving foe prevent,
And ſafe conduct him to Achilles' tent.
The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,

Go then, and Priam to th' Achaian fleet,
So, that no other Greek may ſee, conduct;
No other know, 'till come to Peleus' ſon.

Ver. 415.] Thus Ogilby:

Lead Priam to the fleet, that none *prevent*
Or ſee him till he reach Pelides' *tent*.

Ver. 417. *The deſcription of Mercury.*] A man muſt have no taſte for poetry that does not admire this ſublime deſcription: Virgil has tranſlated it almoſt *verbatim* in the ivth book of the Æneis, verſe 240:

" ——— Ille patris magni parere parabat
" Imperio, & primùm pedibus talaria nectit
" Aurea, quæ ſublimem alis, ſive æquora ſupra,
" Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
" Tum virgam capit, hâc animas ille evocat orco
" Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia tartara mittit;
" Dat ſomnos, adimitque, & lumina morte reſignat."

It is hard to determine which is more excellent, the copy, or the original: Mercury appears in both pictures with equal majeſty; and the Roman dreſs becomes him as well as the Grecian. Virgil has added the latter part of the fifth, and the whole ſixth line, to Homer, which makes it ſtill more full and majeſtical.

Give me leave to produce a paſſage out of Milton of near affinity with the lines above, which is not inferiour to Homer or Virgil: it is the deſcription of the deſcent of an angel:

——— Down thither, prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and thro' the vaſt æthereal ſky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with ſteady wing:
Now on the polar winds; then with quick force
Winnows the buxom air ———
Of beaming ſunny rays a golden tiar

That high, thro' fields of air, his flight ſuſtain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main:
Then graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, ſwift Hermes ſteers his airy way,
And ſtoops on Helleſpont's reſounding ſea.
A beauteous youth, majeſtick and divine,
He ſeem'd; fair offspring of ſome princely line!

Circled his head; nor leſs his locks behind
Illuſtrious, on his ſhoulders fledg'd with wings,
Lay waving round, —— &c. P.

It may be doubted, whether the following couplet, as more faithful, be not as good:

The god his *deathleſs* golden *ſandals* binds,
And mounts, *obedient*, on the wings of winds.

Hobbes has the ſame rhymes, but our poet followed his maſter's verſion of the parallel paſſage in Virgil, Æn. iv. 350.

Hermes *obeys;* with *golden pinions binds.*
His flying feet, *and mounts the* weſtern winds.

Ver. 424.] The rhymes are vicious. Thus? more fully:

Thus arm'd, his airy way ſwift Hermes ſteers,
And *ſtraight at* Helleſpont *and Troy appears.*

With reſpect to the *metaphor*, enough of that may be ſeen in the commentators on Æneid vi. 19. but thus Dryden alſo in the paſſage referred to above:

Like theſe, *the ſteerage of his wings* he plies.

Ver. 425.] Thus his original, more exactly:

Onwards he went, like one of princely birth,
With downy chin; ſweet prime of lovelieſt youth!

Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the duſky fields in ſober gray;
What-time the herald and the hoary king,
Their chariots ſtopping at the ſilver ſpring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
Allow'd their mules and ſteeds a ſhort repoſe.
Thro' the dim ſhade the herald firſt eſpies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries.

Ver. 427. *Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day.*] The poet by ſuch intimations as theſe recalls to our minds the exact time which Priam takes up in his journey to Achilles: he ſet out in the evening; and by the time that he had reached the tomb of Ilus, it was grown ſomewhat dark, which ſhews that this tomb ſtood at ſome diſtance from the city: here Mercury meets him, and when it was quite dark, guides him into the preſence of Achilles. By theſe methods we may diſcover how exactly the poet preſerves the unities of time and place; and that he allots ſpace ſufficient for the actions which he deſcribes, and yet does not croud more incidents into any interval of time than may be executed in as much as he allows: thus it being improbable that ſo ſtubborn a man as Achilles ſhould relent in a few moments, the poet allows a whole night for this affair; ſo that Priam has leiſure enough to go and return, and time enough remaining to perſuade Achilles. P.

This beautiful couplet is wrought from the following words of Homer:

——————— for twilight now o'erſpred the land:

not without an eye to Milton, Par. Loſt, iv. 598:

Now came ſtill evening on, and *Twilight gray*
Had in her *ſober livery* all things *clad*.

Nor was it with no reaſon, that Gray ſo much admired thoſe lines of his friend Mr. Maſon:

While through the weſt, where ſinks the crimſon day,
Meek Twilight ſlowly ſails, and waves his *banners grey*.

I mark ſome foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmoſt care:
For much I fear, Deſtruction hovers nigh:
Our ſtate aſks counſel; is it beſt to fly?
Or, old and helpleſs, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched ſuppliants) and for mercy call?
Th' afflicted monarch ſhiver'd with deſpair;
Pale grew his face, and upright ſtood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A ſudden trembling ſhook his aged frame:
When Hermes greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gentle, thus accoſts with kind demand.
Say whither, father! when each mortal ſight
Is ſeal'd in ſleep, thou wander'ſt thro' the night?

Ver. 435.] Our tranſlator follows Chapman throughout this ſpeech:

——————— *Beware* Dardanides,
Our ſtates aſke counſell: I diſcerne, the dangerous acceſſe
Of ſome man neare us; now *I feare*, we periſh. *Is it beſt*
To flie? or kiſſe his knees, and aſke, his ruth of *men diſtreſt?*

Ver. 441.] Our poet enlarges and exaggerates, as on all theſe occaſions. The following attempt is literal:

He ſpake; confuſion ſeiz'd, and dire alarm,
The ſenior: briſtled o'er his limbs his hair:
Amaz'd he ſtood.

Ver. 447, &c. *The ſpeech of Mercury to Priam.*] I ſhall not trouble the reader with the dreams of Euſtathius, who tells us that this fiction of Mercury, is partly true and partly falſe: it is true that his father is old; for Jupiter is king of the whole univerſe, was from eternity, and created both men and Gods: in like manner,

Why roam thy mules and ſteeds the plains along,
Thro' Grecian foes, ſo num'rous and ſo ſtrong? 450

when Mercury ſays he is the ſeventh child of his father, Euſtathius affirms, that he meant that there were ſix planets beſides Mercury. Sure it requires great pains and thought to be ſo learnedly abſurd; the ſuppoſition which he makes afterwards is far more natural. Priam, ſays he, might by chance meet with one of the Myrmidons, who might conduct him unobſerved through the camp into the preſence of Achilles: and as the execution of any wiſe deſign is aſcribed to Pallas, ſo may this clandeſtine enterprize be ſaid to be managed by the guidance of Mercury.

But perhaps this whole paſſage may be better explained by having recourſe to the Pagan theology: it was an opinion that obtained in thoſe early days, that Jupiter frequently ſent ſome friendly meſſengers to protect the innocent, ſo that Homer might intend to give his readers a lecture of morality, by telling us that this unhappy king was under the protection of the Gods.

Madam Dacier carries it farther. Homer (ſays ſhe) inſtructed by tradition, knew that God ſends his angels to the ſuccour of the afflicted. The ſcripture is full of examples of this truth. The ſtory of Tobit has a wonderful relation with this of Homer: Tobit ſent his ſon to Rages, a city of Media, to receive a conſiderable ſum; Tobias did not know the way; he found at his door a young man cloathed with a majeſtick glory, which attracted admiration; it was an angel under the form of a man. This angel being aſked who he was, anſwered (as Mercury does here) by a fiction; he ſaid that he was of the children of Iſrael, that his name was Azarias, and that he was ſon of Ananias. This angel conducted Tobias in ſafety; he gave him inſtructions; and when he was to receive the recompence which the father and ſon offered him, he declared that he was the angel of the Lord, took his flight toward heaven, and diſappeared. Here is a great conformity in the ideas and in the ſtyle; and the example of our author ſo long before Tobit, proves, that this opinion of God's ſending his angels to the aid of man was very common, and much ſpread amongſt the Pagans in thoſe former times. Dacier. P.

What could'ſt thou hope, ſhould theſe thy treaſures view;
Theſe, who with endleſs hate thy race purſue?
For what defence, alas! could'ſt thou provide;
Thyſelf not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet ſuffer not thy ſoul to ſink with dread;
From me no harm ſhall touch thy rev'rend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in thoſe lines
The living image of my father ſhines.
Thy words, that ſpeak benevolence of mind
Are true, my ſon! (the god-like ſire rejoin'd)

Ver. 450.] Rather,
Thro' Grecian foes, ſo *rancorous* and ſo ſtrong?

Ver. 451.] More accurately, thus:
What wouldſt thou think, ſuch ſtores of wealth convey'd!
Thy courſe diſcover'd through the gloomy ſhade?

Ver. 458.] The original runs thus:
——————— I hold thee like my ſire:
which might mean, that he would regard him with the ſame kindneſs as he would regard his father: and ſo Chapman, Ogilby, and the older French tranſlator underſtood the paſſage: but Hobbes, as our poet:
So like, methinks, you to my father are:
and Dacier: "Car vous rappellez en moi l'image de mon pere:" and ſo Mr. Cowper:
——————— thou reſembleſt ſo my ſire:
whoſe judgement is on this, and moſt other occaſions of doubt through the poem, coincident with my own.

Ver. 459.] The rhymes are bad, and the ſentiment not correſpondent to the tenour of his author; not to mention, that ſimilar rhymes recur within too ſhort a ſpace. Thus?

Great are my hazards; but the Gods ſurvey
My ſteps, and ſend thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be bleſt! For ſcarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.
Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide;
(The ſacred meſſenger of heav'n reply'd)
But ſay, convey'ſt thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet moſt precious of thy ſtore remains,
To lodge in ſafety with ſome friendly hand?
Prepar'd, perchance, to leave thy native land.

Then godlike Priam: True thy words are found,
Dear ſon! and great the dangers that ſurround.

Nor ſhould this form of expreſſion, which is truly claſſical, be eſteemed a mere accommodation to the rhymer; ſee in my commentary on St. Matthew, i. 18. the note on the word εὑρεθη.

Ver. 463.] To thoſe, who diſapprove the couplet juſt propoſed, for the ſake of variation in the rhyme, the following ſubſtitution may be recommended here:

Thy graceful form, and lineaments divine,
And wiſdom, ſpeak a more than mortal line.

Chapman has the rhymes of our poet:

——————— all anſwer'd with a *mind*
So knowing that it cannot be, but of ſome bleſſed *kind*
Thou art deſcended.

Ver. 465.] This tranſlation contradicts his author. Chapman, I ſuppoſe, haſtily inſpected, betrayed our poet into this error:

——————— *Not untrue* (ſaid Hermes) thy conceipt
In all this holds; but *further truth*, relate.

May I propoſe the following ſubſtitution:

Thy words, *O! ſire, a juſt diſcernment prove*
(Replied the ſacred meſſenger of *Jove.*)

Ver. 470.] This line is interpolated by the tranſlator, and

Or fly'ſt thou now?—What hopes can Troy retain?
Thy matchleſs ſon, her guard and glory ſlain!
The king, alarm'd. Say what, and whence thou art,
Who ſearch the ſorrows of a parent's heart,
And know ſo well how god-like Hector dy'd.
Thus Priam ſpoke, and Hermes thus reply'd.
You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this ſad ſubject you enquire too much.
Oft' have theſe eyes that god-like Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embru'd:

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what follows is not accurate. Ogilby, trivially corrected, will convey a more juſt reſemblance of his original:

Doſt thou this wealth to foreign *hands* tranſmit,
For ſafety there; or *all your city* quit?
Since Hector thou, thy valiant ſon, haſt loſt,
To none inferiour of *the Grecian* hoſt.

Ver. 473.] Our tranſlator ſeems to have thrown a falſe colour on the paſſage. Chapman's verſion is accurately repreſentative of his author:

——————— O what art thou (ſaid he)
Moſt worthy youth? of what race borne? that thus recountſt to me,
My wretched ſonnes death with ſuch truth?

Ver. 477.] Thus? more conformably to Homer's ſentiments and language:

You mean to try me, venerable ſire!
When thus of godlike Hector you enquire.

I ſaw him, when, like Jove, his flames he toſt
On thouſand ſhips, and wither'd half a hoſt:
I ſaw, but help'd not: ſtern Achilles' ire
Forbade aſſiſtance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I ſerve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ſhip convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my ſire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyſelf, and not unknown to fame;
Of ſev'n his ſons, by whom the lot was caſt
To ſerve our prince; it fell on me, the laſt.
To watch this quarter, my adventure falls:
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
Sleepleſs they ſit, impatient to engage,
And ſcarce their rulers check their martial rage.
If then thou art of ſtern Pelides' train,
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)

Ver. 481.] The magnificence of this couplet is wrought by the fancy of the tranſlator from theſe plain materials of his model:

——————— when to the ſhips he drove the Greeks
With ſlaughtering havoc of his pointed ſteel.

Chapman, I preſume, led the way to this enormous exaggeration:

——————— but I am one, that oft have ſeene him beare
His perſon *like a god*, in field.

Ver. 487.] The ſubjoined couplet better expreſſes the words of Homer:

My honour'd ſire the name Polyctor bears;
Fam'd for his wealth, and like thyſelf in years.

Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My ſon's dear relicks? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs diſmember'd on the naked plains,
Or yet unmangled reſt, his cold remains?
O favour'd of the ſkies! (Thus anſwered then
The Pow'r that mediates between Gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth ev'ning ſince he reſted there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is ſpread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All freſh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,
Majeſtical in death! no ſtains are found
O'er all the corſe, and clos'd is ev'ry wound;

Ver. 497.] To this vicious rhyme, the following ſubſtitution, perhaps, were preferable:

——————— oh where are *ſpread*
My ſon's dear relicks?

Ver. 505.] Ogilby is proſaic and undignified, but fully expreſſive of his author:

Twelve dayes intire and ſweet he there hath lain,
From vermine free, that breed in bodies ſlain.

Ver. 509.] The original may be exhibited with accuracy, thus:

Unmaim'd (thyſelf wouldſt view him with ſurpriſe)
All freſh, with every living grace, he lies.

and that lively apoſtrophe ſhould be preſerved, by all means, in a tranſla tion.

Tho' many a wound they gave. Some heav'nly care,
Some hand divine, preſerves him ever fair:
Or all the hoſt of heav'n, to whom he led
A life ſo grateful, ſtill regard him dead.
Thus ſpoke to Priam the celeſtial guide,
And joyful thus the royal ſire reply'd.
Bleſt is the man who pays the Gods above
The conſtant tribute of reſpect and love!
Thoſe who inhabit the Olympian bow'r
My ſon forgot not, in exalted pow'r;
And heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the aſhes of the juſt, is kind.

Ver. 519. *Bleſt is the man*, &c.] Homer now begins, after a beautiful and long fable, to give the moral of it, and diſplay his poetical juſtice in rewards and puniſhments: thus Hector fought in a bad cauſe, and therefore ſuffers in the defence of it; but becauſe he was a good man, and obedient to the Gods in other reſpects, his very remains become the care of heaven.

I think it neceſſary to take notice to the reader, that nothing is more admirable than the conduct of Homer throughout his whole poem, in reſpect to morality. He juſtifies the character of Horace,

" ——Quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non
" Plenius & melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit."

If the reader does not obſerve the morality of the Ilias, he loſes half, and the nobler part of its beauty: he reads it as a common romance, and miſtakes the chief aim of it, which is to inſtruct. P.

Ver. 521.] A more deſpicable verſe I never read in the writings of our poet: it might rank among the mediocrities of even Ogilby. Thus?

My ſon *forgat* not *thoſe* exalted Powers,
The bleſs'd poſſeſſors of th' Olympian bowers.

But thou, oh gen'rous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's ſake;
And while the fav'ring Gods our ſteps ſurvey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent God. O king forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, abſent from my prince's ſight,
Take gifts in ſecret, that muſt ſhun the light?
What from our maſter's int'reſt thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'ſcapes the law.
Reſpecting him, my ſoul abjures th' offence;
And as the crime, I dread the conſequence.

Ver. 526.] This line has no repreſentative in Homer, and ſeems to have been derived, either from Ogilby,

Now take this cup I *gratefully* preſent:

or from Dacier: "Mais mon fils, recevez de ma main cette coupe "que je vous offre pour vous marquer au moins le reſſentiment "que j'ai *de votre generoſité*."

Ver. 529.] A correct taſte will not approve the rhymes; nor is the ſenſe agreeable to his author. Thus?

O! king, (replies the latent god again)
To tempt my youth is thy perſuaſion vain.

Ver. 531. *But can I, abſent*, &c.] In the original of this place (which I have paraphraſed a little) the word Συλεύειν is remarkable. Priam offers Mercury (whom he looks upon as a ſoldier of Achilles) a preſent, which he refuſes becauſe his prince is ignorant of it: this preſent he calls a direct *theft* or *robbery*; which may ſhew us how ſtrict the notions of juſtice were in the days of Homer, when if a prince's ſervant received any preſent without the knowledge of his maſter, he was eſteemed a thief and a robber. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 532.] The ſame thought of *ſecrecy* ſeems inſiſted upon too much in this verſion. Better, perhaps, thus:

Accept a preſent, that muſt ſhun the light?

Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:
On thee attend, thy ſafety to maintain,
O'er pathleſs foreſts, or the roaring main.
He ſaid, then took the chariot at a bound,
And ſnatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the laſh around:
Before th' inſpiring God that urg'd them on,
The courſers fly, with ſpirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repaſting, while the bowls go round;
On theſe the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep ſlumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the maſſy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.

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and the next couplet is a preceptive inference, for which we are indebted to the tranſlator only.

Ver. 537.] The verſion of this paſſage is very elegant and poetical, but the following eſſay is more exact:

Thee, e'en to far-fam'd Argos would I guide,
On land, a ſure aſſociate by thy ſide;
Or pleas'd partake, thy ſafety to maintain
With care unblam'd, the dangers of the main.

Ver. 541.] Later editions give "at *the* bound;" which is undoubtedly erroneous. I have reſtored the reading of the firſt edition.

Ver. 543.] A fine couplet: but is the rhyme unexceptionable? I ſhall propoſe, at my own peril, a ſubſtitution:

Freſh with the vigour of ſupernal power,
The mules and courſers o'er the champaign ſcour.

Ver. 550.] Our tranſlator, as appears from this paſſage, plainly ſuppoſed that Priam went with a carriage for the *preſents*, beſides

Unſeen, thro' all the hoſtile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
On firs the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marſhy ſhore;

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the *chariot*, in which he rode. The original is by no means explicit with reſpect to this circumſtance; but on a review and careful conſideration of the whole ſtory, I incline to this opinion. Thus Hobbes:

And with the *char* and *waggon* in he came.

I had written this remark, before I read our tranſlator's extracts from Euſtathius in verſe 342, to which I remand the reader.

Ver. 551.] Thus Ogilby:

And through with Priam and his riches *went*.
But when they reach'd Achilles royal *tent*—.

Ver. 553. *On firs the roof was rais'd.*] I have in the courſe of theſe obſervations deſcribed the method of encamping uſed by the Grecians: the reader has here a full and exact deſcription of the tent of Achilles: this royal pavilion was built with long paliſadoes made of fir: the top of it covered with reeds, and the inſide was divided into ſeveral apartments: thus Achilles had his αὐλὴ μεγάλη, or large hall, and behind it were lodging rooms. So in the ninth book Phœnix has a bed prepared for him in one apartment, Patroclus has another for himſelf and his captive Iphis, and Achilles has a third for himſelf and his miſtreſs Diomeda.

But we muſt not imagine that the other Myrmidons had tents of the like dimenſions: they were, as Euſtathius obſerves, inferiour to this royal one of Achilles: which indeed is no better than an hovel, yet agrees very well with the duties of a ſoldier, and the ſimplicity of thoſe early times.

I am of opinion that ſuch fixed tents were not uſed by the Grecians in their common marches, but only during the time of ſieges, when their long ſtay in one place made it neceſſary to build ſuch tents as are here deſcribed; at other times they lay like Diomed in the tenth book, in the open air, their ſpears ſtanding upright, to be ready upon any alarm; and with the hides of beaſts ſpread on the ground, inſtead of a bed.

And, fenc'd with palliſades, a hall of ſtate,
(The work of ſoldiers) where the hero ſat.
Large was the door, whoſe well compacted ſtrength
A ſolid pine-tree barr'd, of wond'rous length;
Scarce three ſtrong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles ſingly clos'd the gate.
This Hermes (ſuch the pow'r of Gods) ſet wide;
Then ſwift alighted the celeſtial guide,
And thus, reveal'd—Hear, Prince! and underſtand
Thou ow'ſt thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, deſcended from above,
The King of arts, the meſſenger of Jove.

It is worthy obſervation, that Homer even upon ſo trivial an occaſion as the deſcribing the tent of Achilles, takes an opportunity to ſhew the ſuperiour ſtrength of his hero; and tells us that three men could ſcarce open the door of his pavilion, but Achilles could open it alone. P.

Ver. 555.] So Chapman:

——————————— *a hall*
Of ſtate they made their king in it:

and from him Ogilby:

And on ſupporters rais'd *a hall of ſtate.*

Ver. 559.] The aſſertion is made in Homer without any qualification; but our poet follows Dacier in this particular: "Que "trois hommes levoient et baiſſoient *avec peine*:" which ſuited that exaggerating propenſity, but too predominant in our countryman. Thus then, in exact conformity to his author:

Three Greeks *were wont to* lift it's mighty weight.

Farewell: to ſhun Achilles ſight I fly;
Uncommon are ſuch favours of the ſky,
Nor ſtand confeſt to frail mortality.
Now fearleſs enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;
Adjure him by his father's ſilver hairs,

Ver. 568.] His original rather dictates,

It miſbeſeems th' immortals of the ſky
To ſtand *confeſs'd* to frail mortality.

Ver. 569. *Nor ſtand confeſt to frail mortality.*] Euſtathius thinks it was from this maxim, that the princes of the eaſt aſſumed that air of majeſty which ſeparates them from the ſight of their ſubjects; but I ſhould rather believe that Homer copied this after the originals, from ſome kings of his time: it not being unlikely that this policy is very ancient. Dacier. P.

Ver. 570.] Chapman's verſion is full, accurate, and good:

——— enter thou, embrace Achilles' knee;
And by his fire, ſonne, mother pray, his ruth, and grace to thee. P.

Ver. 571. *Adjure him by his father*, &c.] Euſtathius obſerves that Priam does not entirely follow the inſtructions of Mercury, but only calls to his remembrance his aged father Peleus: and this was judiciouſly done by Priam: for what motive to compaſſion could ariſe from the mention of Thetis, who was a Goddeſs, and incapable of misfortune? Or how could Neoptolemus be any inducement to make Achilles pity Priam, when at the ſame time he flouriſhed in the greateſt proſperity? Therefore Priam only mentions his father Peleus, who, like him, ſtood upon the very brink of the grave, and was liable to the ſame misfortunes he ſuffered. Theſe are the remarks of Euſtathius; but how then ſhall we juſtify Mercury, who gave him ſuch improper inſtructions with relation to Thetis? All that can be ſaid in defence of the poet is, that Thetis though a Goddeſs, has through the whole courſe of the Ilias been deſcribed as a partner in all the afflictions of Achilles, and conſequently might be made uſe of as an inducement to raiſe the paſſion of Achilles. Priam might have ſaid, I conjure thee by the love thou beareſt to thy mother, take pity on me! For if ſhe who is a

His ſon, his mother! urge him to beſtow
Whatever pity that ſtern heart can know.
Thus having ſaid, he vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And in a moment ſhot into the ſkies:
The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With ſolemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There ſat the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
Theſe ſerv'd his perſon at the royal feaſt;
Around, at awful diſtance, ſtood the reſt.

Goddeſs would grieve for the loſs of her beloved ſon, how greatly muſt the loſs of Hector afflict the unfortunate Hecuba and Priam? P.

Ver. 577.] I would propoſe this ſubſtitution for vicious rhymes, and to conſult fidelity:

And left *the ſteeds and mules Idæus' care.*

Ver. 578.] Thus Homer literally repreſented:

——————— ſtraight to the room the ſenior went,
Where ſate Achilles, lov'd by Jove: within
He found him:

but our poet trod in the ſteps of Congreve:

——————————————— alone *he went*
With ſolemn pace, into Achilles' *tent:*
Heedleſs, he paſs'd *through various rooms* of ſtate,
Until approaching where *the heroe ſate;*

who might find his rhymes in Ogilby:

——————————— thence on he *went*,
And found Achilles ſitting *in his tent.*

Ver. 582.] Our poet miſrepreſents and mutilates his author, after Congreve:

Unſeen by theſe, the king his entry made;
And proſtrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden, (a venerable ſight!) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Thoſe direful hands his kiſſes preſs'd, embru'd
Ev'n with the beſt, the deareſt of his blood!
As when a wretch, (who conſcious of his crime,
Purſu'd for murder, flies his native clime)

There, *at a feaſt*, the good old Priam found
Jove's beſt belov'd:

who follows Chapman:

——————————— where, with his princes ſate
Jove lov'd Achilles, at their feaſt.

Ogilby is undignified, but exact:

Others apart; the prince attended on
By Alcimus and ſtout Automedon,
Who had ſo late himſelf refreſh'd with food,
That ſtill the board with diſhes cover'd ſtood.

Ver. 584.] Thus Congreve:

Priam, *unſeen by theſe, his entrance made,*
And at Achilles' feet his aged body *laid.*

Ver. 586. *Sudden, (a venerable ſight!) appears.*] I fancy this interview between Priam and Achilles would furniſh an admirable ſubject for a painter, in the ſurpriſe of Achilles, and the other ſpectators, the attitude of Priam, and the ſorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king.

That circumſtance of Priam's kiſſing the hands of Achilles is inimitably fine: he kiſſed, ſays Homer, the hands of Achilles; thoſe terrible, murderous hands that had robbed him of ſo many ſons: by theſe two words the poet recalls to our mind all the noble actions performed by Achilles in the whole Ilias; and at the ſame

Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale, amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus ſtood th' attendants ſtupid with ſurpriſe;
All mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the ſilence broke,
'Till thus at laſt the kingly ſuppliant ſpoke.
Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!

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time ſtrikes us with the utmoſt compaſſion for this unhappy king, who is reduced ſo low, as to be obliged to kiſs thoſe hands that had ſlain his ſubjects, and ruined his kingdom and family. P.

Ver. 592.] Thus his author dictates:

Some *wealthy manſion enters, while* amaz'd
All *view the ſuppliant;* thus Achilles gaz'd.

Ver. 594.] There is much amplification here: Homer had ſaid only,

The reſt each other with amazement view'd;
When thus the ſupplicating king began:

but our poet has adopted the verſion of Congreve:

All on each other *gaz'd,* all in *ſurprize,*
And *mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes:*
'Till he at length *the* ſolemn *ſilence broke;*
And *thus the* venerable *ſuppliant ſpoke.*

Ver. 598. *The ſpeech of Priam to Achilles.*] The curioſity of the reader muſt needs be awakened to know how Achilles would behave to this unfortunate king; it requires all the art of the poet to ſuſtain the violent character of Achilles, and yet at the ſame time to ſoften him into compaſſion. To this end the poet uſes no preamble, but breaks directly into that circumſtance which is moſt likely to mollify him, and the two firſt words he utters are, μνῆσαι Πατρὸς, *ſee thy father, O Achilles, in me!* Nothing could be more happily imagined than this entrance into his ſpeech; Achilles has every where been deſcribed as bearing a great affection to his father, and

In me, that father's reverend image trace,
Thoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
In all my equal, but in miſery!
Yet now, perhaps, ſome turn of human Fate
Expels him helpleſs from his peaceful ſtate;

---

by two words the poet recalls all the tenderneſs, that love and duty can ſuggeſt to an affectionate ſon.

Priam tells Achilles, that Hector fell in the defence of his country: I am far from thinking that this was inſerted accidentally; it could not fail of having a very good effect upon Achilles, not only as one brave man naturally loves another, but as it implies that Hector had no particular enmity againſt Achilles, but that though he fought againſt him, it was in defence of his country.

The reader will obſerve that Priam repeats the beginning of his ſpeech, and recalls his father to his memory in the concluſion of it. This is done with great judgment; the poet takes care to enforce his petition with the ſtrongeſt motive, and leaves it freſh upon his memory; and poſſibly Priam might perceive that the mention of his father had made a deeper impreſſion upon Achilles than any other part of his petition, therefore while the mind of Achilles dwells upon it, he again ſets him before his imagination by this repetition, and ſoftens him into compaſſion. P.

Theſe *ſix* verſes are drawn out from *two* of his author, which may be literally rendered,

Thy father call to memory, godlike prince!
On the laſt verge, like me, of hapleſs age:

but our poet was faſcinated to one point by Congreve's verſion:

Think on your father, and then look on me;
His *hoary age* and *helpleſs perſon* ſee:
So *furrow'd* are his *checks*, ſo *white his hairs*,
Such and ſo many his declining years;
Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
Could you imagine ſuch his *miſery!*

Ver. 604.] There is but little attention here to his author. Accept an exact tranſlation:

Think, from ſome pow'rful foe thou ſee'ſt him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet ſtill one comfort in his ſoul may riſe;
He hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes;
And hearing, ſtill may hope a better day
May ſend him thee, to chaſe that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The beſt, the braveſt of my ſons are ſlain!
Yet what a race! e'er Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame:
Nineteen one mother bore — Dead, all are dead!
How oft', alas! has wretched Priam bled?
Still one was left, their loſs to recompenſe;
His father's hope, his country's laſt defence.

Perhaps, the neighbours round infeſt him now,
Without one friend to ward deſtruction off.
But he, on hearing that his ſon ſurvives,
Sweet tranſport feels, and hopes the live-long day
To ſee his darling ſoon return from Troy.

Ver. 606.] Thus Congreve:

Nay, at this time perhaps *ſome powerful foe*,
Who will no mercy, no compaſſion ſhow,
Entering his palace, *ſees him feebly fly*,
And ſeek protection, where no help is nigh.

Ver. 613.] Thus his original:

Full fifty goodly youths, my ſons, are ſlain,
Of prime deſert; e'er Greece —.

Ver. 618.] Literally thus:

One only left, Troy and her ſons' defence,
Hector, thou lately in his country's cauſe
Haſt ſlain:

Him too thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel
Unhappy in his country's cauſe he fell!
For him, thro' hoſtile camps I bent my way,
For him thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
Oh hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs and as old!
Tho' not ſo wretched: there he yields to me,
The firſt of men in ſov'reign miſery!

---

but Congreve ſeduced our poet to this luxuriance of expanſion:

Still one was left in whom was all *my hope*,
My age's comfort, and *his country's* prop;
Hector, my darling, and my *laſt defence*,
Whoſe life alone *their deaths could recompenſe*.

Ver. 621.] More faithfully:

How lately in his country's cauſe he fell!

Ver. 623.] *Lay* for *lie* is a groſs impropriety, and a provincial barbariſm. The whole verſe indeed is an interpolation; otherwiſe, the couplet may be adjuſted thus with more fidelity:

For him I *ventur'd to this* hoſtile *fleet*;
For him I *lie* thus proſtrate at thy feet.

Ver. 629.] So above, verſe 603:

In all my equal, but in miſery:

and Congreve here,

——————— alone in this,
I can no equal have *in miſeries*:

Homer ſays merely,

——————— but I more wretched am.

Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore!
  Theſe words ſoft pity in the chief inſpire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his ſire.
Then with his hand (as proſtrate ſtill he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the guſh of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:

Ver. 630.] He might have included his original in a commenſurate compaſs, by a ſingle couplet. Thus?

I bear to kiſs, what never mortal bore!
Thoſe hands yet reeking with my children's gore.

Ver. 631.] Thus Congreve:

——— to court *mine and my country's bane.*

Ver. 634. *Theſe words ſoft pity,* &c.] We are now come almoſt to the end of the poem, and conſequently to the end of the anger of Achilles: and Homer has deſcribed the abatement of it with excellent judgment. We may here obſerve how neceſſary the conduct of Homer was, in ſending Thetis to prepare her ſon to uſe Priam with civility: it would have been ill ſuited with the violent temper of Achilles to have uſed Priam with tenderneſs without ſuch pre-admonition; nay, the unexpected ſight of his enemy might probably have carried him into violence and rage: but Homer has avoided theſe abſurdities; for Achilles being already prepared for a reconciliation, the miſery of this venerable prince naturally melts him into compaſſion. P.

Ver. 636.] Congreve, as follows:

Then gently with his hand he put *away*
Old Priam's face, but *he ſtill proſtrate lay.*

Ver. 638.] Our luxuriant tranſlator expands *four* verſes of his model into *nine*. Thus? more faithfully:

This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a ſon deplore:
But great Achilles diff'rent paſſions rend,
And now his ſire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious ſoftneſs thro' the heroes ran;
One univerſal ſolemn ſhow'r began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles roſe;
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majeſtick gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then ſerene began
With words to ſoothe the miſerable man.
Alas! what weight of anguiſh haſt thou known?
Unhappy prince! thus guardleſs and alone

Sighs for his Hector Priam's boſom rend,
Roll'd at Achilles' feet: now for his friend,
Now for his ſire, Achilles' ſorrows flow:
Sounds through the room the mingled ſtrife of woe!
Satiate at length with unavailing *tears*,
From the high throne *his form Achilles rears*.

Ver. 646.] Beattie's Hermit:
He thought as a ſage, but he felt as a man.

Ver. 653. *Achilles' ſpeech to Priam.*] There is not a more beautiful paſſage in the whole Ilias than this before us: Homer to ſhew that Achilles was not a mere ſoldier, here draws him as a perſon of excellent ſenſe and ſound reaſon: Plato himſelf (who condemns this paſſage, could not ſpeak more like a true philoſopher: and it was a

To paſs thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whoſe fury has deſtroy'd thy race?
Heav'n ſure has arm'd thee with a heart of ſteel,
A ſtrength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Riſe then: let reaſon mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not; man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the Gods ſevere decree:
They, only they are bleſt, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever ſtood,
The ſource of evil one, and one of good;

---

piece of great judgment thus to deſcribe him; for the reader would have retained but a very indifferent opinion of the hero of a poem, that had no qualification but mere ſtrength: it alſo ſhews the art of the poet thus to defer this part of his character to the very concluſion of the poem: by theſe means he fixes an idea of his greatneſs upon our minds, and makes his hero go off the ſtage with applauſe.

Neither does he here aſcribe more wiſdom to Achilles than he might really be maſter of; for as Euſtathius obſerves, he had Chiron and Phœnix for his tutors, and a Goddeſs for his mother. P.

Ver. 661.] Ogilby is above contempt:

Th' immortal gods have ſo decreed, that we
Muſt live in woe, themſelves from ſorrow free.

Ver. 663. *Two Urns by Jove's high throne*, &c.] This is an admirable allegory, and very beautifully imagined by the poet. Plato has accuſed it as an impiety to ſay that God gives evil: but it ſeems borrowed from the eaſtern way of ſpeaking, and bears a great reſemblance to ſeveral expreſſions in ſcripture: thus in the Pſalms, *In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and he poureth out of the ſame; as for the dregs thereof, all the ungodly of the earth ſhall drink them.*

It was the cuſtom of the Jews to give condemned perſons, juſt before execution, οἶνον ἐσμυρνισμένον, wine mixed with myrrh to

From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Bleſſings to theſe, to thoſe diſtributes ills;
To moſt, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taſte the bad, unmix'd, is curſt indeed;
Purſu'd by wrongs, by meager famine driv'n,
He wanders, outcaſt both of earth and heav'n.
The happieſt, taſte not happineſs ſincere;
But find the cordial draught is daſh'd with care.
Who more than Peleus ſhone in wealth and pow'r?
What ſtars concurring bleſt his natal hour!

---

make him leſs ſenſible of pain: thus Proverbs xxi. 6. *Give ſtrong drink to him that is ready to periſh.* This cuſtom was ſo frequent among the Jews, that the cup which was given him before execution, came to denote death itſelf, as in that paſſage, *Father let this cup paſs from me.*

Some have ſuppoſed that there were three urns, one of good, and two of evil; thus Pindar,

Ἐν γὰρ ἐσθλὸν, πήμαλα ζύνδυο
Δαίονται βροτοῖς ἀθάνατοι.

But, as Euſtathius obſerves, the word ἕτερος ſhews that there were but two, for that word is never uſed when more than two are intended. P.

This note may be almoſt read entire in Dacier and Ogilby.

Ver. 665.] This verſion, to become accurate muſt undergo correction:

For whom a mingled cup the Thunderer fills,
Now bleſſings raiſe, now preſs alternate ills
His fluctuating life: the wretch decreed —.

Ver. 671.] An interpolated couplet; dictated, it ſhould ſeem, by Dacier's tranſlation: "Jamais Jupiter me donne de ſes biens aux hommes qu' avec ce mélange affreux, qui les empoiſonne."

Ver. 673.] This part of the ſpeech is executed with aſtoniſhing ability.

A realm, a goddeſs, to his wiſhes giv'n;
Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of heav'n.
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his lateſt day:
No race ſucceeding to imperial ſway;
An only ſon; and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land.
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curſe of thine!
Thou too, old man, haſt happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Leſbos' bliſsful ſeats contain,
And all wide Helleſpont's unmeaſur'd main.

Ver. 679.] More faithfully thus:

One only ſon: and ſee him, lingering, wait,
Far from his country, an untimely fate!

Ver. 683.] There is neither grammer nor conſtruction in this couplet. The following correction is equally juſt to the original:

Thou too *wert happy* once! *thine* ample reign
Was all fair Leſbos' bliſsfull ſeats contain,
Phrygia, and Helleſpont's unmeaſur'd main.

Ver. 685. *Extended Phrygia, &c.*] Homer here gives us a piece of geography, and ſhews us the full extent of Priam's kingdom. Leſbos bounded it on the ſouth, Phrygia on the eaſt, and the Helleſpont on the north. This kingdom, according to Strabo in the thirteenth book, was divided into nine dynaſties, who all depended upon Priam as their king: ſo that what Homer here relates of Priam's power is literally true, and confirmed by hiſtory. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 686.] So Chapman:

——————— what Leſbos doth *containe*,
(In times paſt being *a bleſt man's ſeate*:) what th' *unmeaſur'd maine*
Of Helleſpontus, Phrygia holds.

But ſince the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy meaſure from his bitter urn,
What ſees the ſun, but hapleſs heroes falls?
War, and the blood of men, ſurround thy walls!
What muſt be, muſt be. Bear thy lot, nor ſhed
Theſe unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canſt not call him from the Stygian ſhore,
But thou, alas! may'ſt live to ſuffer more!
To whom the king. Oh favour'd of the ſkies!
Here let me grow to earth! ſince Hector lies
On the bare beach depriv'd of obſequies.
Oh give me Hector! to my eyes reſtore
His corſe, and take the gifts: I aſk no more.
Thou, as thou may'ſt, theſe boundleſs ſtores enjoy;
Safe may'ſt thou ſail, and turn thy wrath from
Troy;

Ver. 687.] Here a couplet ſhould have followed, to this purport:

Such was thy wealth o'er land and ocean round;
A blooming race thy happy manſion crown'd.

Ver. 690.] There is a ſtrange aukwardneſs, with too much harſhneſs and hiſſing here. Thus?

What ſees the ſun, but hapleſs heroes *fall*;
But wars and *carnage round* thy *city wall?*

Our tranſlator ſeems, however, to have profited by Chapman:

——————— but when *the gods did turne*
Thy bleſt ſtate to partake with bane; *warre, and the bloods of men,*
Circl'd thy citie.

And by Ogilby:

And *bloody* battels ſtill *ſurround thy walls.*

Ver. 701.] His original ſtands thus:

So ſhall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to ſee the light and live!
Move me no more (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes)

——————— mayſt thou enjoy them, and arrive
At thy paternal land:

ſo that our tranſlator follows Chapman in one particular:

——————— accept what I have brought,
And *turne* to Phthia:

and in others Ogilby:

——————— ah mayſt thou them *injoy*
In thy own country, far from hapleſs *Troy*.

Ver. 706. *While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes.*] I believe every reader muſt be ſurpriſed, as I confeſs I was, to ſee Achilles fly out into ſo ſudden a paſſion, without any apparent reaſon for it. It can ſcarce be imagined that the name of Hector (as Euſtathius thinks) could throw him into ſo much violence, when he had heard it mentioned with patience by Priam in this very conference: eſpecially if we remember that Achilles had actually determined to reſtore the body of Hector to Priam. I was therefore very well pleaſed to find that the words in the original would bear another interpretation, and ſuch a one as naturally ſolves the difficulty. The meaning of the paſſage I fancy may be this: Priam perceiving that his addreſs had mollified the heart of Achilles, takes this opportunity to perſuade him to give over the war, and return home; eſpecially ſince his anger was ſufficiently ſatisfied by the fall of Hector. Immediately Achilles takes fire at this propoſal, and anſwers, "Is it "not enough that I have determined to reſtore thy ſon? Aſk no "more, leſt I retract that reſolution." In this view we ſee a natural reaſon for the ſudden paſſion of Achilles.

What may perhaps ſtrengthen this conjecture is the word πρῶτον; and then the ſenſe will run thus; ſince I have found ſo much favour in thy ſight, as firſt to permit me to live, O would'ſt thou ſtill enlarge my happineſs, and return home to thy own country! &c.

This opinion may be farther eſtabliſhed from what follows, in the latter end of this interview, where Achilles aſks Priam how

Nor ſeek by tears my ſteady ſoul to bend;
To yield thy Hector I myſelf intend:

---

many days he would requeſt for the interment of Hector? Achilles had refuſed to give over the war, but yet conſents to intermit it a few days; and then the ſenſe will be this: "I will not conſent to "return home, but aſk a time for a ceſſation, and it ſhall be "granted." And what moſt ſtrongly ſpeaks for this interpretation is the anſwer of Priam; I aſk, ſays he, eleven days to bury my ſon, and then let the war commence again, ſince *it muſt be ſo*, εἴπερ ἀνάγκη; ſince you neceſſitate me to it; or ſince you will not be perſuaded to leave theſe ſhores.

Ver. id. *While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes.*] The reader may be pleaſed to obſerve that this is the laſt ſally of the reſentment of Achilles; and the poet judiciouſly deſcribes him moderating it by his own reflection: ſo that his reaſon now prevails over his anger, and the deſign of the poem is fully executed. P.

With reſpect to theſe remarks of our poet, I muſt obſerve, that his tranſlation is much too ſtrong in it's language for the occaſion; and that the paſſion of Achilles was raiſed by the impatient importunity of Priam; who conducted himſelf like one, that had concluded a bargain of equality, rather than as a ſuppliant to a ſuperiour for a favour of no common magnitude.

When I had written this remark, I found in Mr. Cowper ſome animadverſions on the paſſage, which are too valuable to be withholden from the reader:

"Mortified to ſee his generoſity, after ſo much kindneſs ſhewn "to Priam, ſtill diſtruſted, and that the impatience of the old king "threatened to deprive him of all opportunity to do gracefully what "he could not be expected to do willingly."

Ver. 707.] This ſentiment occurs in the ſequel of the ſpeech, and is unſeaſonably anticipated here, without authority from the original. The following couplet is more accurately repreſentative of Homer's language:

Achilles *frowning:* Importune no more:
My ſelf *intends* thy Hector to *reſtore.*

For know, from Jove my goddeſs-mother came,
(Old Ocean's daughter, ſilver-footed dame)
Nor com'ſt thou but by heav'n; nor com'ſt alone,
Some God impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldeſt of our youths have dar'd
To paſs our out-works, or elude the guard.
Ceaſe; leſt neglectful of high Jove's command
I ſhow thee, king! thou tread'ſt on hoſtile land;
Releaſe my knees, thy ſuppliant arts give o'er,
And ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul no more.

Ver. 709, 710. *For know, from Jove my Goddeſs-mother came.*] The injuſtice of La Motte's criticiſm, (who blames Homer for repreſenting Achilles ſo mercenary, as to enquire into the price offered for Hector's body before he would reſtore it) will appear plainly from this paſſage, where he makes Achilles expreſsly ſay, it is not for any other reaſon that he delivers the body, but that heaven had directly commanded it. The words are very full:

———Διόθεν δέ μοι ἀγγελος ἦλθε
Μήτηρ ἣ μ' ἔτεκεν, θυγάτηρ ἁλίοιο γέροντος,
Καὶ δέ σε γινώσκω Πριάμε φρεσὶν, ὐδέ με λήθεις,
Ὅττι Θεῶν τις ἦγε θοὰς ἐπι νῆας Αχαιῶν. P.

Ver. 713.] Thus Ogilby:

None, were he young, durſt venture through our *guard*,
And open gates ſo fortify'd and *barr'd*.

The rhyming word of the next verſe is incorrect, as ſuch.

Ver. 717.] This ſentiment miſrepreſents his author. The following ſubſtitution is congenial with the ſpirit of the paſſage:

Moleſt me not, nor rouſe my dormant woe,
Leſt my reſentment Jove's high will forego:
Thy ſuppliant fortune, and thy reverend age,
E'en in this tent may feel my vengeful rage.

The ſire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, ruſh'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend,
(Whom moſt he honour'd, ſince he loſt his friend;)
Theſe to unyoke the mules and horſes went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the num'rous preſents bear
(Great Hector's ranſom) from the poliſh'd car.
Two ſplendid mantles, and a carpet ſpread,
They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with aſſiſtant toil
To waſh the body and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; leſt th' unhappy ſire
Provok'd to paſſion, once more rouſe to ire
The ſtern Pelides; and nor ſacred age,
Nor Jove's command, ſhould check the riſing rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corſe they ſpread;
Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:

Ver. 733.] The expreſſion is not happy in this correction. Better, I think,

His grief indulging, once more rouſe to ire:

but he might take in part, without heſitation, what he found in Ogilby, who may be read without diſguſt:

Leſt Priam diſcompoſed at the ſight
Should, by his *paſſion* maſter'd, ſo excite
Achilles fatal wrath, that he Jove's will
Should diſobey, and him, though ſuppliant, kill.

Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' ſhade.
If, in that gloom which never light muſt know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfill
(Reſtoring Hector) heav'n's unqueſtion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy ſhrine.
He ſaid, and ent'ring, took his ſeat of ſtate,
Where full before him rev'rend Priam ſat:
To whom, compos'd, the god-like chief begun.
Lo! to thy pray'r reſtor'd, thy breathleſs ſon;
Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies;
And ſoon as morning paints the eaſtern ſkies,
The ſight is granted to thy longing eyes.

Ver. 744.] Conformably to the original, thus:

A portion of this ranſom ſhall be thine.

Ver. 745.] This verſe is interpolated by the tranſlator, and partly from Dacier: "Je ne manquerai pas de t' appeller au partage "de ces préſens *pour appaiſer tes Manes.*"

Ver. 751.] This open vowel is very ungrateful to our ears. Thus?

———————— paints *yon* eaſtern ſkies.

Our tranſlator, moreover, profited by Ogilby:

———————————— *he lies*
Upon thy *couch* when morning *guilds the ſkies*
To Ilium drive:

for Homer had ſaid merely, "When morn appears."

But now the peaceful hours of ſacred night
Demand refection, and to reſt invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life, forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful ſons, as many blooming maids,
In one ſad day beheld the Stygian ſhades;
Thoſe by Apollo's ſilver bow were ſlain,
Theſe, Cynthia's arrows ſtretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chaſtis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the goddeſs, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Thoſe boaſted twelve th' avenging two deſtroy'd.

Ver. 753.] Theſe *four* elegant verſes are conſtructed from as many words of his original:

——— and let us now on ſupper think.

But the whole ſpeech is executed with admirable taſte and ſkill.

Ver. 757. *Not thus did Niobe*, &c.] Achilles, to comfort Priam, tells him a known hiſtory; which was very proper to work this effect. Niobe had loſt all her children, Priam had ſome remaining. Niobe's had been nine days extended on the earth, drowned in their blood, in the ſight of their people, without any one preſenting himſelf to inter them: Hector has likewiſe been twelve days, but in the midſt of his enemies; therefore it is no wonder that no one has paid him the laſt duties. The Gods at laſt interred Niobe's children, and the Gods likewiſe are concerned to procure honourable funeral for Hector. Euſtathius. P.

Steep'd in their blood, and in the duſt outſpread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none;
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to ſtone:)
The Gods themſelves at length relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herſelf a rock, (for ſuch was heav'n's high will)
Thro' deſerts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Acheloüs ſprings,
The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings,

Ver. 772.] After this line, our poet has paſſed over a verſe of his maſter, to the following purport:

But ſhe took food, when wearied out with tears.

Let the reader excuſe my preſumption for attempting to intrude a couplet into a paſſage, ſo replete with poetical embelliſhment,

Et ſtellis nebulam ſpargere candidis.

Thus then I would interpolate:

Nor e'en this hapleſs queen, when ſwelling grief
Had ebb'd in tears, from food diſdain'd relief.

Ver. 774.] The tranſlator had an eye on Chapman:

——— and now with rockes; and *wilde* hils mixt ſhe beares
(In Sypilus) the Gods wrath ſtill; in that place, where tis ſaid,
The goddeſſe *Fairies* uſe to dance, about the funerall bed
Of Achelous:

and on Dacier: "*Monument éternel* de la vengeance des dieux, *elle* "*fond encore en larmes.*"

A literal verſion will ſhew the amplification of our poet:

Now on the rocks and ſolitary hills,
At Sipylus, where goddeſs-nymphs reſide
In Achelous' beds, and weave the dance;
She, though a ſtone, her woes from heaven digeſts.

There high on Sipylus's ſhaggy brow,
She ſtands her own ſad monument of woe;
The rock for ever laſts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor ſhall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream around.
He ſaid, and riſing, choſe the victim ewe
With ſilver fleece, which his attendants ſlew.
The limbs they ſever from the reeking hide,
With ſkill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the ſep'rate morſels lays,
And haſty, ſnatches from the riſing blaze.

Ver. 780.] Theſe *ſix* verſes correſpond to *two* of Homer: for our tranſlator omits, and amplifies immoderately. The following correction of Ogilby is a faithful exhibition of the original:

Our *flagging* ſpirits now let food revive;
And, when at *Troy the corſe and* thou arrive,
There, reverend father! *let thy* ſorrows flow;
A ſon, like this, claims all a parent's woe.

Ver. 784.] Thus Ogilby:

Then for thy ſon let *tears thy cheeks* bedew.

Ver. 787.] So Chapman:

And caus'd a *ſilver-fleec't* ſheepe, kill'd——.

With bread the glitt'ring caniſters they load,
Which round the board Automedon beſtow'd:
The chief himſelf to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging ſhar'd in ſweet repaſt.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal gueſt:
No leſs the royal gueſt the hero eyes,
His god-like aſpect and majeſtick ſize;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the ſilence neither broke,
(A ſolemn ſcene!) at length the father ſpoke.
Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to ſteep
My careful temples in the dew of ſleep:

Ver. 798. *The royal gueſt the hero eyes*, &c.] The poet omits no opportunity of praiſing his hero Achilles, and it is obſervable that he now commends him for his more amiable qualities: he ſoftens the terrible idea we have conceived of him, as a warriour, with ſeveral virtues of humanity; and the angry, vindictive ſoldier is become calm and compaſſionate. In this place he makes his very enemy admire his perſonage, and be aſtoniſhed at his manly beauty. So that though courage be his moſt diſtinguiſhing character, yet Achilles is admirable both for the endowments of mind and body. P.

Ver. 801.] Somewhat more faithfully, thus:

The *wiſdom here*, and *ſanctity* of age.

Hobbes is accurate, and may gratify the reader:

But when of food they had no more deſire,
Priam admir'd Achilles form and face;
Achilles Priam did no leſs admire;
In his aſpect and ſpeech there was ſuch grace.

For, ſince the day that number'd with the dead
My hapleſs ſon, the duſt has been my bed;
Soft ſleep, a ſtranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food, my ſorrows and my ſighs!
'Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I ſhare thy banquet, and conſent to live.

With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple ſoft, and ſhaggy carpets ſpread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.
Then he: Now father ſleep, but ſleep not here.
Conſult thy ſafety, and forgive my fear,

Ver. 806.] His author preſcribes, more pointedly,

For ſince the day *thou numbredſt* with the dead—.

Ver. 809.] This thought is not Homer, but in Chapman above; after mentioning the mutual admiration of Priam and Achilles:

——————— With this *food* feaſted too
Old Priam ſpake thus:

and in Pſalm xlii. 3. "My *tears* have been my *meat* day and night:" and elſewhere.

Ver. 812.] Our poet follows Ogilby in brevity and expreſſion:

This ſaid, Achilles bids them make a *bed*,
And purple o'er and royal tap'ſtry *ſpread*.

Thus, exactly to the author's language:

He ſaid: Achilles bade his men and maids
Beneath the portico to dreſs the beds,
Above ſpread tap'ſtry, purple quilts below;
The topmoſt covering, mantles ſhagg'd with nap.

Ver. 816.] Ἐπικερτομίων. The ſenſe of this word differs in this place

Leſt any Argive (at this hour awake,
To aſk our counſel, or our orders take)
Approaching ſudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should ſuch report thy honour'd perſon here,
The king of men the ranſom might defer.
But ſay with ſpeed, if ought of thy deſire
Remains unaſk'd; what time the rites require
T' inter thy Hector? For, ſo long we ſtay
Our ſlaught'ring arm, and bid the hoſts obey.
If then thy will permit (the monarch ſaid)
To finiſh all due honours to the dead,

---

from that it uſually bears: it does not imply τραχύτητα ὑβριστικὴν, any reproachful aſperity of language, but εἰσήγησιν ψευδοῦς φόβου, the raiſing of a falſe fear in the old man, that he might not be concerned at his being lodged in the outermoſt part of the tent; and by this method he gives Priam an opportunity of going away in the morning without obſervation. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 819. *To aſk our counſel, or our orders take.*] The poet here ſhews the importance of Achilles in the army; though Agamemnon be the general, yet all the chief commanders apply to him for advice: and thus he promiſes Priam a ceſſation of arms for ſeveral days, purely by his own authority. The method that Achilles took to confirm the truth of the ceſſation, agrees with the cuſtom which we uſe at this day, he gave him his hand upon it:

——— χεῖρα γέροντος
Ἕλλαβε δεξιτερήν. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 822.] The rhymes are not unexceptionable. Thus?

For were theſe tidings to our king convey'd,
Then may thy ſon's redemption be delay'd.

Ver. 826.] I would baniſh this eliſion thus:

Thy Hector *to entomb?* So long we ſtay—.

This, of thy grace, accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town;
And at what diſtance from our walls aſpire
The hills of Ide, and foreſts for the fire.
Nine days to vent our ſorrows I requeſt,
The tenth ſhall ſee the fun'ral and the feaſt;
The next, to raiſe his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!
This thy requeſt (reply'd the chief) enjoy:
'Till then, our arms ſuſpend the fall of Troy.
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briſeïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with deſiring arms.
But in the porch, the king and herald reſt;
Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breaſt.
Now gods and men the gifts of ſleep partake;
Induſtrious Hermes only was awake,

Ver. 834.] Inaccurate rhymes. Thus? more exactly:

Nine days *within ſhall we indulge* our *woes*;
The tenth the fun'ral and the feaſt ſhall *cloſe*.

Ver. 845.] His original ſays,

The king and herald with ſage counſels ſtor'd:

and where our tranſlator found this fancy, I cannot diſcover: the older French verſion paraphraſes the ſentiment at large; but in a manner, that bears no reſemblance to the turn given to the original by Pope.

Ver. 846.] Thus Dryden, at Æneid, iv. 767:

The king's return revolving in his mind,
To paſs the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The Pow'r deſcending hover'd o'er his head:
And ſleep'ſt thou, father! (thus the viſion ſaid)
Now doſt thou ſleep, when Hector is reſtor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, nor Grecian lord?
Thy preſence here ſhou'd ſtern Atrides ſee,
Thy ſtill-ſurviving ſons may ſue for thee,
May offer all thy treaſures yet contain,
To ſpare thy age; and offer all in vain.
Wak'd with the word, the trembling ſire aroſe,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes,
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in ſilence thro' the hoſtile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow ſtream they drove,
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)

All elſe of Nature's common *gift partake;*
Unhappy Dido was alone *awake.*

Ver. 851.] So Chapman:

O father, ſleepſt thou ſo ſecure?

The original runs thus:

And thus, old man! ſuſpecteſt thou no ill,
Midſt foes, aſleep; becauſe Achilles ſpar'd?

Ver. 857.] The concluding clauſe is tranſplanted from Dacier: "Vos fils offront pour vous une rançon vingt fois plus forte, *et* "*l' offront* peut-être *inutilement.*"

Ver. 861.] He ſhould have written, with the difference of one letter, "the hoſtile *band;*" conformably to his author and all his predeceſſors.

Ver. 862.] This verſe is alike deſtitute of grammar and legiti-

The winged deity forſook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now ſhed Aurora round her ſaffron ray,
Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day:
Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The ſage and king, majeſtically ſlow.

---

mate conſtruction, without ſuitable correſpondence to his author. Thus?

When now they came, where gulphy Xanthus guides,
Son of immortal Jove! his ſwelling tides.

Ver. 865.] So Chapman, who gives no inaccurate view of his original:

——————————— but when they drew
To gulphy Xanthus bright-wav'd ſtreame, up *to Olympus flew*
Induſtrious Mercury.

Homer ſays exactly thus:

To high Olympus ſtraight went Mercury.

Ver. 866.] Our poet follows Congreve in beginning a freſh paragraph with theſe lines, more cloſely connected in their original with the preceding:

Now did the ſaffron Morn her beams diſplay,
Gilding the face of univerſal day.

Our tranſlator's is the more poetical couplet; but the *ſecond* line is foreign to his author. Thus?

Aurora now, in ſaffron robe bedight,
Shed o'er the ſpacious earth her ſtream of light:

for it may well be allowed *rhyming* poetry to relieve her penury by the revival of genuine Engliſh diction, upon the authority of our older writers.

Ver. 868.] The colour of this couplet was derived from Congreve's moſt woeful verſion:

When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd:
The mules beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing, (now) unuſual *weight of woe*:

Caſſandra firſt beholds, from Ilion's ſpire,
The ſad proceſſion of her hoary ſire;
Then, as the penſive pomp advanc'd more near,
(Her breathleſs brother ſtretch'd upon the bier)
A ſhow'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries.
Turn here your ſteps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye ſons of Troy!
If e'er ye ruſh'd in crouds, with vaſt delight
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your ſorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.

---

though our poet's taſte was too correct for the adoption alſo of theſe frigid and contemptible conceits. Thus? with fidelity:

Their mules the carcaſe bear; loud ſhrieks of woe
Sound from the car, as tow'rd the gates they go.

Ver. 871.] So Congreve,

Thence, ſhe afar *the ſad proceſſion* ſpies.

Ver. 874.] No *tears* flow in Homer: either Hobbes or Dacier furniſht our poet with this addition. Thus the former:

And *weeping* to the people cri'd and ſaid:

and the latter thus: "A cette vuë elle ſe met *à pleurer* et à crier "ſur la ville."

Ver. 877.] From Congreve:

Hither, *ye wretched Trojans*, hither all!

Ver. 878.] Thus Dryden, Æn. vii. 1107:

Devour her o'er and o'er *with vaſt delight*.

Ver. 881.] The latter clauſe, unknown to the original, is from Congreve:

What once was all your joy, *now all your miſery!*

In thronging crouds they iſſue to the plains,
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains.
In ev'ry face the ſelf-ſame grief is ſhown;
And Troy ſends forth one univerſal groan.
At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the ſlain.
The wife and mother, frantick with deſpair,
Kiſs his pale cheek, and rend their ſcatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
And there had ſigh'd and ſorrow'd out the day;
But god-like Priam from the chariot roſe:
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,

Ver. 883.] So Congreve:

Nor man nor woman in the city ſtaid.

Ver. 886.] This couplet is conſtructed from the following disjointed portions of his author:

The king and corſe cloſe by the gates they meet:
——————— the croud ſtood weeping round.

One thought was derived by our tranſlator from Congreve:

There ſtrove *the* rolling *wheels to hold*—.

Ver. 888.] Ogilby, with ſlender correction, is poetical and exact:

Firſt to the chariot, frantic, ruſh and tear
His wife and mother their diſhevel'd hair;
Run in, and *fondly claſp* his honour'd head:
The thronging concourſe tears *in torrents* ſhed.

Ver. 890.] So Congreve:

But *wildly wailing*, to the chariot flew.

The expreſſion is happy, and could not elude the diſcernment of our moſt elegant tranſlator.

Ver. 892.] This alſo is from Congreve's verſion:

Caſſandra firſt beholds, from Ilion's ſpire,
The ſad proceſſion of her hoary ſire;
Then, as the penſive pomp advanc'd more near,
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The expreſſion is happy, and could not elude the diſcernment of our moſt elegant tranſlator.

Ver. 892.] This alſo is from Congreve's verſion:

Firſt to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundleſs ſorrows o'er the dead.
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the ſad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of ſtate.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive ſighs, and muſick's ſolemn ſound:

But Priam *from his chariot roſe*, and ſpake:
for their original ſtands thus:
The ſenior from his car the croud addreſt.

Ver. 894.] The rhyme may be rectified thus:
Firſt to the palace let the car *be led*—.

Ver. 896.] Take a literal repreſentation of the original from Chapman:

——————— Then cleft the preaſſe; and gave
Way to the chariot:

but our tranſlator borrowed his beautiful metaphor from Congreve:

——————— At this the croud gave way,
Op'ning a paſs, *like waves of a divided ſea*.

Ver. 900. *A melancholy choir*, &c.] This was a cuſtom generally received, and which paſſed from the Hebrews, to the Greeks, Romans, and Aſiaticks. There were weepers by profeſſion, of both ſexes, who ſung doleful tunes round the dead. Eccleſiaſticus, chap. xii. ver. 5. *When a man ſhall go into the houſe of his eternity, there ſhall encompaſs him Weepers.* It appears from St. Matthew, xi. 17. that children were likewiſe employed in this office. Dacier. P.

The *three* following couplets are a fine effuſion of genuine poetry, but without reſemblance to their original; which may be literally repreſented in the following commenſurate tranſlation:

——————— A choir of mourners round
Their wailings led: theſe chaunt the funeral dirge;
The female chorus with their groans replied.

Alternately they ſing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper ſorrows groan from each full heart;
And Nature ſpeaks at ev'ry pauſe of Art.
Firſt to the corſe the weeping conſort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms ſhe threw,

But I cannot deny my readers the leſs ſcrupulous, but moſt elegant, execution of Mr. Cowper:

> And ſingers placed beſide him, who ſhould chaunt
> The ſtrain funereal: they with many a groan
> The dirge began; and ſtill, at every cloſe,
> The female train with many a groan replied.

Our poet did not properly apprehend the paſſage; of which the reader may learn a juſt conception from my note on the Alceſtis of Euripides, ver. 430, and the references there.

Ver. 903.] This ſeems to be improved from Congreve:

> ——————— All in a chorus did agree
> Of univerſal, *mournful harmony*.

Ver. 906, &c. *The lamentations over Hector.*] The poet judiciouſly makes Priam to be ſilent in this general lamentation; he has already borne a ſufficient ſhare in theſe ſorrows, in the tent of Achilles, and ſaid what grief can dictate to a father and a king upon ſuch a melancholy ſubject. But he introduces three women as chief mourners, and ſpeaks only in general of the lamentation of the men of Troy, an exceſs of ſorrow being unmanly: whereas theſe women might with decency indulge themſelves in all the lamentation that fondneſs and grief could ſuggeſt. The wife, the mother of Hector, and Helen, are the three perſons introduced; and though they all mourn upon the ſame occaſion, yet their lamentations are ſo different, that not a ſentence that is ſpoken by the one, could be made uſe of by the other: Andromache ſpeaks like a tender wife, Hecuba like a fond mother, and Helen mourns with ſorrow riſing from ſelf-accuſation: Andromache commends his bravery, Hecuba his manly beauty, and Helen his gentleneſs and humanity.

And oh my Hector! Oh my lord! ſhe cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from theſe deſiring eyes!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only ſon, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love, remains!
Never to manly age that ſon ſhall riſe,
Or with encreaſing graces glad my eyes:
For Ilion now (her great defender ſlain)
Shall ſink a ſmoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who ſaves her infants from the rage of war?

Homer is very conciſe in deſcribing the funeral of Hector, which was but a neceſſary piece of conduct, after he had been ſo full in that of Patroclus. P.

Ver. 907.] Homer ſays,

The warriour's head ſuſtaining in her hands:

but Chapman ſeems to have ſuggeſted the variation to our poet:

——— ſhe on *the necke*, of ſlaughterd Hector fell.

Ver. 908.] The firſt *eight* lines of this ſpeech repreſent the following portion of his original:

O! huſband, loſt art thou to life in youth,
Me left at home a widow, and thy ſon
An infant: hapleſs parents! helpleſs child!
Ne'er to attain his prime!

Ver. 918.] This turn of the paſſage is from Congreve, as well as the vicious rhymes:

Who is there now, that can protection give,
Since he, who was her ſtrength, no more doth live?
Who of her rev'rend matrons will have *care?*
Who ſave her children from the rage of war?

Now hoſtile fleets muſt waft thoſe infants o'er,
(Thoſe wives muſt wait 'em) to a foreign ſhore!
Thou too my ſon! to barb'rous climes ſhalt go,
The ſad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driv'n hence a ſlave before the victor's ſword;
Condemn'd to toil for ſome inhuman lord:
Or elſe ſome Greek whoſe father preſt the plain,
Or ſon, or brother, by great Hector ſlain;
In Hector's blood his vengeance ſhall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.
For thy ſtern father never ſpar'd a foe:
Thence all theſe tears, and all this ſcene of woe!
Thence, many evils his ſad parents bore,
His parents many, but his conſort more.

Ver. 920.] More accurately thus:

The foe muſt waft thoſe wives *and* infants o'er,
(Myſelf amongſt them) to a foreign ſhore.

Ver. 925.] Thus Congreve:

And he to *ſome inhumane lord* a ſlave.

Ver. 928.] This line is formed from one of his author, in imitation of Congreve's verſion:

And with his *blood* his thirſty grief aſſwage.

Ver. 930.] Our tranſlator is too conciſe. Thus? much more faithfully:

Wide did thy father's hand deal ſlaughter round,
And many a Greek, expiring, bit the ground.
In fight his fury never ſpar'd a foe—.

Ver. 932.] The *paſt tenſe* ſpoils the whole paſſage, and perverts it's meaning. Thus?

This load of evils thence his parents' life
Sink down, but moſt ſink down his wretched wife.

Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?
Some word thou would'ſt have ſpoke, which ſadly dear,
My ſoul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be loſt in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft' repeated there!

Ver. 934. *Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?*
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?]

I have taken theſe two lines from Mr. Congreve, whoſe tranſlation of this part was one of his firſt eſſays in poetry. He has very juſtly rendered the ſenſe of Πυκινὸν ἔπος, *dictum prudens*, which is meant of the words of a dying man, or one in ſome dangerous exigence; at which times what is ſpoken is uſually ſomething of the utmoſt importance, and delivered with the utmoſt care: which is the true ſignification of the epithet Πυκινὸν in this place. P.

Theſe are lines of Congreve, as Pope himſelf confeſſes:

Why held he not *to me* his *dying hand?*
And why receiv'd not I his *laſt command?*

Thus Ogilby:

That thou expiring reach'd not forth *thy hand,*
Impoſing ſo on me *thy laſt command?*

Tibullus ſays, with incomparable pathos, eleg. i. 1. 59:

Te ſpectem, ſuprema mihi cùm venerit hora;
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

My cloſing eyes ſhall gaze thoſe angel charms;
That lovely form ſhall fill my dying arms!

Ver. 935.] The remainder of this addreſs repreſents but one diſtich of his original:

Nor one fond word didſt ſpeak, on which with tears
Had ever dwell'd Remembrance, night and day.

Ver. 938.] A miſerable couplet, in my opinion; nor the better for the ſimilarity of it's rhyme to the preceding. Thus?

Theſe, my fond memory at the dawn of light
Had ſeiz'd, and cheriſh'd 'till returning night.

Thus to her weeping maids ſhe makes her moan;
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next ſuſtains her part.
Oh thou, the beſt, the deareſt to my heart!
Of all my race thou moſt by heav'n approv'd,
And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other ſons in barb'rous bands
Achilles bound, and ſold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghoſt,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coaſt.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corſe was dragg'd around the tomb,

Ver. 941.] The uniformity of repetition was neceſſary to the perfection of the paſſage, as follows:

Her weeping *maids re-echo* groan for groan:

an unexceptionable word, elſewhere employed by our poet.

Ver. 948.] This fine couplet is a mere addition of the tranſlator. It might be baniſhed altogether, and the verſion brought to more correſpondence with it's original, by the following adjuſtment:

He, when his murderous hand had wrought thy doom,
Dragg'd thy dear reliques round Patroclus' tomb,
Slain by thine arm: an inſult, vile and vain!
Nor thus Patroclus roſe to life again.

Ver. 950.] Thus Congreve:

Thou too wert *ſentenc'd by his barb'rous doom*,
And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' *tomb*,
His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had *ſlain*;
And yet that cruelty was urg'd in *vain*.

(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had ſlain)
Ungen'rous inſult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'ſt thou freſh with ev'ry living grace,
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Roſy and fair! as Phœbus' ſilver bow
Diſmiſs'd thee gently to the ſhades below.
Thus ſpoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:

Ver. 954.] He is indebted, as uſual, to Congreve:

Now *freſh* and *glowing*, even in death, thou art.

Ver. 955.] I cannot admire this verſe: I am probably wrong in my taſte; but I ſhould prefer ſomething leſs ſluggiſh, like the following attempt:

Thy limbs unblemiſh'd, nor deform'd thy face.

Ver. 956.] Thus Ogilby:

——————— yet ſtill thou *rosi'd* art.

But I ſhould chooſe to correct the ambiguity of our tranſlator's language by the following ſubſtitution:

Roſy and fair! as *if Apollo's* bow
Had ſent thee ——— :

or,

——————————— as Phœbus' ſilver bow
Had ſent thee ——.

Ver. 957.] His *adverbial epithet* was probably derived from Dacier: "On diroit que c'eſt Apollon lui-même, qui a terminé tes "jours avec ſes plus *douces fléches*:" or rather from Hobbes:

As freſh and as well-colour'd as if by
Apollo's *gentle ſhafts* he had been ſlain.

Ver. 958.] Our poet indulges his fancy in theſe four verſes enormouſly. The verſion below is literally faithful:

She ſpake, with tears; and rais'd exceſs of grief:
Then Helen, next, their lamentations led.

Ver. 959.] This fine expreſſion might be ſuggeſted by Chapman:

And next her, Hellen held that *ſtate, of* ſpeech and *paſſion*.

Faſt from the ſhining ſluices of her eyes
Fall the round cryſtal drops, while thus ſhe cries.
Ah deareſt friend! in whom the Gods had join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan ſhore;
(Oh had I periſh'd, e'er that form divine
Seduc'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curſt the auth'reſs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow:
If ſome proud brother ey'd me with diſdain,
Or ſcornful ſiſter with her ſweeping train;
Thy gentle accents ſoften'd all my pain.

Ver. 962.] The rhyme is incorrect, and the ſenſe foreign to his author. The propoſed ſubſtitution is more faithful:

Of brothers far moſt dear! this tender name,
To me, kind Hector! from my Paris came.

Ver. 965.] Thus, to accord with the ſubſtitution juſt propoſed;

Since *firſt he* brought me ——.

Ver. 969.] A little varied from Congreve:

Not one *ungentle word*, or look of ſcorn.

Ver. 973.] Congreve has exhibited his author with more fulneſs and fidelity; preſerving a circumſtance of affection, too beautifully characteriſtic to be omitted:

If by my ſiſters, or the queen revil'd,
(For the good king, like you, was ever mild)
Your kindneſs ſtill has all my grief beguil'd.

For thee I mourn; and mourn myſelf in thee,
The wretched ſource of all this miſery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Thro' Troy's wide ſtreets abandon'd ſhall I roam!
In Troy deſerted, as abhorr'd at home!

So ſpoke the fair, with ſorrow-ſtreaming eye:
Diſtreſsful beauty melts each ſtander-by;
On all around th' infectious ſorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it roſe.
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the foreſts for a fun'ral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes, nor ſecret ambuſh dread;
Achilles grants theſe honours to the dead.

He ſpoke; and at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harneſs to the wain,

Ver. 978.] The rhyme is incorrect. Thus?

Sad Helen *lives all friendleſs and alone!*

for he ſhould have accommodated both the rhymes of Congreve to his purpoſe, rather than deviate into exceptionable variation. Thus that tranſlator:

Ever in tears let me your loſs *bemoan*,
Who had no friend alive, but you alone.

Ver. 980.] The latter clauſe is ſuperadded for the verſification only, without authority from his author.

Ver. 981.] Our poet, like a poſtilion, flouriſhes away on his Pegaſus at the concluſion of his journey. His original ſupplied no more than the following plain materials for theſe very graceful and pleaſing couplets:

She weeping ſpake: the croud immenſe replied
With groans: when Priam thus addreſt the train.

Pour thro' the gates, and fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd foreſts to the town.
Theſe toils continue nine ſucceeding days,
And high in air a ſilvan ſtructure raiſe.
But when the tenth fair morn began to ſhine,
Forth to the pile was borne the Man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with ſtreaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling ſmokes ariſe.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre ſtreak'd the dewy lawn;
Again the mournful crouds ſurround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.
The ſnowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vaſe;

Ver. 991.] This ſpecification of Mount Ida is neither in Homer, nor any of his tranſlators, but Barbin: "Priam parloit au peuple, "et lui donnoit ordre d'aller à la foreſt *du mont Ida.*"

Ver. 994.] Our poet might have his eyes on Chapman:

——————— and an unmeaſur'd pile, of *ſilvane* matter cut;
Nine daies emploide in cariage; but when the tenth *morne ſhinde*
On wretched mortals———.

Ver. 997.] Our tranſlator condeſcends to copy Congreve:

Then gave it fire; *while all, with weeping eyes,*
Beheld the rolling flames, and ſmoke ariſe.

Ver. 1000.] Or thus:

With *ſpangling* luſtre *deckt* the dewy lawn.

Ver. 1003.] So Congreve:

And gathering up his *ſnowy bones* with care:

The golden vaſe in purple palls they roll'd,
Of ſofteſt texture, and inwrought with gold.
Laſt o'er the urn the ſacred earth they ſpread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and ſpies, 'till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the riſing to the ſetting ſun)
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A ſolemn, ſilent, melancholy train:

---

but originally Chapman:

——— His brothers then, and friends *the ſnowy bones*
Gatherd into an urne of gold.

Ver. 1006.] Palls inwrought with *gold* could not be of *ſofteſt* texture, but ſtiff and hard. In ſhort, the word was convenient to the tranſlator, but in direct oppoſition with his author's words. Thus?

Then o'er the golden vaſe *ſoft* palls they *threw*,
Of *fineſt* texture, and *of* purple *hue*.

Congreve renders thus:

——— an urn of gold was brought,
Wrapt in ſoft *purple palls*, and richly wrought:

and thus Chapman:

Then wrapt they in ſoft purple veiles, the rich urne.

Ver. 1008.] His author dictates,

And *pil'd with ſtones*, memorial of the dead.

Ver. 1009.] Congreve is very accurate:

Mean time, *ſtrong guards* were plac'd, *and* careful *ſpies*,
To watch the Græcians, and prevent ſurprize:

but our tranſlator had an eye alſo on Chapman:

——— guards were held, at all parts, *days and nights*.

Ver. 1012.] This verſe is added by the tranſlator, and might be formed upon Congreve:

Aſſembled there, from pious toil they reſt,
And ſadly ſhar'd the laſt ſepulchral feaſt.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful ſlept the mighty Hector's ſhade.

The work once ended, all the vaſt reſort
Of *mourning people* went to Priam's court.

Ver. 1013.] Vicious rhymes. Thus?

There, *all* aſſembled, *ceaſe their* pious *cares*,
And *each* the laſt ſepulchral *banquet ſhares*.

Ver. 1015.] A grand couplet, and a noble concluſion of a poem, durable with the language and literature of Britain! His original ſays only,

Thus they brave Hector's funeral rites perform'd.

END OF THE ILIAD.

WE have now paſt through the Iliad, and ſeen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the ſubject of the poem, and the nature of epick poetry would not permit our Author to proceed to the event of the war, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common reader to give a ſhort account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem, after the concluſion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken ſoon after the death of Hector, by the ſtratagem of the wooden horſe, the particulars of which are deſcribed by Virgil in the ſecond book of the Æneis.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the ſhot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had propheſied at his death, lib. xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus the ſon of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a conteſt with Ulyſſes for the armour of Vulcan, but being defeated in his aim, he ſlew himſelf through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deïphobus his brother, and at the taking of Troy betrayed him, in order to reconcile herſelf to Menelaus her firſt huſband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarouſly murdered by Ægyſthus at the inſtigation of Clytemneſtra his wife, who in his abſence had diſhonoured his bed with Ægyſthus.

Diomed after the fall of Troy was expelled his own country, and ſcarce eſcaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale; but at laſt was received by Daunus in Apulia, and ſhared his kingdom: it is uncertain how he died.

Neſtor lived in peace, with his children, in Pylos his native country.

Ulyſſes alſo after innumerable troubles by ſea and land, at laſt returned in ſafety to Ithaca, which is the ſubject of Homer's Odyſſes.

I muſt end theſe notes by diſcharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the

more an indiſpenſable piece of juſtice, as the one of them is ſince dead: the merit of their kindneſs to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the taſk they undertook was in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleaſure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Euſtathius, together with ſeveral excellent obſervations were ſent me by Mr. Broome: and the whole Eſſay upon Homer was written, upon ſuch memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell, archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland: how very much that gentleman's friendſhip prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his ſpirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbiſh of paſt pedants, will ſoon appear to the world, when they ſhall ſee thoſe beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almoſt with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excuſed from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarraſſing myſelf, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But inſtead of endeavouring to raiſe a vain monument to myſelf, of the merits or difficulties of it (which muſt be left

to the world, to truth and to poſterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendſhip, with one of the moſt valuable men, as well as fineſt writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do juſtice to Homer: and one, who (I am ſure) ſincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him therefore, having brought this long work to a concluſion, I deſire to *dedicate* it; and to have the honour and ſatisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

March 25, 1720.

A. POPE.

Τῶν Θεῶν δὲ εὐποιΐα, τὸ μὴ ἐπὶ πλέον με προκόψαι ἐν Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιτηδεύμασι, ἐν οἷς ἴσως ἂν κατεσχέθην, εἰ ἠσθόμην ἐμαυτὸν εὐθέως προϊόντα. M. AUREL. ANTON. *de ſeipſo*. l. i. §. 14.

AN

INDEX

OF

PERSONS AND THINGS.

	BOOK	VER.
ACAMAS	II	996
. . . . . he kills Promachus	XIV	559
Achilles prays his mother to revenge his injuries on the Greeks	I	460
. . . . . his ſpeech to the Greeks	I	79
. . . . . his quarrel with Agamemnon . . .	I	155
	297	386
. . . . . entertains Agamemnon's embaſſadors	IX	265
. . . . . anſwers Ulyſſes	IX	406
. . . . . anſwers Phœnix	IX	713
. . . . . anſwers Ajax	IX	757
. . . . . his double fate	IX	532
. . . . . ſeeing Machaon wounded ſends Patroclus to him	XI	730
. . . . . enquires of Patroclus the cauſe of his grief	XVI	9

	BOOK	VER.
Achilles ſends Patroclus to the battle and gives him orders	XVI	68
. . . . . arms his Myrmidons	XVI	190
. . . . . and animates them	XVI	239
. . . . . his bowl	XVI	273
. . . . . offers a libation with prayers to Jove	XVI	282
. . . . . heard not of the death of Patroclus	XVII	462
. . . . . his horſes lament the death of Patroclus	XVII	486
. . . . . he grieves for the death of Patroclus	XVIII	25
		367
. . . . . tells Thetis his grief	XVIII	99
. . . . . a deſcription of his ſhield	XVIII	551
. . . . . is concerned leſt Patroclus's body ſhould putrify	XIX	28
. . . . . calls an aſſembly	XIX	44
. . . . . makes a ſpeech to the aſſembly	XIX	57
. . . . . refuſes to take any food before the battle	XIX	197
. . . . . moans exceedingly for the death of Patroclus	XIX	335
. . . . . he is armed	XIX	398
. . . . . Agamemnon's preſents are delivered to him	XIX	243
. . . . . he and Agamemnon reconciled	XIX	57
. . . . . his anſwer to Agamemnon	XIX	143

	BOOK	VER.
Achilles diſſuades Æneas from contending with him	XX	214
..... contemns Æneas for flying from him	XX	393
..... he kills Iphition	XX	439
..... Demoleon	XX	457
..... Hippodamas	XX	463
..... Polydore	XX	471
..... and many others	XX	525
..... addreſſes the ſpirit of Patroclus	XXIII	25
..... kills many Trojans in the river Xanthus	XXI	25
..... denies Lycaon his life	XXI	112
..... he purſues Hector	XXII	182
..... kills him	XXII	453
..... declares the rites to be obſerved by his Myrmidons	XXIII	8
..... cuts off his hair devoted to the river Sperchius	XXIII	173
..... he prays to the winds	XXIII	238
..... inſtitutes funeral games	XXIII	321
..... gives a cup to Neſtor	XXIII	704
..... is deprived of ſleep	XXIV	9
..... receives the petition of Priam	XXIV	652
..... lays Hector's body on Priam's chariot	XXIV	737
Adraſtus	II	1007
..... taken by Menelaus	VI	45
Æneas	II	992

	BOOK	VER.
Æneas ſeeks Pandarus	V	214
. . . . . together aſſault Diomed	V	298
. . . . . he kills Crethon and Orſilochus . .	V	670
. . . . . he encounters with Achilles . . .	XX	193
. . . . . anſwers Achilles	XX	240
. . . . . tells his lineage	XX	252
. . . . . the fight of Æneas and Achilles .	XX	307
Ætolians	II	779
Agamemnon	III	19
. . . . . reſtores Chryſeïs to her father	I	406
. . . . . takes Briſeïs from Achilles .	I	423
. . . . . tells his dream in council . .	II	69
. . . . . his ſpeech, adviſing a return to Greece	II	139
. . . . . his prayer to Jupiter	II	489
. . . . . orders Machaon to be called to aſſiſt Menelaus wounded	IV	230
. . . . . exhorts his ſoldiers . . .	IV V	266 650
. . . . . blames the indolent	IV	275
. . . . . ſpeaks to Idomeneus . . .	IV	292
. . . . . goes to the two Ajax's . . .	IV	311
. . . . . goes to Neſtor	IV	334
. . . . . blames Meneſtheus	IV	390
. . . . . blames Diomed	IV	422
. . . . . his words to wounded Menelaus	IV	186
. . . . . kills Deicoön	V	660
. . . . . treats the generals	VII	385

	BOOK	VER.
Agamemnon his ſpeech to the generals .	IX	23
. . . . . ſwears he has not carnally known Briſeïs	IX	172
. . . . . acknowledges his fault, and makes large offers to ſatisfy Achilles	IX	148
. . . . . ſends ambaſſadors to Achilles	IX	192
. . . . . and Menelaus in great perplexity	X	3
. . . . . they deliberate together . . .	X	41
. . . . . he goes to Neſtor	X	81
. . . . . he arms	XI	21
. . . . . fights bravely	XI	127
. . . . . kills a great number	XI	281
. . . . . is wounded	XI	325
. . . . . goes out of the battle	XI	360
. . . . . adviſes flight	XIV	71
. . . . . for which Ulyſſes blames him	XIV	88
. . . . . is reconciled to Achilles . .	XIX	
. . . . . he ſwears he has not enjoyed Briſeïs	XIX	267
. . . . . his ſpeech concerning the Goddeſs Diſcord	XIX	81
Agenor deliberates if he ſhall meet Achilles	XXI	649
. . . . . meets him, and is ſaved by Apollo	XXI	686

	BOOK	VER.
The Ægis of Jupiter	II	526
	V	911
	XV	350
	XXI	467
Agapenor	II	741
Ajax Oïleus's ſon contends with Ulyſſes in the foot race	XXIII	882
..... quarrels with Idomeneus	XXIII	556
Ajax Telamon fights with Hector	VII	250
..... his ſpeech to Achilles	IX	735
..... his retreat nobly deſcribed	XI	672
The two Ajax's fight together	XIII	877
Ajax Telamon challenges Hector	XIII	1022
..... his fight over the dead body of Alcathous	XIII	628
..... he wounds Hector	XIV	471
..... kills Archilochus	XIV	540
..... exhorts his men	XV	591
	666	890
..... defends the ſhips	XV	814
..... is hard preſſed	XVI	130
..... he ſpeaks to Menelaus	XVII	282
..... kills Hippothous	XVII	338
..... he is in fear	XVII	705
..... adviſes Menelaus to ſend Antilochus to inform Achilles of Patroclus's death	XVII	735
..... contends with Ulyſſes in wreſtling	XXIII	820
..... fights with Diomed	XXIII	958

	BOOK	VER.
Amphimachus	II	755
		1060
Amphius	II	1007
Antenor adviſes to reſtore Helen	VII	419
Andromache and Hector	VI	490
..... ignorant of Hector's death, runs to the tumult	XXII	562
..... her grief for his death	XXII	592
..... her lamentation	XXIV	906
Antilochus kills Echepolus	IV	522
..... kills Mydon	V	709
..... kills Menalippus	XV	692
..... informs Achilles of Patroclus's death	XVIII	21
..... he chears up his horſes in the race	XXIII	523
..... yields the conteſted prize to Menelaus	XXIII	673
Antiphus	II	827
		1054
Apollo ſends a plague among the Greeks	I	61
..... encourages the Trojans	IV	585
..... reprimands Diomed	V	533
..... raiſes the phantom of Æneas to deceive his enemies	V	546
..... excites Mars	V	553
..... drives Patroclus from the walls of Troy	XVI	863

	BOOK	VER.
Apollo overthrows Patroclus	XVI	954
..... informs Hector of the death of Euphorbus	XVII	84
..... encourages Æneas	XVII	378
..... and Hector	XVII	658
..... incites Æneas to encounter Achilles	XX	110
..... forbids Hector to engage Achilles	XX	431
..... ſaves Hector from Achilles	XX	513
..... refuſes to fight with Neptune	XXI	535
..... takes Agenor from Achilles	XXI	710
..... diſcovers the deceit to Achilles	XXII	15
..... complains to the Gods of the cruelties done to Hector's body	XXIV	44
Archilochus	II	996
Aſcalaphus and Jalmenus the ſons of Mars	II	612
Aſcanius	II	1050
Aſius	II	1015
.... he is angry with Jupiter	XII	184
Aſpledon and Orchomenians	II	610
Aſteropæus meets Achilles and is killed	XXI	157
Aſtyanax	XXII	643
Athenians	II	655
Automedon and Alcimedon rule the horſes of Achilles	XVII	488
		548

B.

	BOOK	VER.
Bellerophon	VI	194
Bowl of Achilles	XVI	273
Briſeïs	II	841
..... ſhe is reſtored to Achilles	XIX	254
..... grieves for Patroclus	XIX	303
Bupraſians	II	747

C.

Calchas the prophet	I	91
..... he is blamed by Agamemnon ..	I	131
Caſtor and Pollux	III	302
Cebrion, brother and charioteer to Hector	XVI	895
Chromis	II	1046
Chryſes deſires his daughter who was captive	I	15
..... his prayers to Apollo	I	53
Coön	XI	321
Ceſtus of Venus	XIV	245
Cretans	II	785

D.

Dardanus	XX	255
Dead are buried	VII	495
Deïphobus is ſtricken by Merion, but not wounded	XIII	213
..... kills Hypſenor	XIII	509
..... he aſks Æneas to aſſiſt him in attacking Idomeneus	XIII	575

	BOOK	VER.
Deïphobus kills Aſcalaphus	XIII	655
Diomed	II	683
..... blames Sthenelus	IV	466
..... is wounded by Pandarus	V	130
..... invokes Minerva	V	146
..... kills Pandarus	V	352
..... wounds Venus	V	417
..... is in fear of Hector	V	732
..... wounds Mars	V	1050
..... exhorts Ulyſſes to ſuccour Neſtor	VIII	117
..... he relieves Neſtor	VIII	129
..... his ſpeech to Agamemnon	IX	43
..... going a ſpy to the enemy's camp, chuſes Ulyſſes for his companion	X	283
..... prays to Minerva	X	335
..... and Ulyſſes ſurpriſe Dolon, whom they take and examine	X	455
..... kills Dolon	X	524
..... kills the Thracians while ſleeping	X	560
..... returns with Ulyſſes to the fleet	X	624
..... he ſtrikes Hector	XI	452
..... adviſes the wounded to go into the army to encourage others	XIV	121
Dione comforts Venus	V	471
Dius	II	1043
Dolon a ſpy, taken	X	447
..... is killed	X	524
Dulichians	II	763

E

	BOOK	VER.
Elphenor	II	654
Ennomus the Augur	II	1047
Epiſtrophus	II	1043
Erichthonius	XX	260
Eumelus's mares	II	926
Euphemus	II	1026
Euphorbus wounds Patroclus	XVI	978
. . . . . adviſes Menelaus to yield to him	XVII	14
. . . . . is killed by Menelaus	XVII	50
Euryalus	II	682
Eurypylus	II	893
. . . . . wounded, is cured by Patroclus	XI	982

G.

Ganymedes	XX	278
Glaucus	II	1069
. . . . . accuſes Hector of flight	XVII	153
. . . . . and Diomed in the battle meet and diſcourſe together	VI	150
. . . . . interchange armour	VI	286
. . . . . his prayers to Apollo	XVI	633
. . . . . exhorts the Trojans to defend the corſe of Sarpedon	XVI	654
Gods, an aſſembly of them	IV	2
. . . . engage, ſome on one ſide, and ſome on the other	XX	91
The fight of the Gods	XXI	450

	BOOK	VER.
Grecian ſacrifices	I	599
	II	502
..... they retreat from Troy	II	173
..... prepare for war	II	470
..... go to battle	II	522
..... their forces march	IV	484
..... their flight	VIII	97
..... their watch	IX	110
..... nine of them willing to accept Hector's challenge	VII	196
..... build a wall round the fleet	VII	521
..... buy wine	VII	567
..... an aſſembly of their Generals	XV	339
..... their ſhips are burnt	XVI	140
Guneus	II	907

H.

Hector ſends out his forces to battle	II	988
..... tells Paris's challenge to the Greeks	III	123
..... retreats out of the battle into Troy	VI	296
..... exhorts the Trojans to ſupplicate Minerva	VI	338
..... goes to the houſe of Paris	VI	389
..... goes to his wife Andromache	VI	463
..... his diſcourſe with her	VI	510
..... challenges the Greeks to ſingle combat	VII	79
..... exhorts his men	VIII	210
..... encourages his horſes	VIII	226

	BOOK	VER.
Hector ſends Dolon as a ſpy	X	376
. . . . . his glory	XI	83
. . . . . he exhorts his forces, and ruſhes to battle	XI	368
. . . . . derides Polydamas's advice	XII	267
. . . . . forces open a gate of the Grecian wall	XII	537
. . . . . exhorts his men	XIII	205
. . . . . ſeeks for aid	XIII	967
. . . . . rallies his forces, and attacks the enemy	XIII	991
. . . . . anſwers Ajax	XIII	1044
. . . . . kills Amphimachus	XIII	247
. . . . . wounded, retreats	XIV	503
. . . . . is encouraged by Apollo	XV	288
. . . . . goes again to battle	XV	296
. . . . . kills Lycophron	XV	500
. . . . . exhorts Melanippus	XV	654
. . . . . kills Peripœtes	XV	770
. . . . . takes a ſhip	XV	854
. . . . . is put to flight	XVI	440
	XVI	797
. . . . . encounters with Patroclus	XVI	885
. . . . . and kills him	XVI	987
. . . . . excites his men	XVII	260
. . . . . his ſpeech to his warlike friends .	XVII	205
. . . . . he gives way to Ajax	XVII	140
. . . . . anſwers Glaucus	XVII	187
. . . . . puts on Achilles's armour	XVII	219

	BOOK	VER.
Hector, he purſues Achilles's horſes with the aſſiſtance of Æneas	XVII	550
. . . . . again endeavours to take the body of Patroclus	XVIII	187
. . . . . reſolves to combat with Achilles .	XX	415
. . . . . aſſaults Achilles	XX	485
. . . . . he deliberates with himſelf . . .	XXII	138
. . . . . he fights with Achilles	XXII	317
. . . . . his death	XXII	453
. . . . . his funeral	XXIV	989
Hecuba deſires Hector would not fight Achilles	XXII	110
. . . . . renews her deſires he would not fight Achilles	XXII	552
. . . . . mourns his death	XXIV	942
Helen goes to ſee the combat between Paris and Menelaus	III	185
. . . . the Trojans admire her beauty . . .	III	204
. . . . chides Paris	III	533
. . . . ſpeaks to Hector	VI	432
. . . . laments over Hector's body . . .	XXIV	962
Helenus adviſes Hector and Æneas . .	VII	48
	VI	95
Hippothoüs	II	1021

I.

Idæus carries Paris's challenge to the Greeks	VII	460

	BOOK	VER.
Idomeneus	II	791
	III	295
. . . . . kills Othryoneus	XIII	457
. . . . . Aſius	XIII	483
. . . . . Alcathoüs	XIII	537
Iphidamas, his death finely deſcribed . . .	XI	283
Iris orders the Trojans to arms	II	956
. . . tells Helen of the ſingle combat of Paris and Menelaus	III	165
. . . is ſent to Pallas and Juno with Jove's orders	VIII	488
. . . admoniſhes Achilles to ſuccour his friends fighting for the body of Patroclus	XVIII	209
. . . ſummons the winds to raiſe the fire of Patroclus's pile	XXIII	244
Ithacans	II	769
Juno ſends Minerva to hinder the Greeks from retreating	II	191
. . . . her quarrel with Jupiter	IV	35
. . . . ſhe and Minerva prepare for fight . .	V	883
. . . . aſk leave of Jupiter to go to battle . .	V	942
. . . . her ſpeech to Neptune	VIII	242
. . . . dreſſes herſelf to deceive Jupiter . .	XIV	191
. . . . deſires of Venus her girdle to deceive Jupiter	XIV	225
. . . . goes to the God of Sleep, to put Jupiter into a ſleep	XIV	266
. . . . by large promiſes obtains her requeſt	XIV	305

	BOOK	VER.
Juno goes to Jupiter	XIV	331
.... denies it was at her requeſt that Neptune aſſiſted the Greeks	XV	41
.... goes to the reſt of the Gods	XV	84
.... tells the order of Jupiter to Apollo and Iris	XV	162
.... adviſes with the Gods concerning Æneas's fighting with Achilles	XX	146
.... ſends Vulcan to oppoſe Xanthus	XXI	386
.... overcomes Diana	XXI	564
Jupiter promiſes Thetis to be revenged on the Greeks	I	672
..... inſpires Agamemnon with a dream	II	9
..... forbids the Gods to aſſiſt either part	VIII	7
..... his golden chain	VIII	25
..... deſcends on Ida	VIII	57
..... ſends Iris to order Juno and Minerva to retreat from the battle	VIII	488
..... ſends Eris amongſt the Greeks	XI	5
..... ſends Iris to forbid Hector ſome time from perſonally engaging	XI	241
..... inſpires Sarpedon to aſſault the Greek wall	XII	348
..... is cauſed by Juno to ſleep	XIV	405
..... awaking from ſleep he is angry with Juno	XV	5
..... orders Juno to ſend Iris and Apollo to him	XV	59

	BOOK	VER.
Jupiter ſends Iris to order Neptune to deſiſt from fighting	XV	180
..... ſends Apollo to encourage Hector	XV	258
..... encourages Hector himſelf	XV	722
..... is grieved for Sarpedon's death	XVI	530
..... orders Apollo to take care of Sarpedon's funeral	XXI	811
..... pities Hector	XVII	227
..... examines Juno concerning the exciting Achilles to engage in battle	XVIII	417
..... ſends Minerva to comfort Achilles	XIX	364
..... gives the Gods leave to aſſiſt which party they pleaſe	XX	35
..... ſends Thetis to Achilles, ordering him to deliver Hector's body to Priam	XXIV	137
..... ſends Iris to adviſe Priam to go to Achilles	XXIV	178
..... orders Mercury to conduct Priam to Achilles	XXIV	411

L.

Lacedæmonians	II	704
Locrians	II	630
Lycaon overcome by Achilles	XXI	41
..... begs his life in vain	XXI	111

M.

Machaon	II	889
..... cures Menelaus	IV	250

	BOOK	VER.
Magneſians	II	916
Mars is wounded by Diomed	V	1050
.... expoſtulates with Jupiter on that account	V	1068
.... reprehended by Jupiter for the ſame	V	1092
.... hearing of the death of his ſon is enraged	XV	126
Meges	II	761
Meleager, the ſtory of him	IX	653
Menelaus	II	710
..... undertakes to fight with Paris	III	137
..... is treacherouſly wounded by Pandarus	IV	135
..... takes Adraſtus	VI	45
..... would undertake to fight with Hector, but is hindered by Agamemnon	VII	727
..... and Ajax aſſiſt Ulyſſes	XI	582
..... wounds Helenus	XIII	733
..... kills Piſander	XIII	753
..... exhorts Antilochus	XV	680
..... deſpiſed by Euphorbus	XVII	12
..... kills Euphorbus	XVII	50
..... yields to Hector	XVII	101
..... exhorts the Generals	XVII	294
..... encouraged by Minerva	XVII	626
..... ſends Antilochus to tell Achilles of the death of Patroclus	XVII	775
..... is angry with Antilochus	XXIII	651
Meneſtheus	II	665

	BOOK	VER.
Meneſtheus ſends Thoös to the Ajaxes for aid	XII	411
Mercury accompanies Priam	XXIV	447
..... conducts Priam to Achilles	XXIV	541
..... admoniſhes Priam in his ſleep	XXIV	850
Merion	II	792
..... wounds Deïphobus	XIII	668
..... kills Harpalion	XIII	813
Meſtles	II	1054
Minerva goes to Pandarus to induce him to break the truce	IV	115
..... ſtrengthens Diomed	V	1
..... forces Mars from the battle	V	545
..... derides Venus	V	509
..... prepares herſelf for the war	V	884
	V	908
..... aſks leave of Jupiter to go to the war	V	942
..... ſpeaks to Diomed	V	998
..... encourages Diomed to aſſault Mars	V	1020
..... her ſpeech to Jupiter	VIII	39
..... reſtrains Mars's anger	XV	140
..... knocks down Mars with a mighty ſtone	XXI	469
..... vanquiſhes Venus and her lover	XXI	498
..... in the ſhape of Deïphobus, perſuades Hector to meet Achilles	XXII	291
Mycenians	II	686

	BOOK	VER.
Myrmidons	II	834
..... go to the fight	XVI	312

N.

Naſtes	II	1062
Neptune, his and Jupiter's diſcourſe concerning the Grecian wall	VII	530
..... his diſcourſe with Idomeneus	XIII	299
..... brings help to the Greeks	XIII	17
..... encourages the two Ajaxes	XIII	73
..... encourages the Greeks	XIII	131
..... is angry with Jupiter	XV	206
..... adviſes about the preſervation of Æneas	XX	341
..... preſerves Æneas from Achilles's fury	XX	367
..... comforts Achilles	XXI	332
..... urges Apollo to fight	XXI	507
Nereïds, the catalogue and names of them	XVIII	42
Neſtor endeavours to reconcile Achilles and Agamemnon	I	330
..... praiſed by Agamemnon	II	440
..... his ſpeech to the ſoldiers	II	402
..... his forces	II	716
..... his ſpeech to Agamemnon	IV	370
..... exhorts the ſoldiers	VI	84
..... his ſpeech for burying the dead and building a wall	VII	392

	BOOK	VER.
Neſtor blames the Greeks for not daring to encounter Hector	VII	145
..... is in great danger	VIII	102
..... flies with Diomed.	VIII	190
..... his advice for guards and refreſhment	IX	86
..... for pacifying Achilles	IX	141
..... approves Diomed's ſpeech to Agamemnon	IX	73
..... goes by night to Ulyſſes	X	157
..... encourages Diomed	X	180
..... adviſes to ſend ſpies into the enemy's camp	X	241
..... recites what he did in his youth	XI	817
..... goes on an uproar to know the cauſe	XIV	1
..... prays to Jupiter	XV	428
..... exhorts the Greeks to oppoſe the enemy	XV	796
..... adviſes his ſon concerning the race	XXIII	369
Niobe, her fable	XXIV	757
Nireus, the moſt handſome Greek	II	817

O.

Orcus, his helmet	V	1037
Odius	II	1043

P.

	BOOK	VER.
Pandarus	II	1001
..... treacherouſly wounds Menelaus	IV	135
..... is killed by Diomed	V	352
Paris boaſts at the beginning of the fight	III	26
.... cowardly flies	III	44
.... blamed of Hector	III	55
.... undertakes a ſingle combat with Menelaus	III	101
.... is armed	III	409
.... fights with Menelaus	III	427
.... is taken from the combat by Venus	III	467
.... blamed by Helen	III	533
.... reſcued from fight, is put to bed with Helen	III	555
.... refuſes to reſtore Helen	VII	438
.... wounds Diomed	XI	482
.... wounds Machaon	XI	629
.... wounds Eurypylus	XI	709
.... kills Euchenor	XIII	827
Patroclus returns to Achilles	XV	462
..... entreats Achilles to let him go to aid the Greeks	XVI	31
..... is armed	XVI	162
..... exhorts the Myrmidons	XVI	324
..... and his men kill many of the Trojans	XVI	448
	XVI	482
	XVI	847

	BOOK	VER.
Patroclus exhorts the two Ajaxes	XVI	681
. . . . . kills Cebrion	XVI	895
. . . . . is ſtruck by Apollo	XVI	954
. . . . . a fierce conteſt about his body	XVII	324
	472	613
. . . . . appears to Achilles in a dream	XXIII	78
. . . . . his funeral pile	XXIII	198
. . . . . his ſepulchre	XXIII	306
. . . . . his funeral games	XXIII	323
Phidippus	II	827
Phocians	II	620
Phœnix intreats Achilles to be reconciled to Agamemnon	IX	562
. . . . . ſits as one of the judges at the race	XXIII	435
Phorcis	II	1050
Podalirius	II	889
Podarces	II	860
Polydamas adviſes to force the Greek lines	XII	67
. . . . . interprets a prodigy, and gives his advice	XII	245
. . . . . blames Hector	XIII	907
. . . . . kills Prothenor	XIV	525
Polypœtes	II	904
. . . . . and Leontius.	XII	141
Prayers and Injuſtice, their influence on the Gods	IX	624

	BOOK	VER.
Priam enquires of Helen about the Grecians which they ſaw	III	219
..... is called by an herald to agree to a treaty	III	319
..... returns into the city	III	386
..... ſpeaks to the Trojans	VII	444
..... commands the ſoldiers to open the gate	XXI	620
..... intreats Hector not to meet Achilles	XXII	51
..... bemoans the death of Hector	XXII	515
..... tells his wife the commands of Jupiter	XXIV	233
..... takes the gifts to carry to Achilles	XXIV	281
..... rebukes his ſons	XXIV	311
..... Hecuba's council to him	XXIV	355
..... prays to Jupiter	XXIV	377
..... meets Achilles	XXIV	579
..... deſires to ſleep	XXIV	804
..... carries the body of Hector into the city	XXIV	882
Prodigies	XI	70
	XII	233
..... of a dragon which devoured a neſt of birds and the dam	II	372
Proteſilaüs	II	853
Prothous	II	916

	BOOK	VER.
Pylæmenes	II	1034
. . . . . is ſlain	V	705
Pylians	II	715
Pyræchmes	II	1028

R.

Rheſus	X	505
. . . . . is ſlain by Diomed	X	576
Rhodians	II	795

S.

Sarpedon	II	1069
. . . . . wounded by Tlepolemus, deſires the aſſiſtance of Hector	V	842
. . . . . exhorts Glaucus to fight	XII	371
. . . . . breaks down a battlement of the wall	XII	483
Soldiers, the good and bad deſcribed . .	XIII	359
Sleep (the God of Sleep) at the inſtance of Juno, puts Jupiter into a ſleep .	XIV	266
. . . . . incites Neptune	XIV	411
Sthenelus	II	683
. . . . . anſwers Agamemnon ſharply . .	IV	456

T.

Talthybius	I	421
Teucer from behind the ſhield of Ajax, kills many Trojans	VIII	320

	BOOK	VER.
Teucer is wounded by Hector	VIII	387
..... kills Imbrius	XIII	227
..... kills Clitus	XV	522
..... his bow is broke by a divine power	XV	544
Thalpius	II	755
Thamyris his ſtory	II	721
Themis preſents the nectar-bowl to Juno	XV	96
Therſites, his loquacity	II	255
Thetis, her words to Achilles	I	540
..... petition to Jove for her ſon	I	652
..... in great grief ſpeaks to the Nereïds	XVIII	69
..... enquires of Achilles	XVIII	95
..... promiſes Achilles armour made by Vulcan	XVIII	172
..... goes to Vulcan	XVIII	431
..... beſeeches Vulcan to make Achilles's armour	XXVII	527
..... carries the armour made by Vulcan to Achilles	XIX	13
Thoas	II	775
..... kills Pirus	IV	610
Titareſius, a river	II	910
Tlepolemus	II	793
..... fights with Sarpedon	V	776
Trojans and Grecians march to battle	III	1
..... ſign a treaty	III	338
..... and Greeks in battle	IV	508
..... many of them killed	VI	5

	BOOK	VER.
Trojans watch	VIII	686
..... march, attack the Greek trenches	XII	95
	XII	295
..... fly	XIV	596
..... make a great ſlaughter	XV	372
..... fight bravely at the Grecian fleet	XV	842
..... the Greeks fly before them	XVII	676
..... an aſſembly of them	XVIII	289

V.

Venus conveys Paris from the fight	III	467
..... beſpeaks Helen	III	481
..... is angry with Helen	III	513
..... carries Helen to Paris	III	528
..... conveys Æneas out of the battle	V	385
..... is wounded by Diomed	V	417
..... complains of her being wounded to Dione	V	465
..... is laughed at by Minerva	V	509
..... with Apollo keeps the body of Hector from putrifying	XXIII	226
Ulyſſes	II	765
	III	254
..... delivers Chryſeïs to her father	I	573
..... contends with Ajax in the courſe	XXIII	820
..... prevents the Greeks from retreating	II	224
..... provokes Therſites	II	305
..... exhorts the ſoldiers to battle	II	347

	BOOK	VER.
Ulyſſes anſwers Agamemnon	IV	402
. . . . . his ſpeech to Achilles to reconcile him and Agamemnon	IX	295
. . . . . exhorts Diomed to battle	XI	408
. . . . . is ſurrounded by the enemy	XI	510
. . . . . is wounded by Socus	XI	547
. . . . . kills Socus	XI	561
. . . . . adviſes to give the ſoldiers refreſhment before the battle	XIX	153
. . . . . adviſes to Achilles to refreſh himſelf	XIX	215
Vulcan admoniſhes Juno	I	746
. . . . . remembers the benefits he has received of Thetis	XVIII	461
. . . . . enquires of Thetis the cauſe of coming	XVIII	495
. . . . . makes a ſuit of armour for Achilles	XVIII	537
. . . . . dries up the river Xanthus	XXI	400

X.

Xanthus, Achilles's horſe, foreſhews the deſtruction of Achilles	XIX	452
. . . . . the river, ſpeaks to Achilles . . .	XXI	232
. . . . . riſes againſt Achilles	XXI	258
. . . . . invokes Simoïs againſt Achilles .	XXI	358
. . . . . ſupplicates Vulcan and Juno . .	XXI	418
		432

A

POETICAL INDEX

TO

HOMER's ILIAD.

The first number marks the book, the second the verse.

FABLE.

THE great *Moral* of the *Iliad*, that *Concord among Governors is the preservation of States, and Discord the ruin of them: pursued through the whole Fable.*

The Anger of Achilles breaks this union in the opening of the poem, *l.* i. He withdraws from the body of the Greeks, which first interrupts the success of the common cause, *ibid.* The army mutiny, ii. The Trojans break the truce, iv. A great number of the Greeks slain, vii, 392. Forced to build fortifications to guard their fleet, *ibid.* In great distress, from the enemy, whose victory is only stopt by the night, viii. Ready to quit their design, and return with infamy, ix. Send to Achilles to persuade him to a re-union, in vain,

F A B L E.

ibid. The diſtreſs continues; the General and all the beſt warriours are wounded, xi. The fortification overthrown, and the fleet ſet on fire, xv. Achilles himſelf ſhares in the misfortunes he brought upon the allies, by the loſs of his friend Patroclus, xvi. Hereupon the Hero is reconciled to the General, the victory over Troy is compleat, and Hector ſlain by Achilles, xix, xx, xxi, xxii, *&c.*

EPISODES or FABLES which are interwoven into the Poem, but foreign to its deſign.

The fable of the conſpiracy of the Gods againſt Jupiter, i, 516. Of Vulcan's fall from heaven on the iſland of Lemnos, i, 761. The impriſonment of Mars by Otus and Ephialtes, v, 475. The ſtory of Thamyris, ii, 721. The embaſſy of Tydeus to Thebes, iv, 430. The tale of Bellerophon, vi, 195. Of Lycurgus and the Bacchanals, vi, 161. The war of the Pylians and Arcadians, vii, 165. The ſtory of Phœnix, ix, 572. Of Meleager and the wars of the Curetes and Ætolians, ix, 653. The wars of Pyle and Elis, xi, 818. The birth of Hercules, and labour of Alcmena, xix, 103. The expulſion of Ate from heaven, xix, 93. Vulcan's abode with Thetis, and his employment there, xviii, 463.

F A B L E.

The family and hiſtory of Troy, xx, 255. The transformation of Niobe, xxiv, 757. Building of the walls of Troy by Neptune, xxi, 518.

Allegorical FABLES.

Moral.] Prudence reſtraining Paſſion, repreſented in the machine of Minerva deſcending to calm Achilles, i, 261. Love alluring, and extinguiſhing Honour, in Venus bringing Paris from the combat to the arms of Helen, iii, 460, *&c.* True Courage overcoming Paſſion, in Diomed's conqueſt of Mars and Venus, by the aſſiſtance of Pallas, v, 1020, *&c. through that whole book.* Prayers the daughters of Jupiter, following Injuſtice, and perſecuting her at the throne of heaven, ix, 625. The Ceſtus, or girdle of Venus, xiv, 245. The allegory of Sleep, xiv, 265. The allegory of Diſcord caſt out of heaven to earth, xix, 93. The allegory of the two Urns of Pleaſure and Pain, xxiv, 663.

Phyſical or Phyloſophical.] The combat of the *elements* till the *water* ſubſided, in the fable of the wars of Juno or the Air, and Neptune or the Sea, with Jupiter or the Æther, till Thetis put an end to them, i, 516. Fire derived from heaven to earth, imaged by the fall of Vulcan on Lemnos, i, 761. The gravitation of the Planets upon the Sun, in the allegory of the *golden chain* of Jupiter,

F A B L E.

viii, 25. The influence of the Æther upon the Air, in the allegory of the congreſs of Jupiter and Juno, xiv, 395. The Air ſupplied by the vapours of the Ocean and Earth, in the ſtory of Juno nouriſhed by Oceanus and Tethys, xiv, 231. The allegory of the Winds, xxiii, 242. The quality of Salt preſerving dead bodies from corruption, in Thetis or the Sea preſerving the body of Patroclus, xix, 40.

For the reſt of the Allegories, *ſee the* Syſtem of the Gods *as acting in their allegorical characters, under the article* CHARACTERS.

Allegorical or *Fictitious Perſons* in *HOMER.*

The *lying dream* ſent to Agamemnon by Jupiter, ii, 7. Fame the meſſenger of Jove, ii, 121. Furies, puniſhers of the wicked, iii, 351. Hebe, or Youth, attending the banquets of the Gods, iv, 3. Flight and Terrour attendants upon Mars, iv, 500. Diſcord deſcribed, iv, 502. Bellona Goddeſs of war, v, 726. The Hours, keepers of the gates of heaven, v, 929. Nymphs of the mountains, vi, 532. Night, a Goddeſs, vii, 342. Iris, or the Rainbow, viii, 486. Prayers the daughters of Jupiter, ix, 624. Eris or Diſcord, xi, 5. Ilythiæ, Goddeſſes preſiding in women's labour, xi, 348. Terrour the ſon of Mars, xiii, 386. Sleep, xiv, 265. Night, xiv, 293. Death and Sleep,

FABLE.

two twins, xvi, 831. Nereïds, or nymphs of the ſea; a catalogue of them, xviii, 45. Ate, or the Goddeſs of Diſcord, xix, 92. Scamander the River-God, xxi, 230. Fire and Water made Perſons in the battle of Scamander and Vulcan, xxi, 386. The Eaſt and Weſt Winds, ibid. Iris, or the Rainbow, and the Winds, xxiii, 242.

The MARVELLOUS or ſupernatural FICTIONS in HOMER.

Omen of the birds and ſerpent, repreſenting the event of the Trojan war, ii, 370. The miraculous rivers Titareſius and Styx, ii, 910. The giant Typhon, under the burning mountain Typhæus, ii, 952. Battle of the cranes and pigmies, iii, 7. Prodigy of a comet, iv, 101. Diomed's helmet ejecting fire, v, 6. Horſes of celeſtial breed, v, 327. Vaſt ſtone heaved by Diomed, v, 370. And Hector, xii. 537. And Minerva, xxi, 468. The miraculous chariot, and arms of Pallas, v, 885, 908, *&c.* The Gorgon, helmet, and Ægis of Jupiter, *ibid.* The gates of heaven, *ibid.* The leap of immortal horſes, v, 960. Shout of Stentor, v, 978. Roaring of Mars, v, 1054. Helmet of Orcus, which rendered the wearer inviſible, v, 1036. The *blood* of the Gods, v, 422. The immediate healing of their wounds, v, 1112. The chimæra, vi, 220.

FABLE.

Deſtruction by Neptune of the Grecian rampart, xii, 15. Wall puſhed down by Apollo, xv, 415. The golden chain of Jupiter, viii, 25. Horſes and chariot of Jupiter, viii, 49. His balances, weighing the fates of men, viii, 88, xxii, 271. Jupiter's aſſiſting the Trojans by thunders, and lightnings, and viſible declarations of his favour, viii, 93, 161, *&c.* xvii, 670. Prodigy of an eagle and fawn, viii, 297. Horſes of the Gods, ſtables and chariots, pompouſly deſcribed, viii, 535, *&c.* Hector's lance of ten cubits, viii, 615. Omen of an heron, x, 322. The deſcent of Eris, xi, 5. A ſhower of blood, xi, 70. xvi, 560. Omen of an eagle and ſerpent, xii, 230. The progreſs of Neptune through the ſeas, xiii, 42. The chain of War and Diſcord ſtretched over the armies, xiii, 451. The loud voice of Neptune, xiv, 173. Solemn oath of the Gods, xiv, 305, xv, 41. Minerva ſpreads a light over the army, xv, 808. Jupiter involves the combatants in thick darkneſs, xvi, 695. Horſes begot by the wind on a harpy, xvi, 184. A ſhower of blood, xvi, 560. Miraculous tranſportation and interment of Sarpedon by Apollo, Sleep and Death, xvi, 810, *&c.* Prophecy at the hour of death, xvi, 1026. xxii, 450. Achilles unarmed puts the whole Trojan army to flight on his appearance, xviii, 235, *&c.* Moving tripods and

living ſtatues of Vulcan, xviii, 440, 487. The horſe of Achilles ſpeaks by a prodigy, xix, 450. The battle of the Gods, xx, 63, *&c.* Horſes of a miraculous extraction, the transformation of Boreas, xx, 264. The wonderful battle of the Xanthus, xxi, 230, *&c.* Hector's body preſerved by Apollo and Venus, xxiii, 226. The ghoſt of Patroclus, xxiii, 78. The two Urns of Jupiter, xxiv, 663. The vaſt quoit of Aëtion, xxiii, 975. The transformation of Niobe and her people into ſtones, xxiv, 757.

Under this head of the Marvellous *may alſo be included all the immediate* machines *and* appearances of the Gods *in the Poem, and their* transformations; *the* miraculous birth of Heroes; *the* paſſions in human and viſible forms, *and the reſt.*

CHARACTERS OR MANNERS.

Characters of the GODS of HOMER, as acting in the Phyſical *or* Moral *capacities of thoſe Deities.*

JUPITER.

Acting and governing all, as the ſupreme Being.] See the article *Theology* in the next *Index.*

CHARACTERS.

JUNO.

As the element of Air.] Her congreſs with Jupiter, or the Æther, and production of vegetables, xiv, 390, *&c.* Her loud ſhout, the air being the cauſe of ſound, v, 976. Nouriſhed by Oceanus and Tethys, xiv, 231.

As Goddeſs of Empire and Honour.] Stops the Greeks from flying ignominiouſly, ii, 191. *and in many other places.* Incites and commands Achilles to revenge the death of his friend, xviii, 203, *&c.* Inſpires into Helen a contempt of Paris, and ſends Iris to call her to behold the combat with Menelaus, iii, 165.

APOLLO.

As the Sun.] Cauſes the plague in the heat of ſummer, i, 61. Raiſes a phantom of clouds and vapours, v, 545. Diſcovers in the morning the ſlaughter made the night before, x, 606. Recovers Hector from fainting, and opens his eyes, xv, 280. Dazzles the eyes of the Greeks, and ſhakes his Ægis in their faces, xv, 362. Reſtores vigour to Glaucus, xvi, 647. Preſerves the body of Sarpedon from corruption, xvi, 830. And that of Hector, xxiii, 232. Raiſes a cloud to conceal Æneas, xx, 513.

As Deſtiny.] Saves Æneas from death, v, 429.

CHARACTERS.

Hector, xx, 513. Saves Agenor, xxi, 705. Deserts Hector when his hour is come, xxii, 277.

As Wisdom.] He and Minerva inspire Helenus to keep off the general engagement by a single combat, vii, 25. Advises Hector to shun encountering Achilles, xx, 431.

MARS.

As mere martial courage without conduct.] Goes to the fight without the orders of Jupiter, v, 726. Again provoked to rebel against Jupiter by his passion, xv, 126. Is vanquished by Minerva, or Conduct, xxi, 480.

MINERVA.

As martial courage with Wisdom.] Joins with Juno in restraining the Greeks from flight, and inspires Ulysses to do it, ii, 210. Animates the army, ii, 524. Described as leading a hero safe through a battle, iv, 631. Assists Diomed to overcome Mars and Venus, v, 407, 1042. Overcomes them herself, xxi, 480. Restrains Mars from rebellion against Jupiter, v, 45. xv, 140. Submits to Jupiter, viii, 40. Advises Ulysses to retire in time from the night expedition, x, 593. Assists him through that expedition, x, 351, *&c.* Discovers the ambush laid against the Pylians by

night, and cauſes them to ſally, xi, 851. Aſſiſts Achilles to conquer Hector, xxii, 277, *&c.*

As Wiſdom ſeparately conſidered.] Suppreſſes Achilles's paſſion, i, 261. Suppreſſes her own anger againſt Jupiter, iv, 31. Brings to paſs Jupiter's will in contriving the breach of the truce, iv, 95. Teaches Diomed to diſcern Gods from men, and to conquer Venus, v, 154, *&c.* Called the beſt beloved of Jupiter, viii, 48. Obtains leave of Jupiter, that while the other Gods do not aſſiſt the Greeks, ſhe may direct them with her counſels, viii, 45. Is again checked by the command of Jupiter, and ſubmits, viii, 560, 572. Is ſaid to aſſiſt, or ſave any hero, in general through the poem, when any act of prudence preſerves him.

VENUS.

As the paſſion of love.] Brings Paris from the fight to the embraces of Helen, and inflames the lovers, iii, 460, 529, *&c.* Is overcome by Minerva, or Wiſdom, v, 407. And again, xxi, 596. Her Ceſtus, or girdle, and the effects of it, xiv, 245.

NEPTUNE.

As the ſea.] Overturns the Grecian wall with his waves, xii, 15. Aſſiſts the Greeks at their fleet, which was drawn up at the ſea-ſide, xiii, 67, *&c.* Retreats at the order of Jupiter, xv, 245. Shakes

the whole field of battle and ſea-ſhore with earthquakes, xx, 77.

VULCAN.

Or the Element of Fire.] Falls from heaven to earth, i, 761. Received in Lemnos, a place of ſubterraneous fires, *ibid.* His operations of various kinds, xviii, 440, 468, 537. Dries up the river Xanthus, xxi, 398. Aſſiſted by the winds, xxi, 389.

Characters of the HEROES.

N. B. *The* Speeches *which depend upon, and flow from, theſe ſeveral Characters, are diſtinguiſhed by an* S.

ACHILLES.

Furious paſſionate, diſdainful, and reproachful, *lib.* i, *ver.* 155, S. 194, S. 297, S. ix, 405, S. 746, S. xxiv, 705.

Revengeful and implacable in the higheſt degree, ix, 755, 765. xvi, 68, S. 122, S. xviii, 120, 125, S. xix, 211, S. xxii, 333, S. 437, S.

Cruel, xvi, 122. xix, 395. xxi, 112. xxii, 437, S. 495, S. xxiii. 30. xxiv, 51.

Superiour to all men in valour, xx, 60, 437, *&c.* 21, 22, throughout.

Conſtant and violent in friendſhip, ix, 730. xviii,

CHARACTERS.

30,—371. xxiii, 54, 272. xxiv, 5. xvi, 9, S. 208, S. xviii, 100, S. 380, S. xix, 335, S. xxii, 482, S. Achilles ſcarce ever ſpeaks without mention of his friend Patroclus.

ÆNEAS.

Pious to the Gods, v, 226, S. xx, 132, 290, 345.
Senſible and moral, xx, 242, 290, *&c.* S.
Valiant, not raſh, xx, 130, 240, S.
Tender to his friend, xiii, 590.

See his character in the notes on l. v. ver. 212, *and on* l. xiii, ver. 578.

AGAMEMNON.

Imperious and paſſionate, i, 33, 129, S.
Sometimes cruel, vi. 79. ii, 140, S.
Artful and deſigning, ii, 68, 95.
Valiant, and an excellent General, iv, 256, 265, *&c.* xi, *throughout.*
Eminent for brotherly affection, iv, 183, *&c.* S. vii, 121.

See his character in the notes on l. xi. ver. 1.

AJAX.

Of ſuperior ſtrength and ſize, and fearleſs on that account, xiii, 410. vii, 227, S. 274, S. xv, 666.
Indefatigable and patient, xi, 683, &c. xiii, 877.

CHARACTERS.

xv, *throughout.* xiv, 535, ſhort in his ſpeeches, vii, 227. ix, 735. xv, 666, &c.

See his character in the notes on l. vii. ver. 227.

DIOMED.

Daring and intrepid, v, *throughout*, and viii, 163, 181, S. ix, 65, 820. x, 260.
Proud and boaſting, vi, 152. xi, 500.
Vain of his birth, xiv, 124.
Generous, vi, 265.
Is guided by Pallas or Wiſdom, and chuſes Ulyſſes to direct him, v, *throughout*, x, 287, 335.

See his character in the notes on l. v, ver. 1.

HECTOR.

A true lover of his country, viii, 621, S. xii, 284. xv, 582, S.
Valiant in the higheſt degree, iii, 83. vii, 80. xii, 273, S. xviii, 333, S. &c.
Excellent in conduct, viii, 610, S. xi, 663.
Pious, vi, 140, 339, 605.
Tender to his parents, vi, 312.
. . . . . to his wife, vi, 457.
. . . . . to his child, vi, 605.
. . . . . to his friends, xx, 485, xxiv, 962.

See his character in the notes on l. iii. ver. 53.

CHARACTERS.

IDOMENEUS.

An old ſoldier, xiii, 455, 648.
A lover of his ſoldiers, xiii, 280.
Talkative upon ſubjects of war, xiii, 341,—355, &c. iv, 305, S.
Vain of his family, xiii, 563, &c.
Stately and inſulting, xiii, 472, &c.

See his character in the notes on l. xiii. ver. 278.

MENELAUS.

Valiant, iii, 35. xiii, 733. xvii, *throughout.*
Tender of the people, x, 31.
Gentle in his nature, x, 138. xxiii, 685.
But fired by a ſenſe of his wrongs, ii, 711. iii, 41. vii, 109, S. xiii, 780. S. xvii, 640.

See his character in the notes on l. iii. ver. 278.

NESTOR.

Wiſe and experienced in council, i, 331, 340. ii. 441.
Skilful in the art of war, ii, 436, 670. iv, 331, &c. S. vii, 393, S.
Brave, vii, 165. xi, 817. xv, 796, S.
Eloquent, i, 332, &c.
Vigilant, x, 88, 186, 624.
Pious, xv, 428.

CHARACTERS.

Talkative through old age, iv, 370. vii. 145. xi, 801, xxiii, 373, 718. and in general through the book.

See his character in the notes on l. i. ver. 339, *on* ii. 402, &c.

PRIAM.

A tender father to Hector, xxii, 51, S. xxiv, 275. to Paris, iii, 381. to Helen, iii, 212, S.
An easy prince of too yielding a temper, vii, 444.
Gentle and compassionate, iii, 211, 382.
Pious, iv, 70. xxiv, 519, S.

See his character in the notes on l. iii. ver. 211.

PARIS.

Effeminate in dress and person, iii, 27, 55, 80, 409.
Amorous, iii, 543.
Ingenious in arts, musick, iii, 80. building, vi, 390.
Patient of reproof, iii, 86.
Naturally valiant, vi, 669. xiii, 986.

See his character in the notes on l. iii. ver. 26, 37, 86.

PATROCLUS.

Compassionate of the sufferings of his countrymen, xi, 947. xvi, 4, 31, S.
Rash, but valiant, xvi, 709.
Of a gentle nature, xix, 320. xvii, 755.

CHARACTERS.

SARPEDON.

Valiant out of principle and honour, v, 575, S. xii, 371, S.
Eloquent, *ibid.*
Careful only of the common cauſe in his death, xvi, 605, S.

See his character in the notes on l. xvi. ver. 512.

ULYSSES.

Prudent, iii, 261. x, 287. xix, 218.
Eloquent, iii, 283. ix, 295, S. &c.
Valiant in the field with caution, iv, 567. xi, 515, &c.
Bold in the council with prudence, xiv, 90.

See his character in the notes on l. ii. ver. 402. *& ſparſim.*

Characters of other HEROES.

Agenor, valiant and conſiderate, xxi, 648.
Antenor, a prudent counſellor, vii, 419.
Ajax Oïleus, famous for ſwiftneſs, ii, 631. xiv, 618.
Antilochus, bold ſpirited, but reaſonable; and artful, iv, 522. xxiii, 503, 619, 667, S. xxiii, 923, 936.
Euphorbus, beautiful and valiant, xvi, 973. xvii, 11, 57.

CHARACTERS.

Glaucus, pious to his friend, xvi, 660. xvii, 166, 180.
Helenus, a prophet and hero, vi, 91.
Meriones, dauntleſs and faithful, xiii, 325, *&c.*
Machaon, an excellent phyſician, ii, 890. xi, 630.
Phœnix, his friendſhip and tenderneſs for Achilles, ix, 605.
Polydamas, prudent and eloquent. *See his ſpeeches*, xii, 69, 245. xiii, 907. xviii, 300.
Teucer, famous for archery, viii, 320. xv, 510, *&c.*
Thoas, famous for eloquence, xv, 322.

For other leſs diſtinguiſhed characters, ſee the article, Deſcriptions of the Paſſions.

SPEECHES OR ORATIONS.

A TABLE of the moſt conſiderable in the ILIAD.

In the exhortatory or deliberative kind.

The oration of Neſtor to Agamemnon and Achilles, perſuading a reconciliation, i, 339. The orations of Neſtor, Ulyſſes, and Agamemnon, to perſuade the army to ſtay, ii, 348, 402, 440. Of Sarpedon to Hector, v, 575. Of Neſtor to encourage the

SPEECHES.

Greeks to accept the challenge of Hector, vii, 145. Of Hector to the Trojans, viii, 621. Of Neſtor to ſend to Achilles, ix, 127. Of Ulyſſes, Phœnix, and Ajax, to move Achilles to a reconciliation ix, 295, 562, 743. Achilles's reply to each, *ibid.* Sarpedon to Glaucus, xii, 371. Of Neptune to the Greeks, to defend the fleet, xiii, 131. Of Ajax to the Greeks, xv, 666. Neſtor to the ſame, xv, 796. Of Ajax again, xv, 890. Scamander to the river Simois, xxi, 357. Juno to Vulcan, xxi, 386. Achilles to Patroclus, xvi, 68, *&c.*

In the vituperative kind.

The ſpeech of Therſites, ii, 275. That of Ulyſſes anſwering him, ii, 306. Of Hector to Paris, iii, 55. Of Agamemnon to Diomed, iv, 422. Of Hector to Paris, vi, 406. Of Diomed to Agamemnon, ix, 43. Of Ulyſſes to the ſame, xiv, 90. Sarpedon to Hector, v, 575. Glaucus to Hector, xvii, 155.

In the narrative.

Achilles to Thetis, i, 476. Pandarus to Æneas, v, 230. Glaucus to Diomed, vi, 179. Phœnix to Achilles, ix, 562, 633. Agamemnon to the Greeks, xix, 81. Æneas to Achilles, xx, 240. Of Neſtor, vii, 163. xi, 801, and the ſpeeches of Neſtor in general.

SPEECHES.

In the pathetick.

Agamemnon on Menelaus wounded, iv, 186.
Andromache to Hector, and his anſwer, vi, 510, 570.
Patroclus and Achilles, xvi, 9, *&c.*
Jupiter on ſight of Hector, xvii, 231.
Lamentation of Briſeïs for Patroclus, xix, 303.
. . . . . of Achilles for Patroclus, xix, 335.
. . . . . of Priam to Hector, xxii, 51, 530.
. . . . . of Hecuba to the ſame, xxii, 116, and again, xxiv, 243, 943.
. . . . . of Andromache at Hector's death, xxii, 608.
. . . . . of Andromache at his funeral, xxiv, 908.
. . . . . of Helena, xxiv, 962.
Lycaon to Achilles, xxi, 85.
Thetis to the Nereids, xviii, 70.
The ghoſt of Patroclus to Achilles, xxiii, 83.
Priam to Achilles, xxiv, 598.

In the irony, or ſarcaſm.

The ſpeech of Pallas on Venus being wounded, v, 509. Ulyſſes over Socus, xi, 566. Idomeneus over Othryoneus, xiii, 472.
Four ſarcaſtick ſpeeches over the dead, xiv, 529, 550, 561, 587. Juno to Mars, concerning Aſcalaphus, xv, 120. Æneas to Meriones, xvi, 745.

SPEECHES.

Patroclus on Cebriones, xvi, 903. Hector on Patroclus, xvi, 1003. Achilles to Otryntides, xx, 449. to Lycaon, xxi, 105. to Hector, xxii, 415.

Speeches to Horſes.

Hector to his horſes, viii, 226.
Achilles to his horſes, xix, 440.
Jove to the horſes of Achilles, xvii, 504.
Antilochus, xxiii, 483.
Menelaus, xxiii, 524.

DESCRIPTIONS OF IMAGES.

A COLLECTION of the moſt remarkable throughout the POEM.

DESCRIPTIONS OF PLACES.

Of the apartment of Juno, xiv, 191.
Of a burning mountain, ii, 950.
City in flames, xvii, 825.
Court of juſtice, xviii, 577.
Ends of the earth and ſea, the reſidence of Saturn and Iapetus, viii, 597.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Fountains of Scamander, xxii, 195.
Field, ploughed, xviii, 627.
Foreſt, when timber is felled, xi, 119. xxiii, 144.
Heaven, the ſeat and pleaſures of the Gods, i, 589, 772. iv, 1. The gates of heaven, v, 928. viii, 478. The Gods aſſembled, xx, 9.
Ida, its foreſts, temple, and proſpect, viii. 57. xiv, 320.
Landſchapes of a fine country, ii, 830, 1036, 1040. Of paſture-grounds and ſheep, xviii, 677.
Mount of Hercules near Troy, xx, 174.
Palace of Neptune, xiii. 34.
Palace of Priam deſcribed, vi, 304. Of Paris, vi, 389.
River Axius deſcribed, ii, 1030.
River Titareſius and Peneus, ii, 910.
Sea, and iſlands riſing out of it, ii, 770.
Tempe deſcribed, ii, 920.
Tent of Achilles deſcribed, xxiv, 553.
Troy, the country about, and roads, xxii, 191. xiii, 22. xiv, 260.
Tomb of Illus, xi, 477. Of Batiea, ii, 984. Of Sarpedon, xvi, 820.
Vulcan, his palace, forge, &c. xviii, 431, &c.
A vineyard, xviii, 651.
Wall of the Grecians, vii, 521.
Winds, their court and manſion deſcribed, xxiii, 245.

Deſcriptions of PERSONS.

Achilles's dreadful appearance, xx, 59. xxii, 31, &c. 393.
Apollo's perſon, enſigns, and deſcent to earth, i, 61.
Apollo's appearance in the war, xv, 348.
Ajax, his ſullen retreat deſcribed, xi, 675, &c. to 696.
Brothers, two killed together, xx, 531.
A coward, deſcribed in Therſites, beaten, ii, 326. A coward deſcribed throughout, xiii, 359. Again in Theſtor, xvi, 486. A coward ſurpriſed, x, 443.
Diana cuffed and buffeted, xxi, 566.
Gods, Homer's great ideas of them, in the deſcriptions of their armour, v. 907. Motion, xiii, 30. xv, 90. v, 960. Battles, xv, 252. xx, 63, &c. xxi, 450, &c.
Hours at the gates of heaven, v, 929.
Hector's horrible appearance in battle viii, 417. xii, 553. xiii, 1010. xv, 730. Hector's dead body dragged at the chariot of Achilles, xxii, 500.
Jupiter in his glory, i, 647, 683. viii, 550, in his chariot, viii, 49, 542, &c. in his terrours, xvii, 670.
Juno dreſt, xiv, 209.
Lycaon, his youth and unhappy death, xxi, 40, &c.
Mars and Bellona before Hector in battle, v, 726. Mars in arms, vii, 252. xiii, 384. xv, 726. His monſtrous ſize, xxi, 473.
Mercury deſcribed, xxiv, 417.
Neptune, his chariot and progreſs, xiii, 28, &c.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Niobe turned into a rock, xxiv. 773.
Old man, a venerable one, i, 330. Old counſellors of Troy converſing, iii, 191, &c. A miſerable old man in Priam, xxii, 80, &c.
Priam paſſing through his people, in ſorrow, to go to redeem Hector, xxiv, 402. Priam weeping at the feet of Achilles, xxiv, 636.
Pallas, her deſcent from heaven, iv, 99. Her armour, ſpear, and veil, v, 904. viii, 466.
Teucer, behind Ajax's ſhield, viii, 321.
Youth, a beautiful one killed, iv, 542, xvii, 53, &c. xx, 537. Interceding for mercy in vain, xxi, 75.
A young and old man ſlain in war, their pictures, xxii, 100.

Deſcriptions of THINGS.

Of an aſſembly gathering together, ii, 109.
Battle. [*See the article* Military Deſcriptions.]
Burning up of a field, xxi, 399. A bow, iv, 137.
Blood trickling from a wound, iv, 170, &c.
Brightneſs of a helmet, v, 5.
Burial of the dead, vii, 495.
A breach made in an attack, xii, 485.
Boiling water in a cauldron, xviii, 405. xxi, 424.
Beacon, xix, 405.
Beaſts ſacrificed, xxiii, 41.
A bird ſhot through, xxiii, 1034.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Chariot of Jupiter, viii, 49, 542. Of Neptune, xiii, 40. Chariot deſcribed at large, xxiv, 335, v. 889, &c. A chariot-race, xxiii, 355, &c. Chariots overturned, xvi, 445. Chariots cruſhing the bodies, xx, 577.

A child frightened at a helmet, vi, 595.

Golden chain of Jupiter, viii, 25.

A conflagration, xxi, 387, 400.

Cookery deſcribed, ix, 277.

Ceſtus, the game deſcribed, xxiii, 766, &c.

Deformity, ii, 263.

Dancing, xviii, 681, &c.

Diſcus, the game deſcribed, xxiii, 973, &c.

Diving, xxiv, 105.

Driving a chariot, xi, 360, 655.

Dreadful appearance of the Myrmidons, xvi, 192. Of Achilles, xviii, 253.

Darkneſs, xvii, 422.

Death, xvi, 1032, xxii, 455.—*The deſcriptions of different ſorts of deaths in Homer are innumerable, and ſcattered throughout the battles.*

Ægis, or ſhield of Jupiter, ii, 526, v, 909. xv, 350. xxi, 465.

An entrenchment, vii, 521.

Eagle, ſtung by a ſerpent, xii, 233. Eagle ſoaring, xxiv, 391.

Furnace and forge deſcribed xviii, 540.

Fiſhes ſcorched, xxi, 412.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Flowers of various kinds, xiv, 396.
Famine, xix, 165, &c.
Fall of a warriour headlong into the deep ſands, v, 715.
Fatigue in the day of battle, ii, 458. xvi, 132. xvii, 445.
Fainting, v, 856. xi, 460. xiv, 487, 509.
Fires by night deſcribed, viii, 685, &c.
Recovery from fainting, xv, 271.
Fortification attacked, xii, 170, &c. 201, 304, 401.
Funeral of a warriour, xxiii, 156. Funeral pile deſcribed, xxiii, 200.
Gates of a fortification broken, xii, 545.
Goblet deſcribed, xi, 774.
Girdle of Venus, xiv, 245.
Horſes, the famous ones of Eumelus, ii, 926. Of Hector, viii, 226. Of Achilles, xvi, 181. Of Tros, v, 327. Of Erichthonius, xx, 262.
Horſe pampered and prancing, vi, 652. Horſe killed by a dart, viii, 105. Horſes afraid of leaping a ditch, xii, 57. Horſes of Achilles mourning for Patroclus, xvii, 490.
A feat of horſemanſhip, xv, 822.
Helmet of Jupiter, v, 918. Helmets nodding their plumes, xiii, 947.
Hoſpitable life of a good man, vi, 16.
Harveſt, xviii, 637.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Herds of oxen, xviii, 665.
Inundation, xii, 16. xvi, 465. Of Scamander againſt Achilles, xxi, 258, &c. 348, &c.
Lightnings and Thunder, vii, 574. viii, 93, &c. 161, &c.
Light coming over a plain, xv, 810. xvii, 430.
Light ſtreaming from a beacon by night, xix, 405.
Majeſty of a prince, ii, 564. iii, 221.
Majeſtick march of Sarpedon, xii, 356. Of Juno, xiv, 26.
Melancholy, vi, 245.
Moon and Stars deſcribed, viii, 687.
Marriage-Pomp, xviii, 570.
Monument over the dead, xvii, 492.
Noiſe, a loud one, v, 1054. xiii, 1056. xiv, 172, 457. xvi, 767.
Night paſt in inquietude by the ſoldiers, and their ſeveral poſtures of taking reſt, x, 82, 170.
Old age, iii, 149. The picture of its miſeries in a ſtate of war, xxii, 80.
Orphan, its miſery, xxii, 620, *&c.*
Proceſſion deſcribed, vi, 368.
Peaceful life, ix, 520.
Poſture of a man receiving a dart on his ſhield lifted up, xiii, 511. xx, 325, *&c.*
Panting deſcribed, xiii, 554, 720.
Perfumes, xiv, 198.
Plume of a helmet, xix, 410. xiii, 947.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Ploughing, xviii, 627.
Rainbow, xi, 37. xxiv, 99. xvii, 616.
Reaping, xviii, 637.
Running away, xxi, 634. Running round Troy, Hector and Achilles, xxii, 250, *&c.* Seeming to run in a dream, xxii, 257.
Rough way described, xxiii, 140.
A race described, xxiii, 881, *&c.*
Shield of Achilles described at large, xviii, 551, *&c.* Of Hector, vi, 143. Of Ajax, vii, 265.
Scales of Jupiter, xxii, 271.
Smoke cleared, and light returning, xvi, 350.
Sailing of a ship, i, 624. Ship anchoring and coming into port, i, 566.
The stately stalk of a hero, vii, 251. xv, 815.
A sacrifice described, i, 600. vii, 381.
Sleep, ii, *init.* xiv, 265, *&c.*
A slaughter by night, x, 560.
Snow, xii, 331.
Soldiers, when off from duty, their amusements, ii, 939.
Shooting with the bow, iv, 144 to 156. xxiii, 1006. viii, 389.
Spear of Achilles, xix, 420. A spear driven deep into the earth, xxi, 187.
A stone whirling on the ground with vast force, xiii, 191. xiv, 475.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Stone thrown by a hero, v, 370. vii, 321. xii, 537. xiv, 472.
Swiftneſs of horſes, xx, 270.
Swooning, xvi, 955.
Vintage, xviii, 651.
Wall, overwhelmed by waters, vii, 553. xii, 23.
Woodman's dinner, xi, 120.
Woods felled down, xxiii, 144. xvi, 767.
War, its miſeries, ix, 699.
Watch by night, x, 208.
Wreſtling deſcribed, xxiii, 821.
Wound of Venus deſcribed, v, 417. Diomed wounded, v. A wound healing, v, 1111.
Water, troops plunging in, xxi, 9. A fight in the water, xxi. A tree falling in the water, xxi, 269. Water rolling down a hill in a current, xxi, 290. Arms floating upon the water, xxi, 351.
Winds riſing, xxiii, 263.

Deſcriptions of TIMES and SEASONS.

Day-break, x, 295.
Morning, ii, 60. vii, 517. viii, 183. ix, 828. xi, 1. xi, 115. xix, 1.
Sun-riſing, xi, 871.
Noon, xvi, 938.
Sun-ſetting, i, 776. vii, 556. viii, 605.
Evening, xvi, 942.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Night, ii, *init. tenth book throughout.* A ſtarry night, viii, 687.
Spring, xiv, 3, 5.
Summer, xviii, 637.
Autumn, xviii, 651. v, 1060. xxii, 39.
Winter, xii, 175, 331.

MILITARY Deſcriptions.

An army deſcending on the ſhore, ii, 117. An army marching, ii, 181, 247. The day of battle, ii, 458. A vaſt army on the plain, 534, &c. to 563. An army going forth to battle, ii, 977. xiii, 61. xvi, 255. xix, 378.
A chariot of war, v, 890, &c.
Confuſion and noiſe of battle, xvi, 921.
A ſingle combat, with all the ceremonial, iii, 123, &c.
The combat between Paris and Menelaus, iii, 423.
. . . . . of Hector and Ajax, vii, 250 to 335.
. . . . . of Hector and Achilles, xxii.
Squadrons embattled, iv, 322. v, 637. viii, 260.
Firſt onſet of a battle, iv, 498 to 515.
A circle incloſing the foe, v, 772.
Stand of an army, vii, 75. Joining in battle, viii, 75, &c. xiii, 422. A rout, xi, 193. xiv, 166. xvi, 440, &c. xxi, 720. A fortification attacked, xii, 170, 201, 304. A breach made, xii, 485.

DESCRIPTIONS.

An obſtinate cloſe fight, xii, 507. xv, 860. An army in cloſe order, xiii, 177 to 185. xvii, 406. An attack on the ſea-ſide, xiv, 452. Levelling and paſſing a trench, xv, 408. Attack of the fleet, xv, 677, &c. 786, 855, &c. A hero arming at all points, Agamemnon, xi, 21. Patroclus, xvi, 162. Achilles, xix, 390. Siege of a town, xviii, 591, &c. Surpriſe of a convoy, *ibid.* Skirmiſh, *ibid.* Battle of the Gods, xx, 63 to 90. Two heroes meeting in battle, xx, 192. The rage, deſtruction, and carnage of a battle, xx, 574, &c.

Deſcriptions of the INTERNAL PASSIONS, or of their viſible EFFECTS.

Anxiety in Agamemnon, x, 13, &c. 100, &c.
Activity in Achilles, xix, 416.
Admiration, xxi, 62. xxiv, 800.
Affright, xvi, 968.
Amazement, xxiv, 590.
Ambition, xiii, 458.
Anger, i, 252.
Awe, i, 430.
Buffoonry in Therſites, ii, 255, &c.
Contentment, ix, 520.
Conjugal love, in Hector and Andromache, vi, 510, &c.
Courage, xiii, 109, 366. xvii, 250.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Cowardice, xiii, 359. xvi, 488.
Curioſity in old men, iii, 191, &c.
Deſpair, xxii, 377.
Diffidence, iii, 280.
Diſtreſs, viii, 290. ix, 12, &c. x, 96.
Doubt, xiv, 21, &c. xxi, 651, &c. xxii, 138.
Fear x, 443. xxiv, 441.
Fear in Priam, xxi. 615. For his ſon, xxii, 43, 51, &c.
Fear of a child, vi, 596.
Fidelity, in Lycophron, ſervant of Ajax, xv, 502, Caleſius, ſervant of Axylus, vi, 23.
Grief in a fine woman, i, 450. iii, 185.
Grief of a ſiſter for her dead brothers, iii, 301, &c.
Grief in two parents in tenderneſs for their child, vi, 504.
Grief occaſioned by love of our country, in Patroclus, xvi. *init.*
Grief for a friend, in Achilles for Patroclus, xviii, 25, 100, &c. xix, 335. xxii, 481. xxiv, 5.
Furious grief, xviii, 367.
Frantick grief, xxiv, 291.
Grief of a father for his ſon, in Priam, xxii, 522, &c. xxiv, 200, 275, 291.
Grief of a wife for her huſband, xxii, 562, to the end, the epiſode of Andromache, and again, xxiv, 906.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Grief out of gratitude, in Briſeïs, xix, 319. In Helen, xxiv.
Haſte, expreſſed in Hector, xv, 394, 402, &c.
Hate, in Achilles to Hector, xxii, 335, 433, &c.
Hardneſs of heart, ix, 750.
Inſolence, in Tlepolemus, v, 783. In Epeus, xxiii, 767.
Joy, its viſible effects, xxiii, 679.
Love, in Helen and Paris, iii, 551, &c. In Jupiter and Juno, xiv, 332, &c. 357.
Conjugal love, in Hector and Andromache, vi, &c.
Love of a mother to her ſon, in Thetis to Achilles, xviii, 70. xxiv, 117.
Brotherly love, in Agamemnon and Menelaus, iv, 183.
Filial love, in Harpalion, xiii, 805.
Lovers ſorrow at parting, in Achilles and Briſeïs, i, 450. In Hector and Andromache, vi, 640. Effects of beauty on old men, iii, 203.
Malice in Therſites, ii, 255.
Modeſty, xiv, 373.
Pride, in Othryoneus, xiii, 457.
Pity, of a people for their Prince in miſery, xxiv, 403.
Repentance, in Helen, iii, 226, 493. vi, 432 to 450.
Raſhneſs, in Aſius, xii, 125, &c.
Reſentment, in Achilles, i, 635. xv, 71.
Revenge, in Menelaus, ii, 712. In Achilles, for Patroclus, xviii, 125, &c. xix, 211, 394.
Revenge and glory, xvi, 122.
Reſolution, xix, 466. In Hector, xxii, 47, 127.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Shame, in Helen, iii, 185, &c. 521. In Juno, xiv, 373.
Spite, in Juno, xv, 110. In Menelaus, xvii, 640.
Tenderneſs, of parents for their child, in Hector and Andromache, vi, 504, 598, 616.
Wiſh, of Hector to be immortal, xiii, 1046.
.... of Achilles, for a general deſtruction, xvi, 122.
.... of Ajax, to die in the day-light, xvii, 727.

SIMILES.

FROM BEASTS.

The ſtatelineſs of a bull, to the port of Agamemnon, ii, 566. Of a ram ſtalking before the flock, to Ulyſſes, iii, 259. A wanton ſtallion breaking from the paſtures and mares, to Paris iſſuing from his apartment, vi, 652. A hound following a lion, to Hector following the Grecians, viii, 407. Dogs watching the folds, to the guards by night, x, 211. Hounds chaſing a hare through thick woods, to Diomed and Ulyſſes purſuing an enemy by night, x, 427. A hind flying from a lion, to the Trojans flying from Agamemnon, xi, 153. Beaſts flying from a lion, to the ſame, xi, 227. Hounds cheared by the hunter, to troops en-

couraged by the general, xi, 378. A hunted boar, to Ajax, xi, 526. A wounded deer encompaſſed with wolves, to Ulyſſes ſurrounded by enemies, xi, 595. An aſs ſurrounded by boys, to Ajax, xi, 683. A fawn carried off by two lions, to the body of Imbrius carried by the Ajaxes, xiii, 265. A boar enraged, to Idomeneus meeting his enemy, xiii, 594. An ox rolling in the pangs of death, to a dying warriour, xiii, 721. Beaſts retreating from hunters, to the Greeks retiring, xv, 308. Oxen flying from lions, to the Greeks flying from Apollo and Hector, xv, 366. A hound faſtening on a roe, to a hero flying on an enemy, xv, 697. A wild beaſt wounded and retiring from a multitude, to Antilochus's retreat, xv, 702. A hideous aſſembly of wolves, to the fierce figure of the Myrmidons, xvi, 194. Wolves invading the flocks, to the Greeks, xvi, 420. A bull torn by a lion, to Sarpedon killed by Patroclus, xvi, 599. A bull ſacrificed, to Aretus, xvii, 589. Hounds following a boar, to the Trojans following Ajax, xvii, 811. Mules dragging a beam, to heroes carrying a dead body, xvii, 832. A panther hunted, to Agenor, xxi, 677. A hound purſuing a fawn, to Achilles purſuing Hector, xxii, 243.

SIMILES.

From LIONS.

A lion rouſing at his prey, to Menelaus at ſight of Paris, iii, 37. A lion falling on the flocks, and wounded by a ſhepherd, to Diomed wounded, v, 174. A lion among heifers, to the ſame, v, 206. Two young lions killed by hunters, to two young warriours, verſe 581. A lion deſtroying the ſheep in their folds, to Ulyſſes ſlaughtering the Thracians aſleep, x, 564. The four retreat of a lion, to that of Ajax, xi, 675. A lion, or boar hunted, to a hero diſtreſſed, xii, 47. A lion ruſhing on the flocks, to Sarpedon's march, xii, 357. A lion killing a bull, to Hector killing Periphas, xv, 760. A lion ſlain after he has made a great ſlaughter, applied to Patroclus, xvi, 909. Two lions fighting, to Hector and Patroclus, xvi, 915. A lion and boar at a ſpring, to the ſame, xvi, 993. A lion putting a whole village to flight, to Menelaus, xvii, 69. Retreat of a lion, to that of Menelaus, xvii, 117. A lioneſs defending her young, to his defence of Patroclus, xvii, 146. Another retreat of a lion, to that of Menelaus, xvii, 741. The rage and grief of a lion for his young, to that of Achilles for Patroclus, xviii, 371. A lion ruſhing on his foe, to Achilles, xx, 199.

SIMILES.

From BIRDS.

A flight of cranes or ſwans, to a numerous army, ii, 540. The noiſe of cranes to the ſhouts of an army, iii, 5. An eagle preſerving and fighting for her young, to Achilles protecting the Grecians, ix, 424. A falcon flying at a quarry, to Neptune's flight, xiii, 91. An eagle ſtooping at a ſwan, to Hector's attacking a ſhip, xv, 836. Two vultures fighting, to Sarpedon and Patroclus, xvi, 522. A vulture driving geeſe, to Automedon, ſcattering the Trojans, xvii, 528. An eagle caſting his eyes on the quarry, to Menelaus looking through the ranks for Antilochus, xvii, 761. Cranes afraid of falcons, to the Greeks afraid of Hector and Æneas, xvii, 846. A dove afraid of a falcon, to Diana afraid of Juno, xxi, 575. A falcon following a dove, to Achilles purſuing Hector, xxii, 183. The broad wings of an eagle extended, to palace-gates ſet open, xxiv, 391.

From SERPENTS.

A traveller retreating from a ſerpent, to Paris afraid of Menelaus, iii, 47. A ſnake rolled up in his den, and collecting his anger, to Hector expecting Achilles, xxii, 130.

SIMILES.

From INSECTS.

Bees ſwarming to a numerous army iſſuing out, ii, 111. Swarms of flies, to the ſame, ii, 552. Graſhoppers chirping in the ſun, to old men talking, iii, 201. Waſps defending their neſt, to the multitude and violence of ſoldiers defending a battlement, xii, 189. Waſps provoked by children flying at the traveller, to troops violent in an attack, xvi, 314. A hornet angry, to Menelaus incenſed, xvii, 642. Locuſts driven into a River, to the Trojans in Scamander, xxi, 14.

From FIRES.

A foreſt in flames, to the luſtre of armour, ii, 534. The ſpreading of a conflagration, to the march of an army, ii, 948. Trees ſinking in a conflagration, to ſquadrons falling in battle, xi, 201. The noiſe of fire in a wood, to that of an army in confuſion, xiv, 461. A conflagration to Hector, xv, 728. The rumbling and rage of a fire, to the confuſion and roar of a routed army, xvii, 825. Fires on the hills, and beacons to give ſignals of diſtreſs, to the blaze of Achilles's helmet, xviii, 245. A fire running over fields and woods, to the progreſs and devaſtations made by Achilles, xx, 569. Fire boiling the waters, to Vulcan operating on Scamander, xi, 424. A fire raging in a town, to

SIMILES.

Achilles in the battle, xxi, 607. A town on fire, xxii, 518.

From ARTS.

The ſtaining of ivory, to the blood running down the thigh of Menelaus, iv, 170. An architect obſerving the rule and line, to leaders preſerving the line of battle, xv, 474. An artiſt managing four horſes, and leaping from one to another, compared to Ajax ſtriding from ſhip to ſhip, xv, 822. A builder cementing a wall, to a leader embodying his men, xvi, 256. Curriers ſtraining a hide, to ſoldiers tugging for a dead body, xvii, 450. Bringing a current to water a garden, to the purſuit of Scamander after Achilles, xxi, 289. The placing of rafters in a building, to the poſture of two wreſtlers, xxiii, 826. The motions of a ſpinſter, the ſpindle and thread, to the ſwiftneſs of a racer, xxiii, 890. The ſinking of a plummet, to the paſſage of Iris, through the ſea, xxiv, 107.

From TREES.

The fall of a poplar, to that of Simoïſius, iv, 552. Of a beautiful olive, to that of Euphorbus, xvii, 57. Two tall oaks on the mountains, to two heroes, xii, 145. The fall of an aſh, to that of Imbrius, xiii, 241. Of a pine or oak ſtretched on the ground, to Aſius dead, xiii, 493. An oak

overturned by a thunderbolt, to Hector felled by a ſtone, xiv, 481. An oak, pine or poplar, falling, to Sarpedon, xvi, 591. The ſhort duration and quick ſucceſſion of leaves on trees, to the generation of men, vi, 181. xxi, 539.

From the SEA.

Rolling billows, to an army in motion, ii, 175. The murmurs of waves, to the noiſe of a multitude, ii, 249. Succeſſion of waves, to the moving of troops, iv, 478. A freſh gale to weary mariners, like the coming of Hector to his troops, vii, 5. The ſeas ſettling themſelves, to thick troops compoſed in order and ſilence, vii, 71. The ſea agitated by different winds, to the army in doubt and confuſion, ix, 5. The waves rolling neither way, till one wind ſways them, to Neſtor's doubt and ſudden reſolution, xiv, 21. A rock breaking the billows, to the body of the Greeks, reſiſting the Trojans, xv, 746. The ſea roaring at its reception of a river into it, to the meeting of armies at a charge, xvii, 310. A beacon to mariners at ſea, to the light of Achilles's ſhield, xix, 404. A dolphin purſuing the leſſer fiſh, to Achilles in Scamander, xxi, 30.

From the SUN, MOON, STARS.

The moon and ſtars in glory, to the brightneſs and

number of the Trojan fires, viii, 687. A ſtar ſometimes ſhewing and ſometimes hiding itſelf in clouds, to Hector ſeen by fits through the battalions, xi, 83. The ſun in glory, to Achilles, xix, 436. The evening ſtar, to the point of his ſpear, xxii, 399. The dog-ſtar riſing, to Diomed's dreadful appearance, v, 8. to Achilles, xxii, 37. The red rays of the dog-ſtar, to Achilles's helmet, xix, 412. The morning-ſtar, its beauty, to young Aſtyanax, vi, 499.

From TORRENTS, STORMS, WINDS.

Torrents ruſhing to the vallies, to armies meeting in an engagement, iv, 516. Torrents drowning the field, to the rage of a hero, v, 116. A torrent ſtopping a ſhepherd, to Hector ſtopping Diomed, v, 734. The violence of a torrent, to Ajax, xi, 615. A ſtorm overwhelming a ſhip at ſea, to the Trojans mounting a breach, xv, 440. An autumnal ſtorm and a deluge, to the ruin of a routed army, xvi, 465. A ſtorm roaring in a wood, to armies ſhouting, xvi, 923. The wind toſſing the clouds, to Hector driving the Greeks, xi, 396. Different winds driving the duſt, to different paſſions urging the combatants, xiii, 424. A whirlwind on the waters, to the hurry of an army in motion, xiii, 999. Winds roaring through woods, or on the ſeas, to the noiſe of an army

SIMILES.

xiv, 457. A tempeſt and ſhipwreck, compared to the rage of Hector and terrours of the Greeks, xv, 752. The north wind drying a garden, to Vulcan drying the field after an inundation, xxi, 402.

From heavenly appearances, THUNDER and LIGHTNING, COMETS, CLOUDS, &c.

A mountain ſhaken by thunder, to the trampling of an army, ii, 950. The blaze of a comet, to the deſcent of Pallas, iv, 101. The darkneſs of troops, to the gathering of clouds, iv, 314. The regular appearance of clouds on the mountain tops, to a line of battle, v, 641. Peſtilential vapours aſcending, to Mars flying to heaven, v, 1058. The quick flaſhes of lightning, to the thick ſighs of Agamemnon, x, 5. Thick flakes of ſnow, to ſhowers of arrows, xii, 175. Snow covering the earth, to heaps of ſtones hiding the fields, xii, 331. The blaze of lightning, to the arms of Idomeneus, xiii, 318. Clouds diſperſed and the proſpect appearing, to the ſmokes being cleared from the ſhips, and the navy appearing, xvi, 354. A cloud ſhading the field as it riſes, to the rout of the Trojans flying over the plain, xvi, 434. The figure of a rainbow, to the appearance of Pallas, xvii, 616. The luſtre of ſnow, to that of armour, xix, 380.

SIMILES.

From RURAL AFFAIRS.

Waving of corn in the field, to the motion of plumes and ſpears, ii, 179. A ſhepherd gathering his flocks, to a general ranging his army, ii, 562. A thick miſt on the mountains, to the duſt raiſed by an army, iii, 15. The bleating of flocks, to the noiſe of men, iv, 492. Chaff flying from the barn-floor, to the duſt, v, 611. Corn falling in ranks, to men ſlain in battle, xi, 89. The joy of a ſhepherd ſeeing his flock, to the joy of a general ſurveying his army, xiii, 621. The corn bounding from the threſhing floor, to an arrow bounding from armour, xiii, 739. Two bulls ploughing, to two heroes labouring in a battle ſide by ſide, xiii, 879. Felling of timber, to the fall of heroes in battle, xvi, 767. Oxen trampling out the corn, to horſes trampling on the ſlain, xx, 577. The morning dew reviving the corn, to the exultation of joy in a man's mind, xxiii, 679.

From LOW LIFE.

A mother defending her child from a waſp, to Minerva's ſheltering Menelaus from an arrow, iv, 162. An heifer ſtanding over her young one, to Menelaus guarding the body of Patroclus, xvii, 5. Two countrymen diſputing about the limits of their land, to two armies diſputing a poſt, xii, 511. A poor woman weighing wool, the ſcales hanging

uncertain, to the doubtful fates of two armies, xii, 521. Boys building and deſtroying houſes of ſand, to Apollo's overturning the Grecian wall, xv, 416. A child weeping to his mother, to Patroclus's ſupplications to Achilles, xvi, 11.

SIMILES exalting the characters of men by comparing them to GODS.

Agamemnon compared to Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune, ii, 568. Ajax to Mars, vii, 252. Meriones to Mars ruſhing to the battle, xiii, 384. Hector, to Mars deſtroying armies, xv, 726.

SIMILES diſadvantageous to the CHARACTERS.

Paris running from Menelaus, to a traveller frighted by a ſnake, iii, 47. A gaudy, foppiſh ſoldier, to a woman dreſſed out, ii, 1063. Teucer ſkulking behind Ajax's ſhield, to a child, viii, 325. Theſtor pulled from his chariot, to a fiſh drawn by an angler, xvi, 494. Ajax to an aſs, patient and ſtubborn, xi, 683. Patroclus weeping, to an infant, xvi, 11. Cebriones tumbling, to a diver, xxi, 904.

MISCELLANEOUS SIMILES.

Soft piercing words, to ſnow, iii, 284. The cloſing of a wound, to milk turning to curd, v, 1112.

SIMILES.

The fall of a hero, to a tower, iv, 528. Indefatigable courage, to an axe, iii, 89. Agamemnon weeping, to a fountain, ix, 19. Juno flying, to the mind paſſing over diſtant places, xv, 86. Dancers, to a wheel turning round, xviii, 695. A warriour breaking the ſquadrons, to a mound dividing the courſe of a river, xvii, 839. Men ſeeming to run in a dream, to the courſe of Hector and Achilles, xxii, 257. A father mourning at the funeral of his ſon, to Achilles for Patroclus, xxiii, 274. A fragment of a rock falling, to the furious deſcent of Hector, xiii, 191. A poppy bending the head, to Gorgythion dying, viii, 371. The ſwift motion of the Gods, to the eye paſſing over a proſpect, v, 960. The ſmoothneſs of their motion, to the flight of doves, v, 971.

VERSIFICATION.

Expreſſing in the ſound the things deſcribed.

Made *abrupt* (and without conjunctions) in expreſſing haſte, vii, 282. xv, 402.

Short, in earneſt and vehement entreaties, xxi, 418. xxiii, 507.

Full of breaks, where diſappointment is imaged, xviii, 101, 144. xxii, 378.

Full of breaks, where rage and fury is expreſſed, xviii, 137.
. . . . . where grief is ſcarce able to go on, xviii, 101. xxii, 616, 650.
Broken and diſordered in deſcribing a ſtormy ſea, xiii, 1005.
Straining, imaged in the ſound, xv, 544.
Trembling, imaged in the ſound, x, 444.
Panting, xiii, 721.
Relaxation of all the limbs in death, vii, 18, 22.
A confuſed noiſe, xii, 410.
A hard-fought ſpot of ground, xii, 513, &c.
Tumbling of a wall, vii, 554.
Bounding of a ſtone from a rock, xiii, 198.
A ſudden ſtop, xiii, 199.
Stiffneſs and ſlowneſs of old age, xiii, 649, 653. xxiii, 424.
A ſudden fall, xxiii, 147.
The ruſtling and craſhing of trees falling, xxiii, 149.
The rattling and jumping of carts over rough and rocky ways, xxiii, 142, 143.
A ſudden ſhock of chariots ſtopped, xvi, 445.
Leaping over a ditch, xvi, 460.
The quivering of feathers in the ſun, xix, 415.
Supplanted by a ſtream, xxi, 266, 267.
The flaſhing of waters, xxi, 272.
Bounding and heaving on the waters, xxi, 349.
Out of breath, xxi, 419, &c.
Voice of different animals expiring, xxiii, 41, 42, &c.

INDEX

OF

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The firſt number marks the book, the ſecond the verſe.

ART MILITARY.

PRAISE of art military, iv, 630.

Ambuſh eſteemed a venturous manner of fighting, l. i, ver. 299. l. xiii, ver. 355.

Ambuſcade deſcribed, xviii, 605.

Attack, xii, 95, &c. *ibid.* 171, *ibid.* 305, &c.

Arming, the policy of giving the beſt arms to the ſtrongeſt, xiv, 431.

Beſieging, xi, 61. xii, 170, 303, 534. viii, 262. xxii, 5.

Single combat, iii, 123, &c. vii, 80, &c.

Courts of Juſtice in the camp, xi, 938.

Councils of war, vii, 415. viii, 610. ix, 121, &c. x, 146—232—357. xviii, 289.

Military exerciſe, vii, 289, &c.

Encamping, the manner of encampment of the Trojans, x, 496. Of the Thracians in three lines, their weapons on the ground before them, the chariots as a fence, outward, x, 544.

Fortification, walls with battlements, in the line, towers upon thoſe walls, gates at proper diſtances, and trenches incloſed with paliſadoes, vii, 401, 527. The ſtrong gates to a fortification, how compoſed, xii, 545.

Marſhalling armies, ii, 665, &c. Cantoning the troops of each nation under their own leaders, ii, 432. Embodying in an orb, iv, 312. Diſpoſing in order of battle, iv, 342, &c. Lines of battle in exact order, v, 637, &c. Where to place the worſt ſoldiers, iv, 344.

Another order of battle, xi, 62. In an Orb, xvii, 411. Cloſe fight, xv, 860. In the Phalanx, xiii, 177, &c. xv, 744. In the Teſtudo, xxii, 6.

Armies drawn up in two wings, with a centre, xiii, 396.

The ſtrength of the army placed in the centre, xiii, 401.

Marching an army in ſilence and diſcipline, iii, 11. iv, 487.

Method of paſſing a trench and paliſadoes, xii, 65, &c.

Plunder and Pillage forbidden till the conqueſt is compleat, vi, 85.

Retreat. The manner of retreat preſcribed, v, 746. That of Ajax, xi, 675. xvii, 837.

Soldiers taught to row in the gallies, ſerving both as ſoldiers and ſailors, ii, 876.

Scouts, x, 43—245. and at large in the ſtory of Diomed, Ulyſſes, and Dolon, in that book.

Spies, xviii, 605.
Watch-towers, to obſerve the motions of the foe, vi, 480. xxii, 192.
Watch, at ſet ſtations, vii, 455. Nightly watch by fires, viii, 632. at the fortifications in regular bodies under diſtinct captains, ix, 117, &c. Management of the army by night, under fears of ſurprize, x, 63—226. The manner of the warriours ſleeping, x, 170. The poſture of the guards, x, 210. Better to truſt the guard to native troops, than to foreigners, x, 490, &c.

AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ARTS.

Tillage. The manner of ploughing, x, 420. xviii, 627. Ploughing with oxen, xiii, 880. with mules, x, 420. Uſual to plough the field three times over, xviii, 628. Reaping, xi, 89. xviii, 627. Treading out the corn by oxen inſtead of threſhing, xx, 580. Fanning the chaff, v, 611. xiii, 740.
Paſturage, xviii, 667. Meadow grounds with running water, *ibid.* Vintage, xviii, 651. Bringing currents to water gardens, xxi, 290.
Fiſhing, by angling, xxiv, 107. by diving, xvi, 904.
Hunting, the boar, xvii, 814. xi, 526. Lion, xi, 378. xvii, 743. The deer, xi, 595. xv, 697. The panther, xxi, 677. The hare, x, 427.
Shooting, flying, xxiii, 1030.

ARCHITECTURE.

Architecture, the gift of Minerva, v, 80.
Architecture of a palace upon arches, with apartments round a court built entirely of marble, vi, 304.
Paris skilful in architecture, brings together architects to erect his palace, vi, 392.
Rafters, how placed, xxiii, 826.
Building walls, xvi, 256.
The rule of line, xv, 477.
Architecture of a tent, with a suit of apartments within one another, xxiv, 555, &c.

ASTRONOMY.

In general, xviii, 560.
Orion and the Bear, xviii, 563.
The rising of the dog-star, v, 8.
A comet described, iv, 101.
The rainbow, xi, 36.
Power of the stars in nativities, xxii, 610.

DIVINATION.

Divination by augury, ii, 376, &c. viii, 297, x, 321. xii, 231. xiii, 1039. xxiv, 361, &c.
Hector's opinion of augury, xii, 277.
By omens, thunder and lightnings, vii, 573. ix, 310. xi, 58. xiii, 318.
The rainbow, xi, 37. xvii, 616.
Comets, iv, 101.

Showers of blood, xi, 70. xvi, 560.
By Lots, vii, 219.
By Dreams, i, 85. v, 191.
By Oracles, xvi, 54. xvi, 290. that of Dodona, and the manner of it, &c.

GYMNASTICKS.

Dancing, xvi, 217. The different kinds for men and women, xvii, 684. The circular, xviii, 693. Mixed, xviii, 690.
. . . . . practiſed by warriours, xvi, 746.
. . . . . with ſwords, xviii, 688.
Diving, xvi, 904.
Tumblers, xviii, 698.
Horſemanſhip.] Manage of the horſe, v, 279. Precepts of horſemanſhip, and the art of racing, xxiii, 391, &c. Four horſes rid by one man at once, xv, 822. Three thouſand breeding mares at once in the ſtables of Ericthonius, xx, 262.
The Ceſtus, xxiii, 753, &c.
The Quoit, or Diſcus, xxiii, 973, &c.
Wreſtling, xxiii, 820, &c.
Racing, xxiii, 880, &c.

GEOGRAPHY.

A TABLE of thoſe Places, whoſe ſituation, products, people, or hiſtory, &c. are particularized by HOMER.

Ætolia, and its royal family, ii, 779.

Arcadia, and the genius of the inhabitants, ii, 740.
Aulis, its rocky ſituation, ii, 590.
Imbrus and Tenedos, iſlands near Troy, xiii, 50.
Iſtiæa, famous for vineyards, ii, 645.
Ithaca, and the neighbouring iſlands in proſpect, ii, 769, &c.
Lariſſa, its fertility, ii, 1019.
Lectos, ſituate on the top of mount Ida, xiv, 320.
Lemnos, traded in wines, vii, 561.
Mæander, the river, ii, 1056.
Mæonia, under the mountains of Tmolus, ii, 1052.
Meſſe, a town of Sparta, abounding in doves, ii, 705.
Mycaleſſus, its plain, ii, 593.
Anthedon, the laſt town in Bœotia, ii, 607.
Arene, its plain, watered by the river Minyas, xi, 859.
Ariſba, on the river Selleis, ii, 1014.
Arne, celebrated for vines, ii, 606.
Æſepus, a Trojan river of black water, ii, 1000.
Argos, its ſea-coaſt deſcribed, with the products of that part of the country, ix, 195, &c.
Athens, and ſome cuſtoms of the Athenians, with mention of the temple of Minerva, ii, 657, 663.
Alybe, famous anciently for ſilver mines, ii, 1045.
Axius, the river, deſcribed, ii, 1030.
Boagrius, the river, and places adjacent, ii, 638.
Bœbe, the lake and parts adjacent, ii, 865.
Calydon, its rocky ſituation, ii, 776. ix, 653.
Cephiſſus, the river and places upon its banks, ii, 622.

Cerinthus, ſituate on the ſea-ſhore, ii, 648.
Cyllene, the Arcadian mountain, with the tomb of Æpytus, ii, 731.
Crete, its hundred cities, ii, 790.
Carians, a barbarous mix'd people, ii, 1058.
Dodona, its ſite, temple, grove, &c. xvi, 287. ii, 909.
Dorion, the place of Thamyris's death, the celebrated muſician, ii, 721.
Elis, its exact boundaries, ii, 747, and the iſlands oppoſite to that continent, 760—774.
Ephyre, the ancient Name of Corinth, vi, 193.
Epidaurus, planted with vineyards, ii, 679.
Eteon, its hills, ii, 591.
Haliartus, paſture grounds, ii, 598.
Helleſpont, ii, 1024.
Helos, a maritime town, ii, 708.
Henetia, famous for its breed of mules, ii, 1035.
Hermion and Aſine, ſeated on the bay, ii, 680.
Hippemolgians, their long life and nutriment, xiii, 9.
Hippoplacian woods, vi, 539. xxii, 611.
Hyla, its watry ſituation and the genius of the inhabitants, v, 872.
Hyperia, its fountains, ii, 895.
Mount Ida, its fountains and foreſts, xiv, 320.
Catalogue of the rivers that run from mount Ida, xii, 16.
Jardanus and Celadon, two rivers, vii, 163.
Mycenæ, and its maritime towns, ii, 686.
Oncheſtus, the grove of Neptune, ii, 600.

Orchomenos, one of the principal cities for wealth in Homer's time, ix, 499.
Parthenius, the river and places adjacent, ii, 1040.
Pedaſus, ſeated on the river Satnio, vi, 41.
Peneus, the river running through Tempe, and mount Pelion, deſcribed, ii, 918.
Phthia, its ſituation, i, 201. Famous for horſes, 202.
Phylace and Pyrrhaſus, a beautiful country with groves and flowery meadows, deſcribed, ii, 847.
Rhodes, its wealth, its plantation by Tlepolemus, and diviſion into three dynaſties, ii, 808, &c.
Samothracia, the view from its mountains, xiii, 19,
Scamander, its two ſprings, xxii. Its confluence with Simois, v, 965.
Seyros, the iſland, xix, 353.
Sidon, famous for works of ſculpture, xxiii, 867, and embroidery, vi, 360.
Sipylus, its mountains, rocks, and deſarts, xxiv, 777.
Sperchius, a river of Theſſaly, xxiii, 175.
Styx, the river deſcribed, ii, 915.
Thebæ, in Ægypt, anciently the richeſt city in the world, with a hundred gates, deſcribed, ix, 500.
Theſſaly, its ancient diviſion, and inhabitants, ii, 835.
Thiſbe, famous for doves, ii, 601.
Thrace, its hills and promontories, xiv, 260, &c.
Titareſius, the river, ii, 910.
Troy, its ſituation and remarkable places about it, ii, 982. xi, 217.
Typhœus, the burning mountain, ii, 953.

Xanthus, the river of Troy deſcribed, its banks, and plants produced there, xxi, 407, &c.
Xanthus, the river of Lycia, ii, ver. *ult.*
Zelia, ſituate at the foot of mount Ida, ii, 998.

HISTORY.

Hiſtory preſerved by Homer.] Of the heroes before the ſiege of Troy, Centaurs, &c. i, 347—358. Of Tlepolemus planting a Colony in Rhodes, ii, 808. Of the expulſion of the Centaurs from Greece, ii, 902. Of the wars of the Phrygians and Amazons, iii, 245. Of the war of Thebes, and embaſſy of Tydeus, iv, 430. Of Bellerophon, vi, 194. Of Eruthalion and Lycurgus, vii, 167. Of the Curetes and Ætolians, ix, 653. Of the wars of the Pylians and Ætolians, xi, 818. Of the race of Troy, xx, 255, &c. *To this head may be referred the numerous* Genealogies *in our Author.*

MUSICK.

Muſick practiſed by princes, the uſe of the harp in Achilles, ix, 247. In Paris, iii, 80.
The uſe of the pipe, x, 15, xviii, 609.
Vocal muſick accompanying the inſtruments, i, 775.
Choruſes at intervals, xxiv, 902.
Muſick uſed in the army, x, 15.
. . . . . at funerals, xxiv, 900.
. . . . . in the vintage, xviii, 661.
Trumpets in war, xviii, 259.

MECHANICKS.

Archery, making a bow, and all its parts deſcribed, iv, 136, &c.
Chariot-making, a chariot deſcribed in all its parts, v, 889, &c. xxiv, 334.
Poplar proper for wheels, iv, 552.
Sycamore fit for wheels, xxi, 44.
Clock-work, xviii, 441.
Enamelling, xviii, 635.
Ship-building, v, 80, xv, 474.
Pine, a proper wood for the maſt of a ſhip, xvi, 592.
Smithery, iron-work, &c. The forge deſcribed, xviii, 435, 540. Bellows, 435, 482, 540. Hammer, tongs, anvil, 547.
Mixing of metals, *ibid.*
Spinning, xxiii, 890.
Weaving, iii, 169. vi, 580.
Embroidery, vi, 361.

Armory and inſtruments of war.] A compleat ſuit, that of Paris, iii, 410, &c. Of Agamemnon, xi, 22, &c.
Scale-armour, xv, 629.
Helmets, with four plumes, v, 919.
. . . . . without any creſts, x, 303.
. . . . . lined with wool, and ornamented with boars' teeth, of a particular make, x, 311.
. . . . . lined with fur, x, 397.
Bows, how made, iv, 137.

Battle-Ax deſcribed, xiii, 766.
Belts, croſſing each other, to hang the ſword and the ſhield, xiv, 468.
Corſelets, ornamented with ſculpture, xi, 33.
. . . . . how lined, iv, 165.
Mace, or club, vii, 170. xv, 816.
Shields, ſo large as to cover from the neck to the ankles, vi, 145. How made and covered, vii, 267. Deſcribed in every particular, xi, 43, &c.
Slings, xiii, 899.
Spears, with braſs points, viii, 617.
Aſh fit to make them, xvi, 143, xix, 422.
How the wood was joined to the point, viii, 618.
Swords, how ornamented with ivory, gems, xix, 400.

ORATORY.

See the article Speeches *in the* POETICAL INDEX.

POLICY.

Kings.] Derive their honour from God, ii, 233. i, 315. Their names to be honoured, ii, 313. One ſole monarch, ii, 243. Hereditary right of kings repreſented by the ſcepter of Agamemnon given by Jove, ii, 129. Kings not to be diſobeyed on the one hand, nor to ſtretch too far their prerogative on the other, i, 360, &c. Kings not abſolute in council, ix, 133. Kings made ſo, only for their excelling others in virtue and valour, xii, 377. Vigilance continually neceſſary in princes, ii, 27. x, 102. Againſt monarchs delighting in war, ix,

87, &c. xxiv, 55. The true valour, that which preſerves not deſtroys mankind, vi, 196. Kings may do wrong, and are obliged to reparation, ix, 144. Character of a great prince in war and peace, iii, 236.

Counſels.] The danger of a ſubject's too bold advice, i, 103. The advantage of wiſe counſels ſeconded by a wiſe prince, ix, 101. The uſe of advice, ix, 137. The ſingular bleſſing to a nation and prince, in a good and wiſe counſellor, xiii, 918. The deliberations of the council to be free, the prince only to give a ſanction to the beſt, ix, 133.

Laws.] Derived from God, and legiſlators his delegates, i, 315. Committed to the care of kings, as guardians of the laws of God, ix, 129.

Tribute paid to princes from towns, ix, 206.

Taxes upon ſubjects to aſſiſt foreign allies, xvii, 266.

Ambaſſadors, a ſacred character, i, 435. ix, 261.

Volunteers, liſted into ſervice, xi, 904.

See the article Art Military.

PHYSICK.

The praiſe of a phyſician, xi, 637.

Chiron learned it from Æſculapius, iv, 251.

Machaon and Podalirius profeſſors of it, ii, 890.

Botany.] Profeſſed by ſkilful women; Agamede famous for it, xi, 877.

Anatomy.] Of the *head*, xvi, 415, &c.
The *eye*, xiv, 577.
Under the *ear*, a wound there mortal, xiii, 841.
The juncture of the *head* and *nerves*, xiv, 544.
The juncture of the *neck* and *cheſt*, the *collar-bone*, and its inſertion, the disjointing of which renders the arm uſeleſs, viii, 393, &c.
The *ſpinal marrow* expreſt by the vein that runs along the chine; a wound there mortal, xiii, 692. xx, 559.
The *elbow*, its tendons and ligaments, xx, 554.
Blood, a great effuſion of it, by cutting off the arm, the cauſe of immediate death, v, 105.
The *heart* and its fibres, xvi, 590.
The force of the muſcle of the heart, xiii, 554.
A wound in the bladder by piercing the Iſchiatick joint, mortal, xiii, 813.
The inſertion of the thigh-bone and its ligaments, deſcribed, v, 375.
The wounds of the Abdomen mortal, and exceſſively painful, xiii, 718.
The tendons of the ankle, iv, 597.

Chirurgery.] Extraction of darts, iv, 228.
Sucking the blood from the wound, iv, 250.
Infuſion of balms into wounds, iv, 250. v, 1110.
Waſhing the wound with warm water, and the uſe of lenitives, xi, 965.
Stanching the blood by the bitter root, xi, 983.
Ligatures of wool, xiii, 752.

Uſe of baths for wounded men, xiv, 10.
Sprinkling water to recover from fainting, xiv, 509.

Pharmacy and Diureticks.] The uſe of wine forbidden, vi, 330.
Cordial potion of Neſtor, xi, 782, &c.
Infection, ſeizing firſt on animals, then men, i, 69. Nine days the criſis of diſeaſes, i, 71. Fevers and plagues from the dog-ſtar, v, 1058. xix, 412. xxii, 41.

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, &c.

See the whole ſhield of Achilles, and the notes on lib. xviii.

The CHARACTERS. Homer diſtinguiſhes the character in the figures of Gods ſuperiour to thoſe of men, xviii, 602.

Characters of majeſty.] The majeſty of Jupiter, from whence Phidias copied his ſtatue, i, 683. Of Mars and Neptune, ii, 569.
The majeſty of a prince, in the figure of Agamemnon, ii, 564, &c. Of a wiſe man in Ulyſſes's aſpect, iii, 280. Of an old man, in Neſtor and Priam, i, 330. xxiv, 600. Of a young hero, in Achilles, xix, 390, &c. All variouſly characteriſed by Homer.

Characters of beauty.] Alluring beauty in the Goddeſs Venus, xiv, 250. Majeſtick beauty in Juno, xiv, 216. Beauty of a woman in Helen, iii, 205.

Beauty of a young man in Paris, iii, 26. Euphorbus, xvii, 53, &c. Beauty of a fine infant in Aſtyanax, vi, 497.

Beauties of the parts of the body.] Largeneſs and majeſty of the eyes in Juno's. Blackneſs, in thoſe of Chryſeïs. Blue, in Minerva's, &c. Eye-brows, black, graceful, i, 683. The beauty of the cheeks, and the fairneſs of hair, in the epithets of Helen. Whiteneſs of the arms in thoſe of Juno. Fingers rather red than pale, in the epithet of roſy-fingered, to Aurora. Whiteneſs of the feet in that of ſilver-footed, to Thetis, &c. Colour of the ſkin to be painted differently according to the condition of the perſonages, applied to the whiteneſs of the thigh of Menelaus, iv, 176.

Character of Deformity.] The oppoſites to beauty in the ſeveral parts, conſidered in the figure of Therſites, ii, 263, &c.

For pictures of particular things, ſee the article Images *in the* POETICAL INDEX.

Hiſtory, landſcape-painting, animals, &c. in the buckler of Achilles, xviii. at large.

The deſign of a goblet in ſculpture, xi, 775.

Sculpture of a corſelet, xi, 33, &c. Of a bowl, xxiii,

Horſes carved on monuments, xvii, 495.

Enamelling and Inlaying, in the buckler of Achilles, xviii, 635, 655. and breaſt-plate of Agamemnon, xi, 33.

Tapeſtry, or weaving hiſtories, flowers, &c. iii, 171. vi, 580. xxii, 567.

Embroidery of garments, vi, 360.

POETRY.

SEE THE INTIRE INDEX.

THEOLOGY.

A VIEW OF HOMER's THEOLOGY.

JUPITER, OR THE SUPREME BEING,

Superiour to all powers of heaven, vii, 241. viii, 10, &c. Enjoying himſelf in the contemplation of his glory and power, xi, 107. Self-ſufficient, and above all ſecond cauſes, or inferiour deities, i, 647. The other deities reſort to him as their ſovereign appeal, v, 1065. xxi, 590. His will is fate, viii, 10. His ſole will the cauſe of all human events, i, 8. His will takes certain and inſtant effect, i, 685. His will immutable and always juſt, i, 730. All-ſeeing, viii, 65. ii, 4. Supreme above all, and ſole-ſufficient, xi, 107. The ſole governour and fate of all things, ii, 147. xvi, 845. Diſpoſer of all the glories and ſucceſs of men, xvii, 198. Foreſeeing all things, xvii, 228. The

giver of victory, vii, 118. Diſpoſer of all human affairs, ix, 32. His leaſt regard, or thought, reſtores mankind, xv, 274. or turns the fate of armies, xvii, 675. Diſpenſer of all the good and evil, that befalls mankind, xxiv, 663. His favour ſuperiour to all human means, ix, 152. His counſels unſearchable, i, 705. Themis or Juſtice is his meſſenger, xx, 5. God proſpers thoſe who worſhip him, i, 290. Conſtantly puniſhes the wicked, though late, iv, 194. The avenger of injuſtice, iv, 202. Nothing ſo terrible as his wrath, v, 227. His divine juſtice ſometimes puniſhes whole nations by general calamities, xvi, 468. Children puniſhed for the ſins of their parents, xi, 166. xvi, 393.

The inferiour DEITIES.

Have different offices under God: ſome preſide over elements, xviii, 46. xxiii, 240.

Some over cities and countries, iv, 75.

Some over woods, ſprings, &c. xx, 12.

They have a ſubordinate power over one another. Inferiour Deities or Angels ſubject to pain, impriſonment, v, 475, 1090. Threatened by Jupiter to be caſt into Tartarus, viii, 15. Are ſuppoſed to converſe in a language different from that of mortals, ii, 984. Subſiſt not by material food, v, 425. Compaſſionate mankind, viii, 42. xxiv, 412.

Able to aſſiſt mortals at any diſtance, xvi. 633. Regard and take care of thoſe who ſerve them, even to their remains after death, xxiv, 520. No reſiſting heavenly powers, v, 495. The meanneſs and vileneſs of all earthly creatures in compariſon of the divine natures, v, 535.

Prayer recommended on all enterprizes, *throughout the poem.*

Prayers intercede at the throne of heaven, ix, 624.

Opinions of the ancients concerning *hell*, the place of puniſhment for the wicked after death, viii, 15. xix, 271.

Opinions of the ancients concerning the ſtate of ſeparate *ſpirits*, xxiii, 89, &c. 1205, &c.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM